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## THE RESURRECTION AND THE MODERN MIND

*The Resurrection and Modern Thought.* By W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON, D.D. (Longmans, 1911.)

*The Resurrection of Jesus.* By JAMES ORR, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1908.)

*The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.* By KIRSOPP LAKE, M.A., Professor in the University of Leiden. (Williams & Norgate, 1907.)

*Encyclopaedia Biblica*, vol. iv., Article on 'Resurrection and Ascension Narratives.' By P. W. SCHMIEDEL, Zürich.

*Man and the Universe.* By OLIVER LODGE. 8th Edition. (Methuen, 1911.)

THE most important work that lies before the theology of the twentieth century, according to the Preface to the able volume of Cambridge Theological Essays published a few years ago, is 'to assimilate the new views of truth suggested by modern knowledge without sacrificing any part of the primitive message, and to state in terms adapted to the needs of a new century the truths which the ancient Church expressed in those which were appropriate to its own times.' It is a great task. In a sense such an undertaking belongs to every generation, but by

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general consent the twentieth century has a special constructive work to do in theology because of the rapid, almost bewildering, way in which new knowledge has been pouring in from all sides during the last half-century. There is no need to repeat the familiar story of the new environment in which the constructive theologian has to work—the changed and still changing views of the universe, the kaleidoscopic rearrangement of ideas under the influence of new philosophical tendencies, the development and perfecting of modern critical methods alike in literature and history, the innumerable sidelights cast upon all religious questions by the young science of Comparative Religion—such are only a few of the influences busily at work shaping modern minds that are susceptible of theological teaching. The theologian who is blind to the changes in mental habitudes, in dominant principles, in underlying presuppositions, brought about by the causes above named and others like them, and who calmly proceeds to unfold the truths he has to teach as if he were living in 1811, instead of 1911, is blind indeed, and might almost as well be dumb. The modernist, said Father Tyrrell, a typical child of his generation, ‘is a man who believes in the possibility of a synthesis between the essential truth of his religion and the essential truth of modernity.’ But there’s the rub! What is modernity and what is its essential truth? The ancient truth, it may be urged, we know; the modern mind we do not know, and when we ask, we are perplexed by receiving a dozen different answers. But the true teacher is bound to understand not only the doctrine he believes but the minds he wishes to influence. He is not like the doctors whom Voltaire describes as pouring drugs of which they know little into bodies of which they know less. But truth is not to be altered to suit the *Zeitgeist*. And for obvious reasons the task described in the sentence quoted above from Prof. Swete remains a delicate and difficult one. No one can be surprised if the wisest teachers are found to be



the most diffident as to their power of accomplishing it with complete success.

Take, for example, the cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith, the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. Its importance is recognized alike by believer and unbeliever. Strauss described it as 'the touchstone of Christianity itself,' Wellhausen called it 'the foundation of the Christian faith.' Schmiedel, after recounting certain leading Christian doctrines, says, 'It seems accordingly in logic inevitable that if at any time it should come to be recognized that the resurrection of Jesus never happened, the Christian faith with respect to all the points just mentioned would come to an end.' Dr. Denney, from quite another point of view, goes so far as to say, 'Nothing that Jesus was or did, apart from the Resurrection, can justify or sustain the religious life which we see in the New Testament.' The fact and the doctrine connected with it form, then, a corner-stone of the Christian structure, a key-stone in the arch, the very citadel which commands and secures the safety of the city.

But who can be blind to the existence of more or less serious changes in the mental and spiritual atmosphere of our time that are affecting men's ways of regarding this central verity of Christian faith? Some of these changes affect only those outside the Church, but others are operating within it. A few months ago a volume of Hulsean Lectures was published by the Rev. E. A. Edghill, in which he deprecated belief in miracles as such, and their employment as evidence in defence of the faith. Later still, the Rev. I. M. Thomson, Dean of Divinity in Magdalen College, Oxford, issued a volume on *Miracles in the New Testament*, in which he maintains that 'the notion that Jesus worked miracles is inconsistent with the doctrine of the Incarnation'; that the narrative of the Feeding of the Five Thousand, for example, is not the history of a fact, but that it grew out of early Eucharistic celebrations; that miracle-stories generally were elaborated long after the event,

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and were incorporated in the New Testament 'in the theological, devotional, or ecclesiastical interests of the generation for whom the Gospels were written.' In other words, these stories can only be called pious fables, with an emphasis upon the piety which prompted them rather than the perversions of fact embodied in them. True, Dr. Sanday, in the University-pulpit at Cambridge last May, took the trouble to point out the unsatisfactory character of the position taken up by Mr. Thomson, but he probably represents a number of the younger clergy. We have been for some time familiar with the Denial of the Virgin-birth of our Lord and of His physical resurrection characteristic of the Ritschlian School, and most people have heard of the distinction now fashionable between the 'Easter-faith' and the 'Easter-message,' whether or no they have understood the real significance of the contrast drawn.

The whole subject raised by the title of this article is profound and far-reaching. It cannot be adequately treated in a review like the present, though it may be of service briefly to draw attention to some aspects of a wide theme. We are glad to be able to refer thoughtful readers to Dr. Sparrow Simpson's volume on *The Resurrection and Modern Thought*, named at the head of this article. Dr. Simpson—who must not be confused with the newly appointed Canon of St. Paul's—was the writer chosen by Dr. Hastings to deal with this important subject in the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, and he had previously written upon it in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology. The present volume is, however, much more elaborate than either of his previous essays, and his treatment of a great subject, if not exhaustive, is more complete than that of any English treatise known to the writer. Dr. Orr's book is slighter, but is much more easily read and it has a value of its own. Prof. Schmiedel's article in the *Encyclopaedia Biblica* has been much discussed during the years that have elapsed since its publication, but it still

remains a standard example of the way in which contemporary rationalism is disposed to regard the Gospel narratives. Prof. Kirsopp Lake occupies somewhat similar ground. Sir Oliver Lodge, as an outstanding representative of physical science, as a thinker greatly interested in theology, and as an active promoter of psychical research, may stand as a typical illustration of the attitude adopted towards the Resurrection and the future life by some of the ablest 'modern minds.' And the juxtaposition of these books and the ideas they severally represent suggests a brief inquiry into the doctrine of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ as it is now held by those who desire at the same time to be loyal to the faith once delivered to the saints and to proclaim it so as to command the credence of the most thoughtful and 'modern' men and women of to-day.

## I

One tendency of our times which needs to be strenuously resisted, whilst there is something to be learned from the measure of truth it embodies, is the disposition to disparage the historical element in religion. Events which happened two thousand years ago, it is said, are not desirable foundations of faith; it is difficult to ascertain exact truth and why should we be concerned with the details of history if we retain the great conceptions, the inspiring ideas, which constitute the proper subject-matter of religion? There is nothing new in this plausible contention, it is characteristic of the 'philosophic' mind, and is embodied in Lessing's dictum, 'Contingent historical truths can never become proofs of the necessary truths of reason.' Loisy and a group of modernists practically give up history as a basis, and substitute for it the faith of the Church. In relation to the special subject of the Resurrection, Schmiedel contends that the rejection of the Gospel narratives 'affects merely the husk—namely, that Jesus was seen in objective reality, but not the kernel of the matter, that Jesus lives

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in the spiritual sense'; that the Church was founded, not upon the fact of the resurrection of Jesus, but upon the disciples' belief in it, 'and this faith worked with equal power whether the resurrection was an actual fact or not.'

It would seem hardly necessary to point out the fallacy contained in these views, if it were not that some Christian teachers seem to be led astray by them. Christianity is an historical religion, not merely in name and form, but in deepest reality. Faith and history are inextricably intertwined, and it will always remain dangerous to try to separate the two. The religion is built upon the *fact* of Christ, not upon His teaching alone, nor upon men's ideas about Him. Incarnation implies that God was manifest in the flesh, not that there is a sense in which we may accept 'the divinity of humanity and the humanity of divinity.' Atonement implies that the Son of God incarnate died upon the cross for the sins of the whole world, not that the law of self-sacrifice—*Stirb und werde*—is a lofty principle and that the worship of sorrow leads to the Everlasting Yea. Abstract truths not only do not move the heart like concrete facts, intrinsically they are less 'true' than facts, their verity belongs to a different plane. Religion, of course, does not build upon 'dead facts, stranded on the shore of the oblivious years.' Facts of history which are worthy to be counted among the corner-stones of the Christian temple are in themselves living and contain springing and germinant potencies for all nations and for all time. But the historical element is not an unimportant detail, a mere alloy which may be eliminated by 'a spirt o' the proper fiery acid,' leaving only the pure gold of unadulterated ethical and spiritual ideas. Man is body as well as soul, he lives on earth, not in the mid-air of imagination, he has burdens to bear and battles to fight which cannot be borne or won in the study, and the great problems which exercise him belong to the living world of reality, not the phantom world of abstract categories. The power

of Christianity as a religion lies in the firm stand it takes upon the basis of history; and thinkers, whether modern or ancient, who would persuade us that it makes no difference whether we build upon the fact of the Resurrection or upon the disciples' (erroneous) belief in it, are not expressing ancient truth so as to reach the modern mind, but undermining the foundations of Christianity altogether.

This does not imply, of course, that the truth of a religion is bound up with the detailed accuracy of a narrative in all its minutiae, so that if two accounts of the same event differ in the slightest degree, faith in the truth of both is destroyed. Ancient history was not written upon modern critical principles; probably no history ever could be so written. Events do not shape themselves in precise accordance with what a lawyer in a court of justice calls 'admissible evidence,' and neither spectators nor narrators in history were experts sharpening their critical faculties like scientific professors engaged in psychical research. Academic analysis of literary discrepancies has its value in the criticism of documents, but the facts of history which seriously matter to religion are broadly, and therefore firmly, based. It is true that critics like Kalthoff and Drews have proved to their own satisfaction that Jesus of Nazareth never existed, but the little dust of controversy they have raised will only create a nine days' wonder in a small literary circle. The real danger lies in the fact that the ceaseless criticism of 'documents' and analysis of 'sources' have raised a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction in many minds as to the historicity of the Gospel narratives, and men begin to ask themselves whether faith may not be detached from history, and whether an acceptance of the belief that 'Jesus lives' is not to be preferred to the article in the Creed, 'He was buried, and the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures.' Such a conclusion is quite unwarranted, it is based on misconception, and if many were likely to be misled by it the danger would



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be a serious one. The fact of the Resurrection of Christ from the dead must on no account be surrendered, the substitution of a self-generated belief of the disciples as a basis for historical Christianity would obviously be suicidal.

But—and here it is possible to learn something from the school of writers in question—it is perfectly true that the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead as an article of faith can never be proved by *purely* historical methods. Dr. Arnold and many other Christian apologists have asserted that the Resurrection was one of the best-attested facts in history. In an important sense that statement is most true, as we hope shortly to show; but if it be understood to mean that quite apart from all religious considerations it can be proved by purely historical evidence that the body of Jesus who was crucified on Calvary was raised from the tomb by supernatural power, and that the same Person appeared in a glorified body many times to His disciples, the position cannot be defended. What is rightly called the fact of the Resurrection is not *mere* history. No man saw the Lord rise from the grave. He showed Himself, as Christians believe, to some of His disciples, but not to opponents, with the exception of St. Paul. The accounts that have come down to us of His appearances were not composed for the purpose of convincing sceptics. There are difficulties attending their exposition, some discrepancies in them are not easily reconciled. We hold as firmly as any that the New Testament account of these sacred events is the only tenable one and that the visionary hypotheses suggested by modern rationalism are inadequate and vain. But a critic who prefers to accept one of these hypotheses cannot be refuted on *purely* historical considerations. It is not possible to establish the physical fact of a rising from the tomb so as on the strength of it alone to base moral and spiritual conclusions. Every one acknowledges that a mathematical demonstration of the truth of a religion is almost a contradiction in terms, but in a similar sense it



may be said that no merely historical demonstration of it is possible, as if religious belief could be compelled by sheer accomplishment of a wonderful physical fact. An attempt to secure this would be like an attempt to produce—what our Lord always refused to give—a sign from heaven which should put an end to controversy and compel men to believe, whether willing or unwilling. It must never be forgotten that He Himself said, 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'

We hold, therefore, that whilst the historical evidence in favour of the resurrection of Christ is exceedingly strong, and every Christian may be assured of the more than reasonableness of his faith, it is not strong enough by itself to demonstrate the fact to an unbeliever, and there is something almost irreligious in the attempt to demonstrate religion by hard logic, or by sheer weight of historical testimony. Whether irreligious or not, the attempt is doomed to failure. We agree with Dr. Sparrow Simpson when he says, 'The modern mind will not assent to the proposition that the resurrection of Jesus is as certain as any other historical fact. . . . We are constrained to say that if religious men advocate assent to the Resurrection as being the most certain fact in history, they are resting it on a wrong foundation and cannot touch the modern mind' (pp. 445, 446). If it be objected that this position is inconsistent with a strong insistence upon the historical basis of Christianity, we can only deny the charge. Historical fact is a necessary element in the structure of our religion, but it is not the whole of religion, nor the whole foundation on which it rests. Our argument is that faith and history are closely intertwined and should not be separated. The fact of Incarnation cannot be historically demonstrated; the statement that God was manifest in the flesh needs faith and implies doctrine, but it must be adequately supported by appropriate historical evidence. The Atonement of Christ rests upon a

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firm historical basis of which His death upon the cross is only a part, but no *mere* historical evidence can prove the Christian doctrine. The article in the Creed on the Resurrection of Christ can never be proved apart from moral and religious considerations. All religious faith that deserves the name implies estimates of worth and value. These do not belong to the region of 'scientific' history, but they constitute the very pith and core of religion. Therefore, if Christian teachers would commend their teaching on the Resurrection to the modern mind, it would seem to follow that they should not ignore or slight either faith or history, but—if we may venture so to adapt our Lord's words—that they should render to history the things that are history's and to faith the things that are faith's.

### II

It would take us too far to enter upon the wide subject of the relation between faith and miracle, though it is obvious that no discussion of religion in relation to the modern mind can be adequate which does not take some account of the current bias against the supernatural. The incredulity of the entirely irreligious man may indeed be disregarded for the purposes of this argument; an atheist or an agnostic must be reasoned with on other lines. But the disposition on the part of some Christians to advocate a non-miraculous Christianity is another matter. One can understand the origin and grounds for such an attitude. It is urged that miracles in our time, so far from being a buttress to support Christianity, form a burden which it has to carry. It is said that the modern mind can only be won by moral arguments, and that the acceptance of the reign of law in nature as a kind of axiom makes any kind of exception to it incredible, or so difficult of belief that the strain upon faith should not be demanded. We are told that it is impossible nowadays to believe in Christ because of His miracles, though men may possibly be brought to

cross is believe in the miracles because they believe in Christ. But  
 ove the it is urged by writers like Mr. Thomson that, while the  
 on the idea of the supernatural may be retained, it would be far  
 n moral better for Christians to admit that 'miracles' formed a  
 hat de- mere superstition of bygone ages, and that the belief in  
 These a living Christ may be more easily maintained if it be  
 ry, but separated from any obligation to believe in the fact of an  
 There- empty grave, or in real appearances of a glorified Saviour to  
 eaching wondering disciples.

seem to The train of thought is familiar; none the less it embodies  
 faith or a fallacy, somewhat similar to that involved in the attempt  
 Lord's to rise superior to an historical basis for religion. As Dr.  
 gs that Sanday has said, 'We are modern men and we cannot  
 subject divest ourselves of our modernity. . . . I would not ask  
 is ob- any one to divest himself of those ideas which we all naturally  
 modern bring with us, as to the uniformity of the ordinary course  
 account of nature.' All thinking men, religious or irreligious, must  
 credu- shape their thoughts in harmony with modern, rather than  
 e dis- ancient conditions in this matter, as they must breathe  
 ist or the physical atmosphere which surrounds them. It may  
 ut the further be granted that arguments based on miracles have  
 cate a not always been wisely framed, and that, as external  
 e can credentials, they have sometimes been used, as it were, to  
 titude. compel belief by main force. The modern mind on the  
 eing a subject is hardly exaggerated by Emerson's dictum, 'The  
 ich it word Miracle as pronounced by Christian Churches gives  
 only a false impression, it is Monster. It is not one with the  
 of the blowing clover and the falling rain.'

kind If there are any Christian Churches that so pronounce  
 at the the word they misrepresent the meaning of miracle and  
 e told raise a prejudice against it not easily laid. Christian  
 cause miracles are not prodigies or monstrosities; so far from  
 ht to interfering with the order and harmony of nature, they  
 presuppose it, they could not exist without it, and they  
 help those who accept the law of uniformity in nature to  
 understand its real meaning and perceive its relation to

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higher 'laws' still. It is impossible in a paragraph to prove such a thesis, but we hold that it can be proved. And in any case the attempt to empty Christian doctrine—say that of the Resurrection of Christ—of the miraculous element, with the idea of commending it to certain phases of the modern mind, is fatal to faith. For one thing, it deprives us of the New Testament as a trustworthy guide. Belief in the supernatural is bound up with every part of it. The most extreme dissection of the Gospels by critical analysis cannot, as has often been shown, eliminate miracle from the life of Christ, even when only the fraction of a fraction of St. Mark is accepted as a primary authority. But it is not a question of documents. Take away the supernatural, in the proper sense of the word, from Christianity and there is no religion left. It was not Jesus of Nazareth, born of Joseph and Mary, a Jewish prophet who never healed the sick nor gave sight to the blind but who lived purely and taught sublimely, who died on the cross and never rose from the tomb—it was not such a martyr for the truth who founded the Christianity that has leavened the world, but the Son of God made man, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification. The attempt to eliminate the supernatural element from the Resurrection and remain content with the belief of the disciples as of itself an adequate foundation for a religion of redemption, without the clear and firm proof of divine intervention for a world's salvation, is folly, or worse. What the modern mind needs is not to be handed over to the uniformity of nature as an iron band of inexorable necessity, but to understand that the regularity of the reign of law is controlled by a living Will, and that such an order of nature, whilst beneficently maintained and never needlessly disturbed, forms part of a higher Order, under which it is possible for nature itself to minister to higher ends, for redemption and restoration to be effected, and for creation itself to be delivered from bondage and enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God. No religious

man need hesitate to accept all that physical science has to teach concerning the orderly sequences of nature. But no religious man can ever consent to remain in bondage to the rule of blind force which is all that 'nature' means unless it be controlled by the living God. And no Christian surely will ever consent to explain away that element of the supernatural in his religion which secures him his freedom. The Resurrection of Christ from the dead, not a belief, more or less vaguely held, that 'Jesus lives,' is the charter of our emancipation, the ground of our deepest religious convictions, and the source and spring of our highest and most inspiring hopes.

### III

But any claim to base a faith on history which includes miracle must rest on adequate evidence. It is perfectly fair for any representative of modern thought who, like Huxley, admits *a priori* the possibility of miracles, to demand strong and cogent evidence sufficient to attest those actually recorded in the New Testament. Especially is this true of the great central miracle, the Resurrection of Christ. Where so great a weight rests on one foundation-stone, the foundation itself ought to be firmly based indeed.

On this point the Christian believer need not have the slightest hesitation. The critical warfare concerning Christian origins which has been hotly waged during the last half-century has left the central fact of the Resurrection of Christ as a citadel of faith quite unimpaired. The conflict has cleared up misunderstandings on both sides, and it may safely be said that the Christian position, as maintained for example by Dr. Denney and Dr. Sparrow Simpson against Schmiedel in 1911, is stronger than was the defence against the assaults of Strauss in 1835. Some positions have been evacuated as untenable by the assailants, and there is



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probably a larger amount of agreement between the parties to the controversy than there was fifty years ago. If a common consent could be reached as to what *kind* of evidence to such a fact as the Resurrection may be fairly expected under the circumstances of the case, much needless contention might be avoided.

It is allowed on all hands that the Christianity which in two or three centuries spread over the Roman Empire was based from the first on a belief in the resurrection of Christ from the dead. How did that belief arise? Christians hold that facts generated faith, their opponents argue that the faith was somehow self-generated and that it invented, or imagined, facts to support itself. The historical issue thus raised is a broad one, and its determination must not be allowed to rest on the phraseology of certain documents, or the agreement or disagreement of certain narratives. Details are important in their place; discrepancies, where they exist, must not be slighted. But it cannot be made too plain that the ultimate question is—Is it more likely that the faith which moved the world was evolved under most unlikely conditions out of a few heated imaginations which shaped the facts to suit their hopes, or that a Person—admittedly unique in history—did indeed burst the barriers of the tomb because it was not possible that He could be holden by it, and that it was the Risen Lord Himself who transformed timid disciples into lion-hearted apostles and enabled them to vanquish Judaism and change the course of history?

Doubtless there are modern minds so constituted that no conceivable argument would persuade them that a man was raised from the tomb the third day after death. And if such a statement were made of an ordinary man under ordinary circumstances their incredulity would be justified. But the question is, whether *Christ* rose from the dead, and that alters the nature of the argument. The Person and work of Christ as a whole must be taken into consideration,



and then it is seen how strong and various is the evidence by which the fact of His resurrection is supported. What were the views and expectations of the disciples at the time of their Master's death? How was the tremendous change in their way of regarding Him effected? What are the evidences concerning the empty tomb? What was the nature of the appearances of Christ alleged to have taken place during forty days? If the tomb was not actually empty and no real appearances took place, how are the words and actions of the apostles and the earliest disciples to be explained? What is St. Paul's witness, as given in 1 Cor. xv. and elsewhere, and what reasonable psychological account is to be given of Paul's conversion and preaching if the Resurrection was but a figment of the imagination? How was it that the religious faith depicted in the Gospels and the Epistles spread so rapidly both among Jews and Gentiles in the teeth of inveterate prejudices, if Jesus never worked a miracle and was Himself, like any other in the long line of Jewish prophets, gathered to His fathers, after He had suffered a cruel and shameful death and the handful of bewildered and terrified disciples had been scattered in helpless despair?

Such are some of the questions that have to be answered. There are those who are satisfied to answer them without believing in a real resurrection. They reply with A. H. Clough, in his hours of despondency at Naples—

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
As of the unjust, also of the just,  
Yea, of that Just One, too!  
This is the one sad Gospel that is true—  
Christ is not risen!

It is a gospel of despair, and it has been admitted that the strictly historical evidence forthcoming is not such as to compel religious belief in the sceptical. But for the candid inquirer there is combined historical and moral evidence of a most cogent kind. Its general scope is familiar and it cannot be repeated here in detail. But the arguments which

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would go far to convince a candid modern mind are such as these :

(1) The evidence handed down in Gospels and Epistles is all that could be expected under the circumstances. To refuse to believe in ancient events except on the testimony of witnesses trained like modern critical experts would mean to give up historical evidence altogether.

(2) The tradition of ' the third day ' which can be traced right back to the beginning, has never been satisfactorily explained on the theory of hallucinations spreading amongst fanciful disciples. Such apparitions do not appear where there is no expectation, no *idée fixe* to originate them.

(3) Were the remarkable words alleged to have been spoken by Christ at certain memorable interviews with His disciples imaginary, or consciously invented and put into His lips ?

(4) The tradition of the empty grave has never been accounted for, and the latest rationalistic explanations are no more credible than their predecessors. Holtzmann's account is that Joseph of Arimathaea repented of his kindly act in receiving the body of Jesus, and had it removed from the tomb because of the disgrace it entailed ! Prof. Kirsopp Lake suggests that the women came upon an empty tomb by mistake and thought that it was the place where their Lord had been laid !

(5) One of the strongest arguments that has come to the front of late has been the admission on the part of certain critics of eminence—Keim, H. Lotze, Ménégos, and to some extent Prof. Lake, may be mentioned as examples—that the attempt to represent the belief of the disciples as wholly subjective and self-generated, does not account for the facts. These scholars are prepared to admit that the impressions produced on the disciples' minds were divinely created by some kind of celestial manifestation, but not that the body of our Lord was actually raised from the tomb. This admission concedes a large part of the

orthodox contention, and it is hardly fair of Dr. A. B. Bruce to describe it as 'bastard supernaturalism,' though the theory obviously presents difficulties of its own and misses the main significance of the Resurrection in the teaching of the New Testament.

(6) The whole of the New Testament evidence must of course be taken into the account when this matter is being discussed. What, for example, is to be made of our Lord's alleged predictions of His death and resurrection, which were not understood at the time by the disciples? Were these mere *vaticinia post eventum*? Invented by whom, and for what purpose? How are the early addresses of St. Peter and the apostles in the Acts to be accounted for, resting as they do on the Resurrection as an acknowledged fact and producing so deep an impression upon a class not likely to be impressed by a few fanatical visionaries? Above all, there must be taken into full account St. Paul's acknowledged first-hand testimony, his remarkable conversion—which according to the best modern authorities probably took place within a year after Christ's death—the whole substance of his preaching, his solemn testimony to the gospel which he delivered 'first of all' to the Corinthians, one which he had himself received and duly handed on, and which included as its inmost pith and core the statement 'that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures.' This last statement contained a truth which all considered so fundamental, that it is described as 'that wherein ye stand, by which also ye are saved,' and if it were not true, the apostles were pronounced false witnesses, the faith of those who heard it was vain, and those who had received it and whose whole lives had been renewed by it were yet in their sins. St. Paul's whole theology and the arguments by which it was supported constitute an essential part of the evidence, partly moral, partly historical, which goes to prove the fact of the

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Resurrection, faith in which has been the victory that overcometh the world.

It should be remembered that the evidence as a whole is various and cumulative, that its value cannot be estimated when it is taken piecemeal, and that the original historical elements in it have received the moral and spiritual confirmation of nearly two millenniums of Christian experience.

### IV

One class of difficulties, perhaps more keenly felt in modern than in ancient times, concerns the detailed stories of our Lord's appearances and the nature of His resurrection-body. The lists of appearances given by the Evangelists and by St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. are most important as evidence for the fact of resurrection and for the nature of the impressions made upon the minds of the disciples. But they are not free from difficulties, and are not, in and of themselves, sufficient to establish a clear and consecutive, or what is called a 'scientific,' detailed narrative. There are apparent discrepancies, which might very probably be reconciled, if we had fuller information; but as they stand, only tentative explanations can be suggested. Difficulties have been raised as to the locality—whether there was a series of appearances in Galilee, or in Judaea, or in both; and if the last, how the several accounts may be harmonized. The exact times, again, are not so definitely stated as to make certain the number and order of the events. St. Paul's list would seem to be guided by chronology, but it is not necessarily complete; he makes no mention of our Lord's appearance to the women. But as the earliest, fullest, unchallenged appeal to most varied testimony, on the part of one most competent to judge, who claimed to have himself 'seen the Lord,' St. Paul's argument in the former half of 1 Cor. xv. is invaluable, and should be practically convincing as to what

he set out to prove—'Now is Christ risen from the dead.'

The conditions are altered, however, when we pass to the subject discussed in the latter part of the chapter, 'How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?' The *fact* is announced with supreme confidence, 'Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept,' but in describing the *mode* in which the great change is effected St. Paul contents himself with an appeal to physical analogies and the general statement of a contrast between a 'psychical' and a 'spiritual' body. The descriptions given in the Gospels do not enable us to answer questions which St. Paul leaves unexplained. Some modern critics have sought to show that an entirely different view of our Lord's risen body is presented in the Gospels from that which is sketched out by St. Paul. But as a matter of fact, St. Paul does not attempt to define the exact nature of the resurrection-body. He rather suggests that while glorified spirits will not be unclothed, but clothed upon, while they are to possess a body—a vehicle or medium by which the spirit will express itself—this will be, not like the earthly body suitable for the manifestation of 'natural' life, but itself perfectly adapted to the higher needs of the spirit as the highest part of man.

There is nothing in St. Paul's exposition which is irreconcilable with the Gospel narratives, but it is obvious that the point of view in the two cases is different. The evangelists describe sundry ways in which the risen Lord, no longer encumbered with the 'flesh and blood' which He wore during His earthly ministry, made Himself manifest to disciples living on the earth and under earthly conditions. The accounts of His form being seen, and His voice heard, His invitation to His disciples to touch and handle Him, and His partaking of food, raise a number of questions to which no answer is forthcoming. It is much easier for us to accept visions which appeal to the higher senses of hearing



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and sight than those which imply palpable perception by touching, tasting, and handling. The degree of materialization, if the phrase be permitted, attributed to the resurrection-body varies in different accounts, and some critics have sought to trace a 'progressive materialization,' beginning with the empty tomb, and then adding one sign of reality after another, the appearance to the sight, the utterance of words, the mention of 'flesh and bones,' and the actual eating and drinking in presence of the disciples. Dr. Denney, indeed, draws attention to the fact that 'the eating is only mentioned by Luke, and when we consider the fact, which a comparison with other Gospels renders unquestionable, that Luke everywhere betrays a tendency to materialize the supernatural, it is not too much to suppose that this tendency has left traces on his Resurrection narrative too.' Dr. Sparrow Simpson also admits that the appeal by the Risen Christ to the senses of hearing and sight is more credible than an appeal to the sense of touch, that not only the sceptical, but truly religious minds are conscious of a measure of hesitation concerning a 'material' body, and that some of the narratives in the Gospels have been discredited in the supposed interests of true spirituality.

There is, however, a natural error here. Sight and hearing are 'higher' than touch, as being more intellectual senses and lending themselves more directly to the advancement of man's higher faculties. But all the senses are variations of the sense of touch, and the case of Helen Keller has shown how much may be accomplished by this elementary sense alone when higher faculties are absent. And all the senses necessarily imply material organs and material processes. As Dr. Simpson says, 'The idea that what appeals to sight is less material than what appeals to touch is a popular confusion of the ethereal with the spiritual. It is popular, but it is wholly unphilosophical.' The real question is whether the Risen Lord could, and did, manifest Himself to the human senses of the disciples, or not. The



evangelists do not convey the impression that the Saviour's body after the resurrection was the same as before His death; He was free from local limitations and from the restraint of material barriers as He was not in the days of His flesh. But the Gospels indicate that Christ wished to prove to His disciples His identity and the continuity of His life in the new state upon which He had entered. There is nothing in this inconsistent with St. Paul's doctrine of a spiritual body, but it assumed that the Lord, when wearing such a body, was able to reveal Himself through the channel of the senses to those who were prepared to believe and welcome Him.

If it be said that after all, when the narratives of all the appearances, including that at the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, are taken together, much uncertainty remains as to the manner of our Lord's appearing and the nature of the glorified body which still wore the traces of wounds and 'glorious scars,' we should not attempt to deny the fact. It is only what might be expected. To demand exact descriptions, like the pictures of a photographer, under the conditions in question would not only be unreasonable, but would imply a demand for that kind of sign from heaven which Christ uniformly declined to grant. Human nature remains the same after the lapse of centuries, and men are still disposed to scoff when the kind of manifestation is withheld which, as they think, would silence all cavil and end all controversy. They say, with Dives in the parable, 'Nay, father Abraham, but if one rose from the dead, they would repent.' According to this it would appear that if a number of interviews had been granted to a large number of different persons, the manifestation in every case being the same and the accounts precisely corresponding, and if these had been attested after close cross-examination, then indeed evidence would be forthcoming which 'science' might consider! The very supposition is irreligious. It is akin to the proposal to pray for the recovery of the inmates

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of one wing of a hospital in order to test the efficacy of prayer. Its value for science would be infinitesimal, and it would mean the abnegation of the very spirit of religion. If we believe the New Testament, Christ did appear to many of His disciples after His resurrection, but it was only to disciples, and no account is given of the exact manner of His manifestation such that it could be critically tested. Perhaps, as St. Paul says in 2 Cor. xii. 4, such an account was not 'lawful,' perhaps it was not 'possible.' It doth not yet appear what we shall be; neither in the case of the Master nor of His followers can any say what is the precise relation between the body that is sown in weakness and dishonour and the body that is raised in power and glory and incorruption.

Danger lies in the very attempt at definition here. The Church has at times gone perilously near to materialistic error in its doctrine of 'the resurrection of the flesh.' Devout worshippers have sung—

In this identic body I,  
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,  
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,  
See for myself my smiling Lord,

without asking themselves exactly what they meant by 'identic.' For what constitutes identity? It may well be asked at this stage whether the modern mind, as enlightened by modern science, can shed any light on this subject, and how it bears upon the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

No very definite answer can be given. Representatives of biology, of psychology, and of anthropology have indeed said their say upon the relation between soul and body and the probabilities of life beyond the grave. In three directions at least interesting speculations and hypotheses have been suggested. (1) One concerns the meaning of death in the history and development of living organisms. Unicellular organisms never die; it is said that the Protozoa are

kept in the cycle of an ever-renewed life. Death appears in higher organisms as a method of keeping in the field forms capable of the better life and its higher development. Accordingly science might seem to indicate that death for man is a means of disentangling the higher, spiritual order from the wear and waste, the loose ends and thrums of his lower bodily existence. (2) The argument set forth by Butler in his well-known dissertation on Personal Identity is reproduced in a new form by Sir Oliver Lodge, who says that 'since our identity and personality in no way depend on identity of material particles . . . the spirit will retain the power of constructing for itself a suitable vehicle of manifestation, which is the essential meaning of the term "body."' He further proposes that the phrase 'resurrection of the body' should be dropped from the Christian faith, though he acknowledges the respect due to an ancient formula. But he urges that if retained, it should be understood to mean revival or survival. (3) Some scientific men, including Sir Oliver Lodge, the late F. W. Myers and others, who have paid much attention to psychical research, have contended that considerable light has been shed on the relation between soul and body and the existence of the soul beyond the grave by their investigations, and that fuller light still is confidently to be expected. The subject cannot be entered upon here, beyond the passing remark that as yet any measure of light attained seems very dim and uncertain.

There is nothing in the New Testament to interfere with well-founded hypotheses of modern science, and much which makes many of them interesting and valuable. The two sources of knowledge in the main do not overlap, or cover the same ground. But Scripture is in harmony with modern biology and psychology in the affirmation that man is not body alone, nor spirit alone, but body and spirit inexplicably united. And both Gospels and Epistles in contemplating a future life foretell a resurrection of the *man*, not as a bodiless spirit, nor,

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of course, as a spiritless body, but as a spirit possessing a new body, not natural, but spiritual. In this doctrine wisely taught there is nothing to offend the candid and reasonable modern mind. But there are would-be representatives of modernity who deny the reality of spiritual existence in the present life, and it is to be expected that the modern, like the ancient Sadducee, who says there is no angel, nor spirit, should say also that there is no resurrection.

We have touched but one or two points on the fringe of a great subject. Some account ought to have been given of the place of the Resurrection in Christian doctrine, for the evidence in favour of the fact is not really complete till its necessity for the completion of Christ's work for man's salvation has been demonstrated and the dire alternative has been contemplated which is implied in a Christ who did *not* rise again from the dead. Another part of the subject must also here be passed by, though it is an important one, viz. that a decision upon the great question we have been discussing depends very largely upon *Weltanschauungen*, theories of the world and life, which consciously or unconsciously form great underlying presuppositions, and according to these the value of all historical testimony is practically determined. A large part of the discussion concerning documents and details is really futile, because the parties to the controversy start with different premisses and pursue different methods of weighing evidence. If the fact that the early disciples were 'uncritical' is to discredit them as witnesses, there is an end to historical proofs, if not to historical religion. If the modern mind will not be satisfied without what are called 'scientific' proofs of religious truths, it will never accept Christianity. As Dr. Simpson says, 'We may still have doubts whether, if the Gospels had been originally revised by a modern critic, with modern methods, they would be more productive of religious faith in the modern mind.' Spiritual truths must be spiritually discerned. But it is quite true that when spiritual forces have

been at work in history, historical evidence ought to confirm the claims made on behalf of spiritual truth, so far as the conditions of the case admit. The claim made on behalf of the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is partly historical, partly moral and spiritual. It should be enough to convince every candid modern mind that, taking into account the Person and work of Christ during His earthly ministry; the character and convictions of His disciples before, at, and after His death; the early, varied, and abundant testimony afforded by them to His having risen from the tomb; the facts of the early spread of the Christian religion and the subsequent influence of Christian teaching upon the world,—Christianity *without* such a resurrection is inconceivable; and that the triumph of Christ over the grave is one of the most credible, potent, and best-attested facts in the history of the world.

One word may be added. No orthodox belief in a fact accomplished two thousand years ago is of worth unless it lives in character and conduct. Charles Morice's book, published this spring, *Il est Ressuscité*, has made some stir because it has once more suggested the thought, How would men, and especially how would Christians live, if Christ did appear again upon the earth? The book itself need not be taken very seriously, but the questions it raises can never be taken too seriously by believers in a living Christ, who will one day 'appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for Him, unto salvation.' The preaching of the Resurrection which is to move the modern mind must touch the modern conscience. In order to do that, it must come from the lips of men who do not merely hand on a venerable tradition, but who know the power of the Resurrection in their own experience. Such testimony has never yet been given, and never will be given, in vain.

W. T. DAVISON.

## SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT

**M**UCH has been said and written of late years concerning improved social conditions among the poor, especially in the great centres of population. Lurid pictures are drawn of the modes of life; depicted as dull, monotonous and repellent. Well-meaning enthusiasts, often devoid of practical common sense, band themselves into societies, convene meetings, utter perfervid speeches, pass declaratory resolutions, send urgent appeals to generous persons, and urge the adoption of legislative measures, with a view to rectify what is, undoubtedly, an unsatisfactory and a deplorable state of things. Usually, however, the important factor of human nature is left out of the calculation. It is forgotten that men and women cannot be dealt with in the mass, like a flock of sheep. Numbers of them do not practise or appreciate cleanliness, sanitary rules, thrift, sobriety, self-restraint, and industry. They have inherited tastes, habits, and an environment of a contrary nature. Dealt with individually, they may yield to the gentle force of persuasion, based upon self-interest. It is hopeless to effect a change by resolutions at public meetings, or by Acts of Parliament, or by administrative orders emanating from a Government department, however sagacious and well-intentioned. Many excellent persons are fruitlessly endeavouring to put back the clock by five hundred years, to Plantagenet times, when stringent rules were promulgated for the whole round of business, social, public and religious life, as to how different classes were to dress, what they were to eat, the rate of wages, hours of work, the prices of commodities, the places of purchase, markets and fairs, sports and pastimes, and



as to what men were to believe and how they were to worship. Royal Ordinances and Statutes of the Realm became more and more stringent. The result was disastrous failure and much injustice, tyranny, and suffering. At length it was found impossible to carry this universal meddlesomeness into effect. Similar failure will attend modern attempts to secure contentment, prosperity, and happiness by legislation of the Rhadamanthus type, and by officialism that has as many eyes as Argus and as many hands as Briareus.

Few persons realize the extent to which, during recent years, the supervision of health, education, agriculture, buildings, locomotion, commerce, industry, mines, manufactures and other things in daily life, by imperial and local officials, has increased. This is partly the result of direct legislative action, but is due in a much greater measure to administrative orders issued by the Home Office, by the Boards of Trade, Agriculture, and Education, and most of all by that impersonal and mythical body known as the Local Government Board. Its members never meet, and never have met, and its edicts are framed and promulgated by permanent officials, under the theoretical control of a titular President, who is changed with every Ministry or to suit party exigencies. One effect has been to create a small army of inspectors, auditors, examiners, clerks and other functionaries, and to add enormously to the cost of supervision. It is possible to have too much government, imperial and local, legislative and administrative, and to pay too dearly for the luxury. Swollen rates and increasing taxes show that the nation is called on to spend an alarming amount on officialism and mere machinery. The modern tendency is to widen the area and to enlarge the functions of public control. Reduced to a formula, it may be said, 'As existing and costly machinery has failed, therefore let us provide new and more costly machinery.' This means increased burdens on agriculture, manufactures, commerce, trade and industry, with diminished means for

spending, save for the very rich, who are comparatively few. Persons with moderate fixed incomes, and tradesmen with a limited turnover and a rate of profit which cannot increase, have not the money to meet the expenses of Government and the clamorous demands of Socialist doctrinaires and of the army of unemployed. The breaking-point has been reached, and the strain must be relaxed.

It is questionable whether many of our attempts at social regeneration are not palliative rather than curative. They deal with symptoms instead of attacking the causes. Grave evils are suffered to be perpetuated, and we toil hard at an energetic lopping of the branches, while the roots remain untouched. It is not too much to assert that of the fourteen millions and a half disbursed annually by Boards of Guardians for the relief of the poor, apart from the vast sums which they merely collect and transmit to other local authorities, a considerable portion only aggravates the condition of misery. Probably a much larger amount is disbursed by religious and philanthropic agencies, with the best intentions, yet a considerable portion of the colossal sum is worse than wasted. It acts as an encouragement and an incentive to thriftlessness, idleness, drunkenness, vice and crime. To say this may be deemed harsh, and is certainly painful; but it is true, as every one knows who has lived and laboured among the poor. The enormous sums poured into the East End of London a few years ago in response to pathetic appeals in the newspapers, went far to destroy a spirit of independence and self-help, and reduced most of the recipients to helpless and hopeless pauperism. It may appear to be a counsel of perfection, but if wealthy and benevolent persons would give the time to become their own almoners, each caring for and occasionally visiting a few respectable and deserving families, such as are easily discoverable, and helping these to help themselves, the results would be far more satisfactory, both to the benefactors and to the recipients. As it is,

the deserving poor too often fail to obtain needed help, especially if they are clean and tidy, and if they suffer in silence, whereas the clamorous and whining secure the gifts, and trade upon their outward wretchedness. In like manner those who have seen better days, and are in reduced circumstances through death, sickness, or misfortune, are far more deserving of sympathy and help than most of the recipients of parochial and charitable relief.

The theory of the Poor Law is that no one is to be permitted to starve. The poor know this, and they know the extent of their legal rights. However idle or dissolute, or improvident, enough assistance must be granted, either in the workhouse or in the form of out-relief, to prevent death by starvation. Occasionally that catastrophe is reached because of a resolute aversion to apply for relief, or because some miserable nomad, belonging to what is known as 'the casual class,' succumbs to a life of voluntary privation and hardship, varied only by a drunken debauch. Their womenfolk and children seldom accompany them to the casual ward, for a few pence are reserved from the day's begging or pilfering to secure a place in a common lodging-house. But the worse than useless race is being perpetuated, and the miserable, puny, diseased children are being dragged up to continue the wandering, lazy, thieving habits of former generations of vagabond nomads. Notwithstanding sentimental objections, a real kindness would be done to them, and a danger would be averted from the State, if all the known casuals, who have no ostensible mode of obtaining an honest livelihood, were segregated in farm colonies and in public workshops, and made to earn every meal before partaking of it. The children should be adopted by Boards of Guardians, and trained in industrial homes, where the taint of pauperism would be gradually eradicated and where they would be brought up to become honest and useful members of society.

It will be said that such a course would be a violation

of individual liberty, and interfere with the sacred rights of parents. Rights always involve corresponding duties. If the duties are evaded, the rights disappear. Parentage has no claim upon children who are neglected and ill-used, and whose abode is a scene of drink, vice, and crime. The same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the many thousands of children known in Poor Law phraseology as 'Ins and Outs,' the offspring of parents who, sometimes from misfortune, but more often from indifference and neglect, leave them to be housed and fed and clothed in cottage homes, or scattered homes, or in the village communities that abound, as ratepayers know too well. The latter cannot afford to spend on each of their children eight to twenty shillings a week, which is the range of cost under the existing system. Nor can the average struggling ratepayer secure for himself and his family such skill, and attention, and comforts as are provided for the sick poor in workhouse infirmaries. He is not eligible for admission, because he is not absolutely destitute. Prior to 1870, the sick poor were for the most part treated in separate wards within the workhouses. Whether the cost of Infirmary buildings, appliances, and medical and nursing staffs is not excessive and indefensible, is a question often raised.

It not infrequently happens that the 'Ins and Outs' are claimed by their affectionate parents in the early summer, and taken on tramp, under the pretence of fruit-picking, or some other form of field work, but really to arouse commiseration from the unwisely charitable. In the late autumn the children are brought back, and the process of cleansing, training, and humanizing has to be gone through afresh. If they survive until thirteen or fourteen years, they become valuable family assets, from their ability to earn a few shillings weekly, the boys as messengers or errand-boys, and the girls as casual cleaners of doorsteps, boots and knives, or as flower-sellers in the streets. All this spells physical and moral ruin. Parental control, in

the proper sense of the term, does not exist among this class, or, indeed, among the poor generally. They spoil their children by unwise humouring, alternated with equally unwise threats and harshness. The limited vocabulary heard in what is ironically called 'home' is interlarded with oaths and blasphemy. The usual method of upbringing is a word and a blow, or a blow without the word. They soon learn to dodge the attack and to retort in language equally coarse and foul. Almost from babyhood they begin to shout and scream in the streets, to molest other children, to damage property, to annex portable articles, and generally to do as they like. Their only sense of fear is inspired by the policeman, and when they become wholly unmanageable, their parents usually apply to a magistrate to send them to an industrial school, at the cost of the ratepayers. Compliance with such requests is too common, and ought to be checked.

A wide question is raised by the early and improvident marriages among the poor, and by the alarming number of their anaemic, epileptic, imbecile, phthisical children. Every Poor Law Guardian knows it is a sight too common and painful at Relief Committees for applicants to appear, themselves weakly, undersized, diseased, and devoid of stamina, but having six, eight, ten, or more children, feeble and sickly like themselves. Marriages at seventeen or eighteen are not infrequent, even when employment is precarious, and no prospect exists of providing for a family. The poorer the case, the more reckless the plunge, and the more prolific. People of the middle class do not think of marrying while yet in their teens, and incurring parental responsibilities without reasonable hope of meeting them. Under our Poor Law system, and especially with the wide extension of medical relief, lads and girls are encouraged to marry. Midwifery orders are granted, nominally on loan, but the loan is repaid in rare instances. If, as frequently happens, the man is out of work, aid is given to



his wife during her confinement, and the number of children regulates the amount granted. A case recently occurred of a man whose eighteen children had all been brought into the world at the expense of the ratepayers, who had also to support them during their brief lives, the father being usually out of work, and most of them had to be buried at the public expense when outraged Nature asserted her supremacy. Such of the children who survive, mainly by extraneous aid, are painful specimens of the 'Survival of the Unfit.' With constant care, and at vast expense, a certain number manage to pull through. If adopted by the Guardians, they are sent to sea, or to the colonies, or are apprenticed, or go into domestic service. But it is pitiful to notice in many how the original physical taint remains through life. About one-fourth of the average number in receipt of relief are children under sixteen, or nearly a quarter of a million in all. Of these, more than seventy thousand are under the direct care and control of Guardians. It often happens that the father, or the mother, or both, become inmates of the workhouse infirmary, or of the county or borough lunatic asylum, so that the family is chargeable to the extent of from one to two hundred pounds per annum. Where old people apply for relief, and inquiry is instituted as to the ability of sons or daughters to contribute to the support of their parents, the usual reply is that the sons and daughters are also married, and they, too, have large families, and are frequently without employment.

This uncertainty of work ought to act as a deterrent from premature and improvident marriages, but it does not. Pious people quote the text 'Be fruitful and multiply,' and utter the common cant, almost blasphemous in its application, that, 'where God sends mouths, He sends food.' Clergymen are not blameless in this respect. They, and all who visit among the poor, might do much to raise the ideal of married life, and to enforce the responsibility

attaching to parents. Much preventable poverty, disease, and misery might be avoided by plain, wholesome speaking on subjects that are commonly deemed unmentionable; while culpable ignorance of elementary facts in physiology, and of the moral relations that govern society, is a prolific source of wretchedness and suffering, and constitutes a real danger to the State. We talk about the mysteries of Divine Providence, we enact laws for the protection of infant life, and we enlarge our administrative machinery at enormous cost, while, all the time, Nature is asserting her authority and punishing us for the violation of her immutable laws. Medical men know, and so do all who have even a rudimentary acquaintance with physiology, that certain forms of deadly disease are transmitted to innocent offspring, who ought never to have been born, and that it is a downright crime for men and women tainted with such disease to become parents. We cannot, of course, adopt the Spartan method of dealing with defective and unhealthy children, but more might be done to diffuse knowledge and to foster a sound public opinion. The terrible increase of lunacy, epilepsy, imbecility, and feeble-mindedness demands serious consideration, while the extravagant outlay on some institutions under the Metropolitan Asylums Board and certain Boards of Guardians is a scandal. Of the total deaths in England and Wales, 18·3 per cent. occur in public hospitals, in workhouses and infirmaries, and in lunatic asylums. The proportion in London is 38 per cent.

Why girls, capable of being trained to useful, honourable, and well-paid domestic service should be, as they usually are, so unwilling to enter such service, and so eager to marry, opens up a chapter in human life that cannot be unfolded in these pages. In thousands of households complaints are heard of the impossibility of obtaining competent and reliable servants. Wearied housewives, able and willing to pay good wages, and to provide comfortable

and healthy homes for those in their services, find life a burden because of ceaseless change, anxiety, and trouble in the kitchen. Girls among the poorer classes are not now brought up to be domesticated and useful. They do not know, and will not learn, how to do housework. They are ignorant of the simplest forms of cooking food so as to render it palatable and nutritious. They cannot use their needle or employ themselves in a useful feminine way. Much of the teaching in elementary schools is sheer waste of money and of time, and is forgotten with departure from school. Girls prefer to work in factories or laundries, or to become shop-assistants, or to learn, imperfectly, shorthand and typewriting. The immediate object is to have liberty to roam the streets in the evening, or to go to a theatre or music-hall. The ultimate and supreme object is to secure a young man, and to marry as soon as possible, usually entailing a load of poverty, anxiety and suffering. Many an idle lout, standing at street corners all day, but always ready to accept 'a drink' from one of his mates who chances to have a few coppers, contributes little or nothing to the family expenses, but meanly subsists on the earnings of his wife's drudgery, until premature death releases her. But what a fool she was to marry!

One of the volumes issued by the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws furnishes melancholy illustrations. The results are given of a careful inquiry by special investigators into the lower grades of female employment. The points brought out are: (1) The abundance of unskilled women-workers in large towns. 'An advertisement for ten girls in a boot and shoe factory, at ten shillings a week, would bring five hundred applications.' 'There seems to be an endless stream of girls, more or less incapable, who will work at any common job.' (2) The lack of industrial ambition, indifference to training, and want of adaptation. 'If the girls would only try to learn several branches of the work, we should be able to keep them regularly employed

all the year round.' This is the testimony of the manager of a large clothing factory. (3) The variations in the supply of women-workers are affected by (a) the state of the husband's employment and the amount of the family income; (b) the desire for pocket-money, 'Many of our girls come back to us'—in a shirt factory—'owing to the low wages of their husbands. I have such girls, earning twenty-five shillings a week, leaving to marry labourers earning eighteen shillings, with the result that they are soon back in the work-room.' 'The girls simply come in order to be able to make some pocket-money and buy a little more finery.' 'They only want a few gew-gaws.' (4) The prevalence of a wage-tradition in a district or in a social class. 'When the women have earned about eight shillings they stay away for a day, or take from Friday to Tuesday.' 'When rent is due, or a holiday approaches, the women usually put on a spurt.' 'A man looks out for a girl who works two spinning frames or two looms, and is in clover if he gets her.'

The modern assertion of the 'right to work' involves as its correlative ability and willingness to work. Unfortunately, many of the unemployed are unemployable. The records of every Distress Committee testify to this. More than three-fourths of the cases investigated were of men who described themselves as 'labourers.' They professed their willingness to do anything, which usually meant they could do nothing worth the doing. London, and every large provincial town, contains many thousands of this order. What to do with them, or how to devise for them any remunerative work, is a puzzle. They cannot fabricate a useful article out of a piece of wood, or iron, or leather, or any other material. They possess no initiative, no enterprise, and no ambition. They are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, useful enough in their way, and to a limited extent, but there are far too many of them, just as there is a surpluse of clerks and small shop-keepers.

The number is being increased every year at an alarming rate. Thousands of boys leave our elementary schools to run errands, or sell newspapers in the streets, or to obtain a bare livelihood in some other precarious way, or to enter the Post Office as telegraph messengers. In three or four years' time they are superseded by other boys, and are sent adrift to swell the crowded ranks of unskilled labourers and of the unemployed and unemployable. Thus the mischief perpetuates itself in a vicious circle. Members of Boards of Guardians and of Distress Committees, and all who had to do with the mournful army of the unemployed during recent winters, are overwhelmed with dismay at the task set to the modern Sisyphus. Many of the applicants lack the strength and the skill requisite for digging rough ground, for making roads, for drainage, and for constructing public works. Thousands snatch a precarious livelihood by hawking, by waiting for hours at the dock gates, or by such odd jobs as offer at railway stations and street corners. A melancholy spectacle is presented every day on Ludgate Hill and other crowded resorts, of long lines of men and women—many of the latter with puny babies, looking prematurely old and wizened—selling penny articles, for the most part neither useful nor ornamental, which they obtain for about fourpence-halfpenny a dozen in Houndsditch. All these miserable objects have passed through the elementary schools, at great cost to the country, and are some of the finished products of the system.

We are doing our best to destroy what remains of independence, and forethought, and self-respect. Why should people work hard, deny themselves, live frugally, practise total abstinence, and make provision for a rainy day, when others who do none of these things can claim free medical relief, and the expensive comforts of an infirmary, and assistance for their families, in proportion to their number, and free meals and clothing for their children, and free education, and free maternity orders, and free



midwives, and free burial? The Old Age Pension scheme errs in this respect. A man who has been industrious and thrifty, and has saved a little money, though not enough to support himself and his wife during their declining years, is mulcted of one, or two, or more of the five shillings a week, while another, who has done as little work as possible, and that badly, who has spent all his earnings—much of it on drink—and has saved nothing, receives the full allowance. Equity demands that the former man should reap the full reward of his toil, and sobriety, and self-denial. The removal of the disqualification from recipients of Poor Law relief, so that they may become entitled to Old Age Pensions, is defective in a similar manner. There is no just discrimination with regard to antecedent character and conduct, any more than there is at present in dealing with cases that come before the Guardians. The heavily-burdened taxpayers will continue to have imposed on them a charge estimated at two millions or more, and, in numerous cases, for the benefit of persons who have brought want and misery on themselves and others by reason of their own criminal improvidence and wastefulness. The self-imposed taxation of the working classes every year, in the form of drink, exceeds the whole amount levied for imperial purposes by direct and indirect taxation. All who mingle with the people and study their habits know that in many instances a quarter of the weekly earnings, and even one half, is thus squandered.

It is admittedly difficult to grapple with the question of the Survival of the Unfit. The sentimentalism of the day compassionates what is regarded as inevitable. Many modern preachers, in the pulpit and in the Press, know little and care less about physical, social, and economic laws, which are unswerving and relentless in bringing a Nemesis on all who violate them, 'to the third and fourth generation.' Medical science teaches, from a wide induction of facts, and practical observation confirms the teaching, that

so long as we deal merely with consequences, while neglecting the immediate causes, the evils will go on unchecked. It is useless to enact laws and to frame regulations for the preservation of infant life, so long as thousands are born every year without stamina, or vitality, or resisting-power. Numbers perish during the first few months or weeks of the struggle. The survivors carry the scars for years, and are never wholly free from suffering. Preachers, publicists, and all who can exert a healthy influence, should urge that it is a crime against the State, and an act of moral turpitude, for persons afflicted with incurable diseases to transmit them to innocent and remote posterity. Why should more care be bestowed on the breeding of horses and dogs than upon human beings? It is idle to prate about the 'mysteries of Providence' when Divine laws in the natural world are being broken. Socialist theoretical remedies have been propounded and discussed at wearisome length, but with no practical results, since the time of Plato. All of them fail to recognize obvious facts. They assume that individual men and women, irrespective of character, temperament, capacity, condition or habits, can be treated as mere items in one aggregate, and that regulations can be made and enforced, and an artificial system created, whereby universal happiness and prosperity will be ensured. This will become possible when all men and women are of the same stature, complexion, features, abilities, and desires. Until then, it is a waste of time to discuss Socialism as a supposed infallible remedy for human ills.

The panaceas of many enthusiastic social reformers are for the most part dreamy and unpractical. The modern catch-cries and specious theories about land, wealth, wages, prices, the right to live, the distribution of property, and a general readjustment for everybody, are like voices crying in the wilderness. Nor is it of any avail for sympathetic emotionalism to urge that work ought to be made lighter, and wages higher, and hours shorter, and holidays more

frequent, and rents lower, and the cost of living cheaper, and the surroundings more pleasant and artistic. Men and women must be dealt with as they are, not under ideal conditions. Unfashionable though it be, it is needful to reassert the immutable law that wages are regulated solely by two factors, viz. the amount of work to be done, and the number of persons able and willing to perform it. In like manner, prices are determined by the greater or less supply of commodities, and by the number and necessities of the people requiring them. When two masters are running after one man, wages rise, but they fall when two workmen are running after one master. When there is a glut of articles for sale, or when purchasers are few, prices decline; but they increase when the market is denuded of goods, or when buyers are numerous and competing. These are the inexorable laws of business and of social life. It is idle to rail at them or to rebel against them. From their operation there is no escape. No attempt at 'making work' which is not required can succeed, nor can wages be forced up all round without rent and the prices of all commodities being raised in proportion, and then no one would be a penny richer. Many Liberals, heedless of their historic past, have fallen into the error of supposing that the vague entity called 'the State' can exercise universal control and reform everything for everybody. They agitate for more Acts of Parliament, although half of those passed during Queen Victoria's reign have had to be repealed or have fallen into desuetude. They demand more and more administrative machinery, although much that exists is costly and useless. Perhaps the bitter experience through which the country has passed in recent years will teach the needed lesson that this complicated machinery, now working with such whirr and clatter and at vast expense, is largely occupied in grinding the wind.

Without adopting academic or crude theories propounded of late with flippant fluency as to the ownership and use

of land, it is evident that the whole question, including a simplification and cheapening of land transfer, presses for settlement on statesmanlike and equitable lines. It has too long been made the sport of party politics, and it lies at the root of many social and economic troubles in the present day. During the last generation the rural districts have been denuded of their population. Fewer than a million are engaged in agriculture, compared with nearly two millions thirty years ago. Country tradesmen and artisans, and all who depend upon agriculture, are seriously affected, for the money in circulation is a dwindling quantity. On the other hand, the great cities and towns, already crowded and congested, are becoming more so every year by people who subsist on one another. They are mostly non-producers, and their life is an incessant and desperate struggle for existence. The cry 'Back to the land' is futile, so far as regards most of them, for they have forgotten what they knew about the soil and its cultivation, or have lost the taste for country life amidst the artificial glitter and false excitement of towns. If the exodus from the country could be arrested or checked for a time by offering inducements and encouragements in the form of small holdings, an immense benefit would ultimately accrue. A beginning has been made, but what are the eighty thousand acres already acquired among so many? Some landowners have set a praiseworthy example by their readiness to meet the demand for an opportunity to develop the products of the earth. It is to be hoped that the number will largely increase.

Many excellent persons are devoting themselves to the needful task of administering the Poor Law and carrying on the work of local government. The duties are exacting, and sometimes are irksome, but they are undertaken from laudable motive, in a desire to promote the public good. Doubtless there are instances where personal gain or influence, or the advantage of relatives and friends, is

the ruling motive. Happily, these constitute the exceptions. That so many should be found willing to devote time, and thought, and effort, without fee or hope of reward, to the amelioration of social conditions, and to sound and useful local self-government, is a notable sign of the times and a proof of patriotism. It is the more gratifying if the petty interference, the vexatious control in minute details, the general lack of sympathy, and the stolid mechanical attitude of permanent officialism be considered. No wonder that men of experience, ability, and position often shrink from exposing themselves to checks and snubs from Whitehall. Thus the way is left open for a class of men whose character, spirit, and conduct have done much to bring Poor Law Guardians and Municipal representation into contempt. With men of broader and clearer outlook, with the abandonment of traditional rules and methods, with more elasticity in local action, and with the realization of what has been hitherto only a dream of the ideal of self-government, it may be hoped that brighter and better days will dawn upon Social England, and that we shall no longer have to acknowledge and deplore the Survival of the Unfit.

W. H. S. AUBREY.



ANTONIO FOGAZZARO; AND THE DIFFICULTIES  
OF ALLEGIANCE TO ROME

*Leila.* A Romance. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. (Milano: Casa Editrice Baldini & Castoldi, 1911.)

*L' Illustrazione Italiana.* March 12, 1911. 'La Morte di Antonio Fogazzaro.'

ON the 7th of March, 1911, there passed away in the Civil Hospital of Vicenza, at the age of sixty-nine, the illustrious Italian writer, Antonio Fogazzaro. His death was in harmony with his serene and devoted life; its story reads like a page from his latest romance, *Leila*. For the sake of dear ones who anxiously desired it, he had consented to an operation, full of peril for one of his years. While calmly awaiting the doubtful result, he showed tender consideration for his family who watched near him; and his last words entreated a beloved daughter to 'be brave—because it is I who have asked for the Viaticum'; for, suddenly recognizing that hope was gone, he himself had quietly asked to receive the rites which his Church appoints for the dying. In this he was quite consistent; censured though he was by the Vatican, his attitude as a devout Catholic could not, and did not, change.

'A great and pure light is extinguished.' These words express Italian homage to the champion of free and noble religious Thought and Art, who has fallen on his last battlefield—humiliated in a sense, but not despairing.

Vicenza, his native city, mourns in him a much-honoured son—the wealthy patrician who won fame by steady, constant toil; the artist who used his Art to promote what he deemed the worthiest ends; the quiet benefactor who for

many years moved among his fellows relieving the suffering, uplifting the downfallen, and diffusing around him a continual dew of blessing in works of mercy.

Surely a beautiful and admirable life and death ! Yet there is in it an element of great mournfulness. For Antonio Fogazzaro was doomed to cherish high hopes never fully realized, and at last to see the ' Vision Splendid ' which had cheered his strenuous way fade into something gloomier than ' the light of common day ' ; into a threatening eclipse, dark with storm.

His life reflects much of the story of modern Italy. Born at Vicenza in 1842 of a noble and wealthy house, and of high-minded, pious, and patriotic parents, he was old enough to share their feelings when Pius IX, having first blessed the cause of Italian freedom, deserted, denounced, and betrayed it. But for the Fogazzaro family, as for many others in Vicenza, the hope of better things in store for Italy and her Church was kept alive by the influence of an able, enlightened priest, Giacomo Zanella, whose enthusiastic projects for reconciling orthodox religion with modern science, and freedom of political action with due submission to the Church, commanded the lifelong allegiance of his spiritual child, Antonio Fogazzaro, who devoted his ripened powers to advocating them.

Such irritating persecution from the Austrian rulers of North Italy as is mirrored in the romance *Piccolo Mondo Antico* (A Little World of other Days), drove the Fogazzaro, like the hero of that story, to take refuge in Piedmont for a time ; and studying law at Turin, to please his parents, Antonio saw much of that pathetic noble poverty of other exiled students which lives again in his pages. He continued his legal studies in Milan, when Milan was free. Law, however, found in him a lukewarm disciple, while the sister Muses of Poetry and Music had his impassioned homage ; and when fully awake to his own powers, he embraced and steadily followed the career of Literature, with varying

success, in many ways—in verse, in prose essays and short stories, in serious criticism and philosophy.

*Miranda*, a sort of poetic romance, appeared in 1874. Its delicate romantic grace awoke great admiration; but had the poet never struck stronger and harsher notes, the world to-day might be comparatively indifferent to his having lived and died. His next essay in novel-writing was *Malombra*, a long, ill-constructed story, full of a quasi-scientific dreamy occultism. This strange work, the fruit of six years' toil, did not add greatly to its author's reputation, despite the charm of many of its pages. On the other hand, *Daniele Cortis*, which appeared in 1885, is by many esteemed its author's masterpiece. The romancer now revealed himself clearly as an ardent propagandist of high ideals of conduct and belief; *Daniele Cortis* embodies its writer's idea of what a Christian statesman ought to be. The story is sad and noble. We may doubt whether such a grandly righteous, strictly orthodox, large-minded Catholic Christian as the hero could be found wielding much influence in the Italian political world to-day. But the dream-figure has its own grandeur, if it be not the grandeur of reality; and witnesses to the ardent hopes still cherished by many high-minded Italians a quarter of a century ago.

With *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, the writer embarked on that campaign of demonstrating the 'sweet reasonableness' and poetic beauty of *intelligent* Catholicism which he carried on with increasing passion through *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, its sequel *Il Santo*, and the lately-published epilogue and apology of the 'Santo,' *Leila*. All these romances have for their background, exquisitely painted, the mountains, the woods, the waters of the lovely hilly district near Lake Lugano, the 'Valsolda,' where Fogazzaro had a rural home; and these charming scenes he has peopled with figures, humorous, pathetic, noble, grotesque, drawn from the very life, which are of a delightful realism. The character of Piero Maironi is the one exception. The son of the 'Franco'

and 'Luisa' of *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, who inherits the opposing tendencies of his deeply-feeling, deeply-thinking mother, with her surface scepticism, and of his simply-impulsive believing father—Maironi, whether as the 'Benedetto' of the *Santo*, or as the passion-torn, penitent hero of *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, is a figure of cloudy uncertainty. Vainly has the author dwelt on this character with special love, making him, even after death, the conquering influence in *Leila*; vainly are we told of his victorious struggles with the lusts of the spirit and the flesh; vainly are we invited to admire his renunciation of all life's joys, his killing penances, his daring, humble apostleship; he remains for us only a shadow painted on mist and cloud, and will not assume for us the intense reality he evidently possesses for his creator. Maironi, in fact, is important as Fogazzaro's mouthpiece, and not otherwise.

The same unreality clings to the various 'conversions' from scepticism—or from mere Protestantism—to orthodox Catholic belief, which Fogazzaro has introduced into his four last romances. They are not at all convincing; no adequate reason for any of them appears; unless we reckon as such the pathetic spectacle of a fervent and faithful Catholic death-bed—a weapon employed more than once. In *Leila* it is the second funeral of 'the Master,' the dead 'Santo,' Benedetto, which suddenly recalls the hero, Massimo Alberti, from his wanderings in the byways of Doubt. The propagandist, in these latest works, has been much too strong for the artist. But the passionate sincerity of the propagandist, his resolute devotion to the Church which has dealt harshly with him, are past all doubt.

'The Church *misunderstood* him! Alas!' cries one of his Italian admirers, 'that was perhaps the most terrible wound to his heart, and one cause of the malady that brought him to the tomb! He, who every day bowed his knees before the Cross, praying for the unhappy, felt the desire to see his own Catholic Church repudiate for ever

a system which, in the days of Galileo, had led her to humiliation: the system of denying and persecuting those truths of science which afterwards she was constrained to admit, thus giving a mortal blow to her vaunted infallibility. Far otherwise should the Vatican have dealt with a writer like Fogazzaro! . . . They flung him as a prey to evil-minded priestlings—stabbed to the heart with a condemnation from his *Mother*, the Church! The pang was sharp—yet his faith did not fail.’

Is it not possible that Fogazzaro, on his side, ‘misunderstood’ the true spirit of Rome? Certainly he totally mistook the character of the Pontiff actually ruling the Romish Church, when he dared, in the *Santo*, to represent him as covertly favouring the enterprise of a would-be *lay*-reformer of ecclesiastical evils, in the person of ‘Benedetto.’ Pius X struck back, and struck hard, when the *Santo* was placed on the ‘Index Expurgatorius.’ There is nothing in him of the diplomatic subtlety and suppleness of his predecessor; he moves inflexibly on the way towards the end he has always proposed to himself—‘the integral *Restoration*’ (not Reform) ‘of the Catholic faith and discipline that are threatened by internal enemies.’ ‘The profane public may see abundant reasons for a prudent change of Vatican policy in the rupture with France, the imminent rupture with Spain and Portugal, the widespread “Modernist” movement within the Church itself. For Pius X these are so many reasons for pursuing his chosen way; they are due to the lack of a Catholic-Christian, Catholic-Clerical “Restoration”; they are symptoms of a deep-seated disease, and he, the divinely-commissioned Physician, must not flinch from dealing sharply with the malady. Days yet more distressing may follow; if so, he must redouble his energy—but must never desist. Meanwhile the Liberal and Moderate Clerical world would fain see in the Pontificate of Pius X “a painful passing incident,” and trusts that the present “reaction” will cease with his



life. It is unhappily quite possible that the reaction he has initiated may continue implacably after his death, and issue in such a counter-Reform as the Council of Trent accomplished and inflexibly applied. The future of this struggle will be full of interest. To-day it does not cease, because it cannot': the Pontiff *cannot*, being what he is, either fear or falter.

Such, much condensed, is the pronouncement of an acute observer, as given in one of the leading Italian dailies. In the pages of *Leila* we can find proof and to spare that the hand of Rome was heavy on the writer. The book enforces and exemplifies sedulously the duty of Catholic 'obedience'; yet it were easy to multiply quotations showing the immense difficulty of that duty for intelligent inquiring spirits, and the loathing revulsion inspired in too many hearts by priestly intrigue, duplicity, and intolerance—the instinctive longing for a simpler, purer religion to replace the complicated mechanism of Rome.

'I could have wished,' cries Alberti in his darkest hour, 'to follow Christ on the mountain and over the waves of the Sea of Galilee, instead of following the immense procession of mitres, shaven crowns, hats, hoods, black, white, red, and violet habits which now passes before us!'

Lelia (otherwise Leila), the heroine, is, as she says, 'a creature of passion and not of reason,' who has clung as long as she could to the schoolgirl religion learnt in the convent, though 'it was not sympathetic to her,' and in her girlish ignorance she would not accept the religion of two very noble, simply pious friends, her affectionate guardians, 'because they talked too much as if they had the right to interpret the gospel; which is not allowed to the laity. I said to myself, All or Nothing. . . . Then, when I knew intimately, and saw leagued together, persons who embody the All . . . the archpriest . . . the chaplain . . . the archpriest's sister . . . my father . . . a certain friend of

my father . . . I could not resist; and I said, Better Nothing.'

The persons referred to are a typical group, representing various forms of intolerant but more or less sincere Romanism. Drawn with a great deal of humorous enjoyment, they are shown to us plotting and counter-plotting; the clerical persons desiring in their own way the good of the Church, and (incidentally) of Lelia's soul; the laymen, under the cloak of piety, wishing simply to appropriate some of the funds of the girl, who is heiress to her dead protector. They form an ugly embodiment of the 'All' of Catholicism for Lelia; and her revulsion is natural. 'But I have no satisfaction in this Nothing,' continues her narrative to her lover, 'and I ask you to give me a new Faith. . . . I ask for a God whom I can worship in the woods, in the glen, on the waters of the lake, in a wedding-chamber; who will not impose on me official mediators; who will not torture my intelligence with incomprehensible dogmas nor annoy me with tedious ceremonies; who will not pretend to win me with Heaven nor terrify me with Hell!'

'Dear one,' replies Alberti, 'we will seek that Faith together'; but he adds (and Fogazzaro speaks by his mouth), 'The ideas that *were* dear to me' (the ideas set forth in the *Santo*) 'would permit me to adore God in the woods, in the glen, . . . in a wedding-chamber; and would make me accept, without torture, incomprehensible dogmas, and observe the prescribed ceremonies, without weariness. . . . If my mind has lost its hold on those ideas, it has been with great distress.' Here is an implied defence of that 'Progressive Catholicism' to which Fogazzaro, submissive to the Church's censure, will not openly refer, but which he has never explicitly renounced; on the contrary, we find in *Leila* no vague suggestion that the Church must move with the times, must abandon its hostile attitude towards modern science and philosophy, if it would retain its hold on eager inquirers of the type of the young doctor, Massimo Alberti,

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whose written confessions to a venerated lady friend (one of the most charming characters in the book, a truly *Christian Catholic*) form a very important part of Fogazzaro's apology for the *Santo*.

Alberti tells how doubts beset him in early youth; and 'there came a time when he could not strangle them in their birth,' but was tossed on a sea of doubt; when, a student at Rome, he knew 'Benedetto,' drank in his pure and lofty teaching, and believed. 'I would have given my life for my faith and my Church.' But 'the Master' died; and 'the unjust accusations of dissent from Catholic doctrine brought against him by incompetent judges; the hostility I, as his disciple, had to bear from a mob of Pharisees; . . . with the corroding contact of certain hypercritics and destructive innovators from whom my "Master" had always preserved me, began that breaking-up of my beliefs which advances every day.' Here is an unspoken warning to the Vatican. 'Persevere in your rejection of the purifying reforms we Liberal Catholics desire; and such will be the fate of hundreds of your sons!'

A very curious passage follows. Having disclaimed, with some scorn, any sympathy with 'presumptuous' persons who, sitting in judgement on 'the religion of St. Augustine, Dante, and Rosmini,' condemn it for 'certain peculiarities of its worship and obscurities of its dogma, which they deem absurd,' Alberti touches on his growing fear that 'this divine Religion may undergo the same fate as the divine Religion of Moses,' and that, 'just as the Church rose out of the Synagogue, a Higher *Something* may rise out of Catholicism.' It would no doubt have seemed in the highest degree 'presumptuous' to the devout Fogazzaro, had it been suggested that this 'higher *Something*' has already risen out of Catholicism, and that the 'divine element' in it animates with constantly growing activity the work of countless Reformed Churches; while the Deity whom Lelia sighs for, 'who will only command me to Love,

and will only forbid me to Hate,' is known and adored by many millions outside the Church of Rome. For our author, these things are an unknown quantity; and, dealing with a mere puppet of his imagination, he makes Alberti's crowding doubts and dim apprehensions vanish, like ghosts at dawn, while he listens to the address pronounced over 'Benedetto's' coffin by the good, upright, *obedient* priest Don Aurelio, on the occasion of the second interment of the 'Santo,' with his parents in 'Valsolda.' There is indeed a deep pathos in that address, when we consider when and of whom it was really written.

'This man spoke much of religion, of works, of faith. Being neither Pontiff nor Prophet, he may have erred. . . . His true work was not to agitate theological questions, as to which he might be mistaken; it was to recall believers of every class to the spirit of the gospel. . . . *He always proclaimed his faithful submission to the authority of the Church, to the Holy See and the Roman Pontiff.* He knew that the world despises religious obedience as cowardly. In his turn he despised that contempt of the world; for the world glorifies *compulsory* military obedience and the sacrifices it requires. . . . He pardoned those self-made judges who falsely condemned him as a theosophist, a pantheist, an alien to the sacraments . . . he abhorred all those errors . . . till the moment of his death he conformed to the faith and practice of the Catholic Church. He died trusting that, when the Evil Spirits who have torn the Church shall be driven back into the gates of Hell, all those who are baptized and call on the name of Christ shall be united as one religious People around the Holy See of the Sovereign Pontiff.' . . . 'Let us, his friends, pardon, like him, those who falsely accused him . . . those also who mocked him for his faith. *They knew not what they did.* We also are too ignorant to presume to judge the ignorance of others.'

What pathetic hopes ! what noble dreams ! what touching submission to the crushing will of Rome ! Let us not be

deceived; these words, spoken of the imaginary 'Benedetto,' are really a plea for just judgement on Antonio Fogazzaro. Truly the lot of gifted men who wish to do Rome good service is hard.

We should have been glad to dwell on *Leila* for its own sake; it is a little gallery of singularly vivid Italian portraits. There is the single-hearted, benevolent Marcello Trento, the adoptive father of *Leila*, who cherishes the wayward, bewitching girl because she was dear to his dead son, and whose one hope in dying is to leave her in the worthy hands of Alberti, safe from her worthless parents; there is the girl herself, a very woman, full of perilous and noble impulses, with a poetic passion for the beautiful in music, in flowers, in wild nature; her struggles with her own heart and soul, her difficult redemption by a pure Love from a terrible destiny, are drawn with a master-hand. And a not less living picture is Donna Fedele, her maternal friend and protectress, a stately maiden lady whom an ill-starred youthful love has kept from marriage. She is a fine incarnation of 'sanctified common sense' and lively humour. Her genuine piety does not debar her from counter-working certain priestly plotters, nor from sheltering a rashly zealous Protestant colporteur from the oppression of bigots. This poor man, a quaint, touching figure, plays no small part in the drama of *Leila*. Having received him, wounded and fever-stricken, into his home, the good gentle priest Aurelio is driven from his curacy and exiled to live poorly by teaching—with momentous results to Alberti; while the colporteur's accidental presence on Donna Fedele's terrace, one wild night, foils Lelia's desperate attempt at suicide, and saves her for love, hope, and revived Faith.

The minor personages of the story, including some charming studies of the confidential Italian house-servant, are skilfully drawn and grouped; and the most delicate, exquisite touches are lavished on the last days of Donna Fedele. That lady casts away her final chance of recovery from



a mortal malady, in order to pursue and protect Lelia in her flight from her greedy, ignoble father to join Alberti in the mountain solitude where, despairing both of her love and God's, he has hidden himself. Donna Fedele's death, not many hours after her meeting with Lelia, wears the aspect of a sacrifice joyfully made for the welfare of the youthful pair, whom she leaves with firm hope for their common future, here and hereafter. Her pale lips murmur with their last breath, 'I am happy'; and we leave her with the light of a mystic heavenly dawn on 'the ivory face crowned with white hair.' She has forgiven, and has sought forgiveness from all.

Unless we mistake, there is a propitiatory intention in these closing lines of *Leila*.<sup>1</sup> Donna Fedele is a *Christian* Catholic of an antique type, strongly averse to 'modern' developments of religion; yet her imaginary death-bed scene is drawn with the most loving sympathy, and seems like a mute appeal by the great writer to the Church that so ill rewarded him. Turning in thought to the real scene of Fogazzaro's departure, 'in the faith of the Fathers and the spirit of the gospel,' we must feel increased, pitying respect for the too-loyal son of Rome, whose last published words breathe loyalty to her—a loyalty how mistakenly bestowed!

ANNE E. KEELING.

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<sup>1</sup> The appeal has been in vain. *Leila* has been put on the 'Index,' and Fogazzaro's city is indignant at this affront to its beloved and honoured citizen.

## THE NEW PAGANISM

*Thus Spake Zarathustra.* By F. NIETZSCHE. Ed. O. Levy.  
(Edinburgh : Foulis.)

*The New Spirit.* By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (London : Scott.)  
And other works quoted in the article.

THE term *paganism* is familiarly associated with the fabric of classical mythology and religion which received its death-blow in the Roman Empire with the victory of Christianity ; yet, however restricted the term may be in popular usage, the attitude of personality to life which it expresses belongs to all ages. It is with the literature of paganism rather than with social conditions that we wish to deal, though it is well to bear in mind that literature cannot altogether be dissociated from the conditions of life amid which it is produced. It is clear that the characteristic emotions of paganism—the full play of natural impulse, the alternate *joie de vivre* and black pessimism, the exaltation of sense and phenomena as the ultimate realities, the aesthetic craving for beauty, the horror of pain, self-sacrifice, and death, the torment of unrest—find expression in all literatures.

Doubtless the position of Ecclesiastes in the sacred canon is due to that unerring instinct which regarded it as representing a strain of thought and experience permanent in human life. In themselves, the utterances of Koheleth are the literary products of the contact of Hebraism and Hellenism. In the age of the Seleucids the Jew became a wanderer, drawn from his own land by the opportunities of commerce and military service, the desire of a fertile soil and the dignity of citizenship, the brightness and freedom of Greek life. Israel had gloried in its pure monotheism as lifting it above the level of surrounding peoples ;

but in the Greek mind at last Israel found an intellectual equal which looked at the universe from the standpoint of philosophy, not of inspiration. Ecclesiastes used to be considered a blend of Stoic and Epicurean thought, with striking affinities with Lucretius and Horace; it is more likely that it is at bottom Hebraic, though Hellenic in its conception of the richness of life and its sense of humanity as a whole; Hellenic also in its scepticism and its sympathy with the restless, groping mind of man. We may catch in it echoes of the Greek lyrics and anticipations of Catullus with his

Nox est perpetua una dormienda :

but so clear a fusion of the Hebrew and Greek mind does not recur until we come to Heine, of whom a French critic wrote that his real masters were the Wisdom writers of the Old Testament. 'Hence it came to pass that the least evangelical of men was also the most truly biblical.'

Christianity broke like a healing sunrise of spring on the outworn pagan world, and brought with it the sense of a new life. One of the most characteristic modern writers, with dramatic instinct, has laid hold of the story of Julian as summing up the eternal conflict between flesh and spirit. Ibsen, in his *Emperor and Galilaean*, makes the Philosopher thus address Julian, whose apostasy is not yet consummated—

There is a whole glorious world to which you Galilaean are blind. In it our life is one long festival, amid statues and choral songs, foaming goblets in our hands, and our locks entwined with roses. There dizzy bridges span the gulfs between spirit and spirit, stretching away to the furthest orbs in space—

I know one who might be king of all that great and sunlit realm.

In the sequel Maximus suggests to Julian the possibility of a third religion—a fusion of Emperor and Galilaean, of the empire of flesh with the empire of spirit. But to found a Catholic Church of Hellenism was a task too great for Julian, whose weakness and vanity frustrated his own reactionary dream.

The Renaissance revealed the fact that the spirit of paganism still lived on in the world. It marked an efflorescence of latent life—life in strangely mingled forms—now the pure and sunny simplicity of the Christian religion in St. Francis, now the Greek sensuousness in Petrarch and Boccaccio, now ancient philosophy in the rationalism of Abelard. If the age produced a *Dies Irae*, it also gave us the Latin student-songs, with their frank glorification of *carpe diem*! The Renaissance was not a single event, but a gradual process, often checked and obscured by reactionary tendencies; and its main note was the exaltation of physical and intellectual life. With the Reformation the spirit triumphed once more; and the modern world awoke into being.

The revolt against Puritanism has always been more conspicuous on the Continent than in this country. The excesses of the Restoration marked only a natural reaction; but the Puritanism of England did not die. Abroad, Pascal and Calvin, from different standpoints, stood for the absoluteness of the claims of Christianity, but their influence with thoughtful people was disputed by Hume and Voltaire. For a century and a half the notable figures in literature, alike in France and Germany, have been representative of what has been called neo-paganism. With the French Revolution arrived those prophets of freedom and advance, Rousseau and Diderot, while to Germany belongs the credit of having produced Goethe, the greatest figure in modern literature. 'As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the Middle Ages, Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe,' says Mr. Havelock Ellis, 'is the representative of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn.' With a nature responsive to every passing emotion, he was serenely tolerant of all forms of art and beauty. The deepest thing in him was his sensitiveness to the frank, unrestrained

naturalism of Greece; but his attitude to the religion of the spirit was not therefore one of hostility. He bows before the moral discipline of the Christian teaching as revealed in the gospels; but not as a believer. To him Christianity, like all religions, was the symbol of an infinite life. The passionless classicism and self-culture of Goethe produced a natural counterpart in the turbulent romanticism of Heine, to whom we have already referred. Heine's theory of life may be read in his Essay entitled the *History of Philosophy and Religion*. It is a modern expression of Julian's idea of the harmony of flesh and spirit, and it was written when his faith in the possibilities of human progress was at its height. 'When once,' he cries, 'mankind shall have received its perfect life, when peace shall be again restored between body and soul, and they shall again interpenetrate each other with their original harmony, then it will be scarcely possible to comprehend the factitious feud which Christianity has instigated between them.' To him Christianity was the foe of natural joy, hardening the soul against the beauty of the visible universe. Such ideas were echoed by his group of friends in Paris—Balzac, George Sand, de Musset, Gautier, Berlioz, Hugo. Gautier, unlike Heine, was incapable of glimpses into the unseen. 'He dwelt,' says Barry, in his *Heralds of Revolt*, 'among the forms of things visible, and could no more see through them into the spirit than a child whose conscience is not yet awake.' Great Pan is dead! that is the wail of the French neo-pagans, who regard all varieties of civilization since the Greek as fatally retrograde. It is dilettanteism without ethics; and Catullus, Petronius, and Apuleius are their prototypes. In England Epicureanism, whether in mild or violent form, has but little hold. The average British temperament does not readily absorb the effeminate paganism which in France blasphemes Christianity and exalts sensuousness in the name of freedom. The Englishman is pragmatic in his interests, and is concerned with politics, commerce, and social reform.



The gods of Hellas touch him not; his sole link with ancient Greece is a Marathon race! Hence it happens that only a select company are interested in those writers like Swinburne, Walter Pater, and J. A. Symonds, who represent here the spirit and ideals of latter-day paganism. The dull industrial masses are untouched by the gentle raillery of Matthew Arnold, by the exquisite prose of Pater, the melodious music of Swinburne, the melancholic torpor of Symonds. Nevertheless, each of these gives a notable contribution to the interpretation of the view of life which we have very imperfectly outlined in our survey of Goethe's successors. Listen, for example, to Symonds. 'We can dull the pangs of the present by living the past again in reveries or learned studies, by illusion of the fancy and self-indulgent dreaming. Take down the perfumed scrolls; open, unroll, peruse, digest, intoxicate your spirit with the flavour. Behold, there is the Athens of Plato in your narcotic visions: Buddha and his anchorites appear: the raptures of St. Francis and the fire oblations of St. Dominic, the phantasms of mythologies, the birth-throes of religion, the neurotism of chivalry . . . all pass before you in your Maya-world of hasheesh, which is criticism.'<sup>1</sup> He admits that the soul remains unsatisfied. 'The spirit thrills us with its chidings,' with the result that Symonds passes into a soul-crisis, from which he emerges a new-made man, by virtue of a 'Stoical acceptance of his place in the world, combined with—Epicurean indulgence'! Then turn to Pater. 'Art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for these moments' sake.' Again, 'a counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated dramatic life . . . to burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.'<sup>2</sup> Religion is a branch of art rather than an authentic voice

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<sup>1</sup> *Life* (H. F. Brown), pp. 418-9.

<sup>2</sup> *The Renaissance*, p. 236.

of the Infinite. The life of *Marius the Epicurean* is a series of visions, of pleasant sensations; the real world never reaches him. And when he dies with the Christian sacrament on his lips, we do not feel that he has really learned the great secret.<sup>1</sup> It is but a charming symphony on the theme, 'Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end.' To Pater the art and symbol and ritual of Christianity is of moment only in so far as it expresses an undying paganism. Not by the way of artistic hedonism, in howsoever beautiful a form it may be enshrined, will the modern world reach its true goal—surely this alone can be our verdict, when we have flung away the splendid enchantments of these magicians and emerged into the sober world of reality.<sup>2</sup>

In our survey of historical force the French Revolution was noted. We may regard it as inaugurating the triumph of the middle class throughout Europe. The nineteenth century is the period of commercial expansion; scientific discovery and invention have opened up innumerable outlets for the energy of the Western peoples; mastery over the powers of Nature has resulted in a huge output of industrial capacity, and Science has definitely asserted its claim to be one of the supreme factors in the development of the race. It is in keeping with this growth of the materialistic and scientific spirit that a new Stoicism based on the doctrine of evolution should find a powerful and violent advocate in the person of Friedrich Nietzsche. Darwinism superimposed on Stoicism, that is the latest form of neo-paganism; and the writings of its apostle have had a marked influence on writers like Ibsen, G. B. Shaw, and H. G. Wells. Nietzsche is undoubtedly the greatest name in the literature of revolt since Goethe. It is easy to ridicule him as a

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Barry, *op. cit.*

<sup>2</sup> Reference might also be made to Walt Whitman, who is Greek in his exuberant joyousness and frank passion for nature: also to George Meredith, whose noble optimism and passionate imaginativeness move on a higher plane.

madman, and to point the moral of his opinions from his death of a mental disease; but no modern thinker is so widely read in Germany and in our country; there is a growing sympathy with his particular form of revolt. We do not profess to treat Nietzsche on the basis of a close acquaintance with each of his works; but will merely summarize his main positions. The key to his particular conception of life may be judged from his attitude to Greek civilization. His god is not Apollo, but Dionysus. Apollo was the god of the arts, the inventor of music, poetry, and oratory. The spirit of Greek art was contemplative. It was a record of things as they had been. Repose was its characteristic. Epic poetry was a mere chronicle of the past, and sculpture, even when it depicted movement and vitality, conveyed the impression of quiescent and unemotional grace. Art was thus destructive of action. The Greeks became metaphysicians, poets, sculptors, rather than doers of deeds; Apollo produced a nation aesthetic and wise, but inert. The needful impulse to intensity was given by the cult of Dionysus, who represented the life strenuous and passionate, and stood for those arts which express the emotion of the moment, dancing, singing, music, and the drama. Violent activity, delirium, ecstasy—these corresponded with the storm and stress of life, the passions of fear, hate and love, that find full play in the drama of the human conflict. Nietzsche admits that Greek history represents the swing of the pendulum between Apollo and Dionysus, and asserts that life needs a dash of both; but in the end it was the contemplative, placid wisdom of Socrates and Plato that prevailed, until the conquest of Hellas at the hands of a barbarian and Dionysiac race. Now this conflict, according to Nietzsche, between Apollo and Dionysus—between conformity and passion, between conservatism and revolutionary impulse—has expressed itself not only in Greek tragedy,<sup>1</sup> where restless and defiant

<sup>1</sup> See Gilbert Murray's exquisite translation of the *Bacchae* of Euripides.

humanity engages in a hopeless conflict with the gods, but in modern civilization. For what do we find in the modern community? The vast mass of Apollonians—the inert democracy professing a slave-morality and obedient to traditional law and religion—and the party of progress, consumed by the Dionysiac impulse ‘to exploit and explore.’ The hope of society lies in the emergence of a master-class, an aristocracy of efficiency, dominating and exploiting the slave-multitude. Such a class, emancipated from the bondage of an inherited religion and morality, would eventually produce the superman. He would be the fine flower of the ever dominant impulse—the will to live, which becomes in Nietzschean terminology, the will to power, that is, to attain power over the forces which render life difficult or impossible. Nietzsche construes morality in terms of evolution; morality is nothing but a code evolved by given races as a kind of expedient in a successful endeavour to survive. There is nothing divine in the origin of any ethical system whatsoever; systems of morals are essentially human and unstable. Any gods or religions which aim at the perpetuation of such codes are foes to human efficiency. The Christian idea of brotherhood, pity, humility and self-sacrifice, are enemies of life. Such, briefly, is the philosophy of life propounded by the most iconoclastic intellect which Europe has produced in the last generation. Christianity and democracy are alike rejected. To Nietzsche the ‘good’ is all that quickens the sense of power, the will to power and power itself; the ‘evil’ is weakness and all that proceeds therefrom. The *summum bonum* is power; the thing to be avoided is contentedness, traditionalism, acceptance of things as they are. If a man is happy it is through his feeling that power increases and the sense of resistance overcome. Here, as it seems to us, we touch a paradox; ultra-efficiency will surely produce at the top of the scale the very quiescence which he condemns at the bottom. The superman will live ‘a ghastly smooth life’ and will perish of having no more worlds to conquer. Here we

have, however, the basis of the Nietzschean system—absolute selfishness and utter individualism. For the picture of the superman we must turn to *Thus Spake Zarathustra*—probably Nietzsche's most notable contribution to literature as literature—a prose-poem unique in matter, if not in form. It is cast in the style of an Oriental sacred book, full of parables and wise sayings. The hero—let it be said—has nothing in common with the Persian Zoroaster except in name; he is a wandering philosopher with two permanent companions, a serpent and an eagle. After ten years spent in the mountains, Zarathustra comes down, and in the market-place of a certain town where many folk were gathered to watch a rope-dance, he proceeds to expound his doctrine of superman.

'I teach you beyond-man. Man is a something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?

'What with man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same for beyond-man, a joke or a sore shame.'

Then, with reference to the performance about to commence, 'Man is a rope connecting animal and beyond-man, a rope over a precipice. . . . What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal. . . . I love those who do not seek behind the stars for a reason to perish and be sacrificed, but who sacrifice themselves to earth in order that earth may some day become beyond-man's.'

One more quotation. 'This new table I put over you, O my brethren: *be hard*.'

Nietzsche has no social sense. The state or aggregation of individuals, nations and countries—all these are new idols. Democracy is the depth of decadence. There is no dogma so utterly false as the equality of man. 'One must learn,' he cries, 'how to love oneself—thus I teach—with a whole and healthy love, that one may find life with oneself endurable and not go gadding about. Such a gadding about baptizeth itself 'love unto one's neighbour.'



At the risk of wearying our readers, we may mention one other idea, viz. his doctrine of eternal recurrence. The world is to move in recurring cycles. There is a cosmic as well as a terrestrial year. Man will become superman, and perhaps rise beyond that, and then he will be resolved into the primary elements and the whole process will begin anew. This is a revival of the ideas of Pythagoras in a brain in which the horrible and the scientific strangely mingle. 'I come back, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—not for a new life, or a better life, or an eternal life. I come back unto this one and the same life, in the greatest things and in the smallest things, in order to teach once more the eternal recurrence of all things.' Such is the Nietzschean picture of the superman—a being immune to all pleasure and pain—undaunted by the prospect of an endless series of lives—a Prometheus defying the universe. He is also a thorough-going empiricist, to whom knowledge is but observation and experiment, and mind merely a function of body. In the last phase of his break-up, Nietzsche's hatred of idealism and religion became more and more evident. His *Antichrist* is the fiercest and most ruthless attack on Christianity in modern literature. 'I condemn Christianity,' he shrieks, 'it lives by pain and woe; it has created pain and woe in order to perpetuate itself . . . it combats all good red-blood, all love and all hope for life, with its anaemic ideal of holiness. It sets up 'the other world' as a negation of every reality. The cross is the rally-post for a conspiracy against health, beauty, well-being, courage, intellect, benevolence—against life itself,' and so on *ad nauseam*.

Such was the swan-song of an evolutionist Stoic who died less than a dozen years ago. Not a word can be uttered against his personal character. His austere morality was in harmony with his gloomy imagination. Solitary and melancholy, he yet evoked the love and understanding, the faith and gentleness lavished upon him by his sister in the days of pain that preceded the end.



'Oh loneliness; thou, my home, loneliness! How blissfully and fondly speaketh thy voice unto me!' Such is the cry of Zarathustra, dweller among mountains and pine-forests, creature of their wildness and incorporate with their solitudes.

If the successors of Goethe proclaimed the eternity of Beauty and from the standpoint of aesthetic hedonism regarded Christianity either as a creed outworn or as a form of faith providing rich materials of symbolism and art for a romantic nature, Nietzsche represents the apotheosis of scientific evolution which banishes the unseen for ever from the mind of civilized humanity. It is a theory which logically completes the teaching of Huxley, who proclaimed that the cosmic struggle for existence had no relation to ethics, although Huxley, unlike Nietzsche, clung to the ethical inheritance which Christianity had conveyed to mankind. But for the German thinker, the only reality lies in phenomena; soul—will, feeling, spirit—are merely physiological sensations. His *Zarathustra* is the bible of Positivism, or perhaps, more correctly, of that peculiar brand of Positivism which deifies not humanity but an aristocracy of humanity incarnate in the superman. Who can say that there is no gain in his having brought to a head and climax the whole materialist view of life? The rhetorical exponent of Darwinism as a view of life and the cosmos in which immoralism—the will to power—the right of the strongest—is the sole condition of ascent, he stands forth as the high-priest of science. On the altar of evolution he offers the Iphigenia-sacrifice of love and pity and social sympathy. Are we prepared to accept this wholesale negation of the unseen? In this 'transvaluation of all values' is there anything left which is worth having? We look abroad on human life; above the dim world of transitional tendencies shine the stars of freedom and education, owing their light to the primal sun of religion; and we behold them slowly wane, leaving us with a clash of armies in the night, and an Armageddon in which the

slave-multitude vanishes and the few strong emerge. Is not this another Inferno, and over its portals is there not written, 'All hope abandon ye who enter here'? Surely, in the words of Ecclesiastes, 'this also is vanity,' and 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The modern passion for unconventionality flings every sacred institution into the melting-pot—love, marriage, government, education. The English writers who represent the Nietzschean spirit of revolt are G. B. Shaw and H. G. Wells. The latter in his latest novel<sup>1</sup> remarks: 'Life is a varied and splendid disorder of forces that the spirit of man sets itself to tame.' It is well that in the pages of Nietzsche we may gather some of the features of the idol that is to emerge and weigh carefully the prospect of an age of Reason in which 'there will be gods but no god.' May not we regard such utterances not as counsels of despair but as a strong and urgent call to the Christian world to stand by the spiritual heritage which St. Paul calls 'the mind of Christ'? To all the shrieks of hatred and blasphemy which arise from iconoclastic intellects, to all the soft voices of self-indulgent epicureanism which pule and lament in an enervated civilization, we give the direct negative. The time calls less for argument than for action. Shall we face the complex tendencies of this age with a faltering scepticism or with a high and daring faith? The victory rests with him who holds fast to 'the subtle thing that's spirit,' to the reality of the unseen, and to the belief that the world is swayed by an Eternal Righteousness.

'Therefore with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,  
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.'

R. MARTIN POPE.

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<sup>1</sup> We have refrained from discussing the attitude of modern representatives of paganism towards sex-morality; but in our opinion the undisguised sensualism with which the *New Machiavelli* presents this subject is absolutely out of harmony with the nobler ideals of social progress, and is a dark blot on a book in which the author's brilliant gifts are conspicuous. We feel bound to express our abhorrence of a feature which is equally opposed to good art and sound morality.

## CHINA UNDER THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

*China under the Empress Dowager.* Being the History of the Life and Times of Tzu Hsi, Compiled from State Papers and the Private Diary of the Comptroller of her Household. By J. O. P. BLAND and E. BACKHOUSE. Illustrated. (London: William Heinemann. 1911.)

THIS single volume throws more light upon the internal history of Peking and the attitude of her high officials towards the representatives and natives of Western kingdoms than all the books written about China during the last quarter of a century. During the confusion that reigned in Peking in 1900, the authors came into possession of valuable state papers; they also snatched from the flames the private diary of a well-informed native which contained many entries about current events and famous Chinese and Manchu statesmen, and showed their unvarnished opinions about the hated foreigner. Such unique material, and a competent knowledge of Chinese, have made the pages of this book what the rooms of the National Gallery are to the lover of pictures. A panorama of living pictures is spread before us, sometimes painted in lurid colours, occasionally squalid, not seldom pathetic, but always warm with life and energy.

This work refutes the legend, said to have been the creation of jealousy and hatred, that Yehonala, or as she was more frequently called, Tzu Hsi, the central figure in Chinese history for fifty years, was of low extraction and contemptibly educated. Apparently she never was in any sense a 'slave girl.' She was born into one of the clans of the haughty and imperial Manchu race, which rules over

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China, and her father, Hui Cheng, was a taotai, who died at his post in the Anhui province. Like some other great personages in Chinese history, Confucius and Mencius to wit, she was left fatherless at an early age, being but three years old. Her education, contrary to that of most daughters of China, was watched over with great care, as if there were some presentiment of her future greatness. 'At the age of sixteen she had mastered the Five Classics in Chinese and Manchu, and had studied to good purpose the Historical Records of the twenty-four dynasties.'

In 1850, Hsien Feng, aged nineteen, ascended the Dragon throne, and though he had already been some time married, one of the first duties of the Empress Dowager, his mother, was to select inmates for the Emperor's harem. Sixty Manchu damsels of youth, fashion, and beauty appeared for inspection by the critical eye of the Empress Mother. No dealer ever measured the excellences and defects of his steeds, or slave-dealer his slaves, with a keener and more critical eye than those which appraised these maidens. Twenty-eight from among the sixty were selected, and of them one was Yehonala.

Henceforth she was severed from her home and nearest relations. Once afterwards, by special permission, she was allowed to visit her mother and sisters, at their home in Pewter Lane, situated near the Foreign Legations. The account of this visit shows her at that age to be vivacious, spontaneous, and simple. She left, after she had lavished presents upon every member of her family. Most of them she never saw again. Very early in life she began to assert an ascendancy that was marked even in an Eastern court, where favourites are wont to reign and even domineer. She was strong-minded; she was well educated; she was endowed with tact; lastly, she alone, amongst all the wives and concubines of the dissolute Hsien Feng, had presented him with a son and heir. Even at the age of twenty-two she practically ruled China, and, being ignorant of the West,

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and blinded by the splendour of her race, she was uncompromisingly anti-foreign.

The next step in the development of Yehonala's character and power was made in the year 1860, when Peking was attacked by the British and French troops, and the Summer Palace given to the flames. Even at that early date in her career the Empress Dowager evinced a fine courage, and repeatedly urged the Emperor not to forsake Peking and the shrines of his ancestors, because the 'barbarian armies' threatened the Forbidden City.

The Emperor Hsien Feng died at Jehol, whither he had fled from the 'savage barbarians,' and his body was brought back to Peking in a catafalque, borne by one hundred and twenty men, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Ere the breath had left his body, three Princes, arch-conspirators, succeeded in inducing the dying Emperor to appoint them as co-regents, with power over the son of Yehonala. Thus she was set aside, and they were invested with plenary authority. She was powerless to prevent this, because she was at that time under a cloud. Reports had reached her lord's ears about her *liaison* with one Yung Lu, an energetic and dashing young guardsman of the Manchu garrison. But though she could not find admission into the imperial death-chamber, she could and did purloin the imperial seal, without which even an imperial edict carries no weight. The joint proclamation issued by the conspirators, informing the country that they had been appointed regents, carried no weight, because it was not 'sealed with the king's seal.'

One of these conspirators was fabulously rich, and was cordially hated at Peking. His name was Su Shun. 'He obtained the arrest of over a hundred notables and rich merchants whom he kept in custody of no gentle kind, until they had ransomed themselves with enormous sums.' The general hatred of this man no doubt assisted Yehonala.

The manner in which she checked and then checkmated



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these three conspirators reveals a mind and will not often possessed by a young woman of twenty-three. They planned her assassination and that of the Dowager Consort on the road back from Jehol to Peking, but the treachery was discovered by Yung Lu, and frustrated. From this hour the doom of these three men was sealed, for Yehonala was hardly a woman to forgive an injury. At the first meeting of the Grand Council in Peking they arrogated to themselves the authority which they tried to believe they possessed, because the deceased Emperor had appointed them co-regents. Yehonala haughtily met them in open council, and exclaimed, 'We shall see about that.' She forthwith gave orders to the attendant guards to place the three Regents under arrest, and issued an edict in the name of the boy-Emperor, in which she characterized their actions as 'damnable treason,' and concluded by saying, 'In token of our leniency Tsai Yuan and Tuan Hua are hereby permitted to commit suicide.' Su Shun 'we sentence to immediate decapitation, as a warning to all traitors and rebels.'

One of the chief causes of the *coup d'état* in 1898 was the hatred of Li Lien Ying, the chief eunuch, towards the young Emperor, who some years before had ventured to order that the eunuch should be beaten. At the time of the Boxer rising this powerful chamberlain used all his influence with his imperial mistress in order to induce her to exterminate the foreigners. These sycophantic eunuchs wielded immense influence at court during the earlier years of Yehonala's reign, notwithstanding that she issued numerous edicts curtailing their aggressiveness. But it was generally understood that these edicts were to be regarded as so much waste paper. She was known to be in sympathy with them, and threw herself heartily into the rounds of pleasure which they provided for her. The following extract is not pleasant reading. It may be an exaggeration, still, these rumours were afloat, and the



general trend of things at Peking was known to be in harmony with what is here described. 'It is common knowledge, and the gossip of the tea-houses, that the chief eunuch's lightest whim was law in the Forbidden City; that Yehonala and he, dressed in fancy costumes from historical plays, would make frequent excursions on the palace lake; that he frequently wore the Dragon robes sacred to the use of the sovereign; and that the Empress had publicly presented him with the jade Yy-ji, the symbol of royal power. Under these circumstances it was natural, if not inevitable, that unfounded rumours should be rife in exaggeration of the real facts, and so we find it reported that the eunuch was no real eunuch, and that Yehonala was delivered of a son, of which he was the father. Many fantastic and moving tales are current of the licentious festivities of the court, of students masquerading as eunuchs, and then being put out of the way in the subterranean galleries of the palace.'

It is not surprising that strong viceroys, like Yuan Shih K'ai, who see clearly enough how these things lower China in the eyes of the civilized and especially the Western world, denounced them vigorously. But in the earlier days of Yehonala there was no vernacular press, and China did not value greatly the opinions of the West. Indeed, she did not clearly understand that there was a West to consider.

The next stage in Yehonala's histrionic career is one of domestic tragedy and political squalor. The Dowager's son, T'ung Chih, who at the age of seventeen had been proclaimed emperor, died before he reached his twentieth year. But much happened before that. For some years the youth had been living a most dissolute life. 'Wen Hsi and Kwei Poa, open partisans of the Empress, not only did not restrain the Emperor from his vicious courses, but actually encouraged him, so that it became notorious in the capital that they and the Emperor consorted with all

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the evil characters in the worst locality of the southern city. It became cause for scandal in the palace itself that his Majesty would return from his orgies long after the hour fixed for the morning audience with his high officers of State. He was mixed up in many a drunken brawl, and associated with the lowest dregs of the Chinese city, so that it was no matter for surprise when he contracted the germs of the disease which speedily led to his death.'

Previous to these orgies T'ung Chih had married a virtuous lady, A Lu-te. When at the age of seventeen he assumed the reins of government, he at once showed a spirit that invited political catastrophe. He refused to show his mother state papers, but, having held the reins of power for many years, she would not allow her son thus to snatch them from her. Another danger threatened her position. Should a son be born, A Lu-te would become Empress Mother, and she would be compelled to take a subordinate place. All this she clearly foresaw, and determined, if possible, to thwart. It is not surprising, therefore, as was affirmed, that she encouraged her son in his orgies, in the belief that his early death would leave her free to elect another boy-Emperor, and continue to hold the reins of power. Events fell out as was anticipated, except that A Lu-te promised her lord a child. In December 1874, T'ung Chih, worn out at the early age of nineteen, contracted small-pox and died.

Yehonala knew that if a son were born to the deceased Emperor its mother would succeed to power. She therefore suddenly decided to elect a new Emperor, and ignore her prospective grandson. As soon as T'ung Chih was dead, and before his body was cold, Yehonala called together the Grand Council to select the new Emperor. It was a solemn farce, characteristic of China. Prince Kung, who was the sixth son of a previous Emperor, had a son, who was quite a youth. Some wanted him elected. But Yehonala had decided upon the infant son of Prince Ch'un, who

was the seventh son of the same Emperor Tao Kwang. She selected him, first because he was an infant, therefore another Regency was inevitable. Who, other than she, could be Regent? Then Prince Ch'un had married her own sister, and Yehonala thought that she could further exert her influence through her sister, and so really, though not in theory, still control events. After much polite acknowledgement of unfitness all round, at a given signal the partisans of Yehonala gave their votes, and the child, the ill-omened Kwang Hsui, was taken from his warm cot, in the middle of that eventful night, and made to undertake the first of those trying experiences with which, in after life, he was destined to become familiar. Presently one of these coincidences happened which are so frequent at Eastern courts. A Lu-te died before her son was born. Some say she committed suicide, others that Yehonala put her out of the way. The world will never know.

Any review of the life of Yehonala would be incomplete which omitted reference to the sudden death of the senior consort of Hsien Feng, Tsu An. The two consorts had never been friendly, but no special outbreak had occurred, because the elder, loving peace, usually gave way. Once, however, on the occasion of certain ceremonies at the tomb of Hsien Feng, Yehonala was deliberately slighted by Tsu An, and the affront was obviously intended. There was an unseemly wrangle 'before the ancestral tombs, witnessed by a large entourage.' Yehonala did not forget the incident. The breach was widened by the insolence of Yehonala's favourite eunuch, Li Lien Ying. 'The quarrel on this occasion was exceedingly bitter, nor was any reconciliation subsequently effected between the Empresses. It is very generally believed, and was freely stated at the time, that, incensed beyond measure, and impatient with any further interference with her authority, Tzu Hsi brought about the death of her colleague, which was commonly attributed to poison.'

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Much light is thrown upon the ignominious collapse of China's navy, in her war with Japan in 1894. Yehonala, or, as she had for some time been affectionately called, the Old Buddha, had reached her sixtieth year, which in China is the occasion of great festivities. Immense sums had been gathered to pay for the pageantry and memorial arches which were to immortalize the auspicious year. It was immortalized in another way. For some years China had professed to be creating a navy on foreign models. Immense sums had been gathered for this purpose. But a large part of these funds, with the knowledge and connivance of the Old Buddha, had been diverted to the building of a magnificent Summer Palace for her own use, which was to be opened as a part of the birthday festivities. When the war broke out, China's navy was worse than unprepared. When disaster began to overwhelm her armies and her vessels, Yehonala cancelled the proposed festivities, and, in a characteristic edict, affirmed that she had paid out of her privy purse three million taels into the war-coffers, but it was too late. Probably, in any case, China would have been defeated, but the collapse would not have been so utterly humiliating had public funds been honestly dealt with. Indeed, Li Hung-Chang was blamed, because with ten thousand he dared to meet an enemy of twenty thousand. He could hardly help himself.

The famous *coup d'état* of 1898, hitherto only half-understood, is now seen in the clear light of common day. It would be difficult to find anything like it in modern history. The prominent actors in those hundred days of feverish change and wild edicts were not many. Yehonala had for some time been passive but watchful. She had placed the reins of government in Kwang Hsui's hands, and was content to enjoy the leisure which love of elegance and culture made very attractive to her. The young Emperor was as eager to introduce reforms as some people are to take patent medicines, and having no one to control him,

he gratified his craze. Hang Yu-wei, a Cantonese of great ability, and, it is believed, still more ambition, was the guiding spirit of the movement, and, having acquired ascendancy over Kwang Hsui, was bent on reforming abuses, and advancing his own interests at the same time. Jung Lu, commander-in-chief of the foreign-drilled army, the staunch friend of the Empress Dowager, and a man of determination, was at Tientsin. Yuan Shih-k'ei, whose rapid advance in the Emperor's favour was owing to the protection of the famous Viceroy Li Hung-Chang, was the arch-traitor of the movement.

The crowd of Peking officials was unequally divided. The majority stood on the Conservative side, grimly determined to walk in the old paths, claim their ancient prerogatives, and enjoy their fat sinecures. Most of them cherished rancorous hatred of the foreigner, his civilization and his religion. On the other side were a few strong men, convinced that things were out of joint, and that nothing but drastic changes could save their country from impending destruction. They were inexperienced, and were groping to find a way of escape.

Edict followed edict with unparalleled rapidity. These were inspired by Hang Yu-wei, and signed by the young Emperor. There is no doubt that Kwang Hsui was absolutely sincere in his intentions, and could he have freed himself from the bonds that fretted him, would have initiated the radical changes that have since been introduced. In that case the Boxer Rebellion would never have stained the pages of Chinese history. The Emperor nearly succeeded; he absolutely failed. There could be no real reform until the uncompromising Conservative party was broken up. Before that could be done, the Empress Dowager, their staunch supporter, must be stripped of power. Hence Jung Lu, the commander-in-chief of the foreign-drilled army, must be removed, and another leader in sympathy with the new order of things installed, who would



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use the troops to support the plans of the Emperor and his party.

A desperate plot was suggested by Hang Yu-wei; Kwang Hsui endorsed it. It was decided to assassinate Jung Lu, imprison the Empress Dowager, and then overawe the Conservative party by Jung's troops, under the leadership of Yuan Shih-k'ei. Yuan Shih-k'ei had an audience with the Emperor, and promised to support him with his heart's blood. He was sent to Tientsin to assassinate Jung Lu; then to take command of the army and lead the troops to Peking, which were to seize and imprison Yehonala. The Conservative Manchu party could be reckoned with afterwards.

'Yuan reached Tientsin before noon, and proceeded at once to Jung Lu's yamen. He asked Jung Lu, with whom he had taken the oath of brotherhood some years before, whether he regarded him as a faithful blood-brother. "Of course I do," replied the Viceroy. "You well may, for the Emperor has sent me to kill you, and instead I now betray his scheme, because of my loyalty to the Empress Dowager, and of my affection for you." Jung Lu, apparently unaffected by the message, merely expressed surprise that the Old Buddha could have been kept in ignorance of all these things, and added that he would go to the capital and see the Empress Dowager that same evening. Yuan handed him the Emperor's decree, and Jung Lu, travelling by special train, reached Peking the same evening.'

Jung Lu disregarded the rule that no provincial magnate can visit the capital without special order, and the still more unbendable etiquette which forbids any one to enter the palace gates unannounced and unushered. He stepped into the room where the Empress was, exclaiming, 'Sanctuary, your Majesty.' Without apology or verbiage, he told the whole story of the treacherous plot. An immediate council of the Manchu princes and leaders of the Conservative party was called. It sat throughout the night. The

Emperor suspected nothing. In the morning, when he was impatiently expecting the foreign-drilled army to enter Peking, he was summarily arrested, and confined in a small palace in the middle of one of the lakes, from which there was no escape.

In an interview with her nephew Yehonala unloosed upon him all the fiercest passions of which she was capable. There was no one to support him, except his secondary consort, Pearl, who, on her knees, implored the Empress to spare the wretched man further reproaches. Yehonala ordered the faithful concubine to be imprisoned, and she never enjoyed another hour of freedom. When the Empress Dowager fled from Peking, before the approach of the allied troops, she ordered the presumptuous concubine to be thrown down a well, and her orders were at once obeyed. Such deeds are frequent in China even yet. 'To the end of his life Kwang Hsui blamed Yuan Shih-k'ei, and him alone, for having betrayed him. To Yuan he owed his humiliation, the end of all his cherished plans of government, and the twenty-three months of solitary confinement which he had to endure on the "Ocean Terrace." Almost his last words, as he lay dying, were to bid his brothers remember his long agony, and promise to be revenged upon the author of his undoing. Of Jung Lu he said that it was but natural that he should consider first his duty to the Empress Dowager, and seek to warn her; and after all, as he had planned Jung Lu's death, he could hardly expect from him either devotion or loyalty. The Old Buddha's resentment was also natural; he had plotted against her and failed. But Yuan Shih-k'ei had solemnly sworn loyalty and obedience. The Emperor never willingly spoke to him again, even when, as Viceroy of Chihli, Yuan came to the height of his power.'

The wild scheme of crude reforms which Hang Yu-wei had planned, and the Emperor had sanctioned, thus ended in bitter disappointment. If the Emperor had been con-

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tent to move more slowly it is likely that the Empress would not have thwarted him, and something effective would have been accomplished. The Dowager Empress feared a rebellion in the south, and also shrank from the condemnation that would have been hurled at her by the Foreign Powers if she took the Emperor's life. Hang Yu-wei managed to avoid justice, and afterwards, in a British man-of-war, escaped to the neutral ground of a British colony. Liang C'hi-ch'ao fled to Japan, and there to-day edits an influential newspaper. Six of the more prominent reformers were summarily executed. Others were banished to the inhospitable wilds of Central Asia. When this was done, as a British Minister wrote to the Marquis of Salisbury, the Empress invited the ladies of the Legations to tea, and, whilst cordially hating them, as later events proved, 'made a most favourable impression, both by the personal interest she took in all her guests, and by her courteous amiability.'

The history of the Boxer Rebellion has been written more than once. Now we see it through the eyes of a Chinese scholar, who sets down both facts and fancies. The diary of Ching Shau reveals what most sensible people suspected, that the hatred of the Manchu towards foreigners is part of his very existence. What our diarist wrote others felt. 'My courtyard is now full of Boxers, and Kangsuh soldiery; I can no longer call my house my own. How I loathe those cursed foreigners, for causing all this disturbance !'

The three principal figures of the Boxer Rebellion are Prince Tuan, Jung Lu, and Yehonala. Prince Tuan, the father of the heir-apparent, was insanely bitter in his hatred of foreigners. At the same time he was singularly credulous in regard to the alleged supernatural powers of the Boxers. Jung Lu wasted no love upon foreigners, though his hatred was not uncompromising. He, however, despised the claims of the 'Rabble Patriots'; he foresaw their overthrow, and

therewith the destruction of the shrines and palaces of his imperial ancestors. He knew that to attack 'duly-credited envoys, and representatives of another State' would be execrated by every nation in the West; more important still, it was condemned by a clause in the Sacred Classics. The Empress Dowager veered sometimes towards one of these leaders, sometimes towards the other. She did not veer towards Jung Lu because she loved foreigners, but because she had always found his advice good.

The actual cause of her determination to wipe out the barbarians was the reading of a memorial said to have emanated from the Diplomatic Corps. 'Prince Tuan, Ch'i Hsui, and Na T'ung showed her a dispatch from the Foreign Ministers, couched in the most insolent language, demanding her immediate abdication, the degradation of the heir-apparent, and the restoration of the Emperor. The Ministers also asked that the Emperor should allow ten thousand foreign troops to enter Peking to restore order. Kang Wi came to tell me that never had he seen the Old Buddha so angry, not even when she learned of Ka'ng Yu-wei's treason. "How dare they question my authority?" she exclaimed. "If I can bear this, what must not be borne? The insults of these foreigners pass all bounds. Let us exterminate them before we eat our morning meal." ' It was afterwards discovered that this document was forged by Prince Tuan. When the decision was taken, Jung Lu 'with tears in his eyes, knelt before her Majesty; he confessed that the foreigners had only themselves to blame if China declared war upon them, but he urged her to bear in mind that an attack upon the Legations as recommended by Prince Tuan and the rest of the council might entail the ruin of the ancestral shrines of the dynasty, as well as the altars of the local and titular gods. What good purpose, he asked, would be served by the besieging, nay, even by the destruction of this isolated handful of Europeans? What lustre could it add to the imperial arms? Obviously

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it must be waste of energy.' The Empress could not overlook the supposed interference of foreigners. The edict went forth : ' I command that all foreigners—men, women, and children, old and young—be summarily executed. Let not one escape, so that my empire may be purged of this noisome source of corruption, and that peace may be restored to my loyal subjects.' Fortunately, both for foreigners and for China, the word 'slay' was changed into 'protect' in the fateful edict. All the world knows now that the two officials who saved their country and the lives of thousands of foreigners by this daring deed, were Yuan Ch'ang and Hsü Ching-ch'eng. When the Empress discovered what had been done, her 'face was divine in her wrath.' She said 'Their limbs should be torn asunder by chariots driven in opposite directions. Let them be summarily decapitated.' At the hour of execution Yuan fearlessly said, 'I die innocent. In years to come my name will be remembered with gratitude and respect, long after you evil-plotting princes have met your well-deserved doom.' Turning then to Hsü, he said, 'We shall meet anon at the Yellow Springs. To die is only to go home.'

One of the latest entries of this remarkable diary throws a lurid light on the events at Peking during those dark days, and reveals the contempt of life which many Chinese show in their hour of danger and panic. 'I have just heard of the death of my old friend Hsü T'ung, the imperial tutor and Grand Secretary. He has hanged himself in his house, and eighteen of his womenfolk followed his example. He was a true patriot and a fine scholar. Alas ! alas ! from all sides I hear the same piteous cry; the proudest of the Manchus have come to the same miserable end. The betrothed of Prince Ch'un, whom he was to have married next month, has committed suicide with all her family. It is indeed pitiful.' The diarist's women all committed suicide. He himself, though seventy-seven years of age, was pushed down a well by his son; that son himself was



shot by the British troops. Such was life in Peking in those terrible days.

We pass over the terror, flight, and ultimate return to Peking of Yehonala. Though her imperial spirit was bruised it was never broken. When the list of prominent Boxers, whose lives were demanded by the victorious Powers, was presented for her sanction, she complied only under extreme pressure, and when she saw that every avenue of escape was blocked up. This time she was dealing with foreigners. Prince Tuan was banished from the capital for ever. His son, the heir-apparent, was thrown aside, and is to-day 'a drunkard and a disreputable character, living the life of a depraved gambler.' The others were executed or ordered to commit suicide. Most of them died without a murmur because the Empress had so decreed it. Even then her ascendancy over the people of her own clan, and over those who were personally intimate with her, was nothing less than marvellous.

At Peking, after her return, Yehonala was brought into personal contact with the foreigners who had worsted her, for the first and only time in her life. She did not seem to be averse to meeting them. On one occasion she showed such levity in their presence that her chamberlains were angry. 'After emerging from the temple, she called upon one of her eunuchs to bring her opera-glasses, with which she eagerly scanned the crowd looking down from the walls of the city, waving her handkerchief whenever she perceived a familiar face. On one occasion she even shouted up an inquiry after the health of the daughter of one of the Foreign Ministers.'

Yehonala faced death, 'as she had faced life, with a stout heart and brave words, going out to meet the Unknown as if she were but starting for a summer picnic. Reluctantly she bade farewell to the world of men, to the life she had lived with so keen a zest; but, unlike England's Tudor queen, she bowed gracefully to the inevitable, leaving

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the scene with steadfast and imperial dignity, confident in her high destinies to come.'

It is but natural that we should look through these wonderful edicts in order to ascertain the opinion of the greatest minds of China upon Christianity and the 'Missionary Question.' To the former they apparently make no reference. On the latter, perhaps as true a sentence as ever was penned was written by the two faithful ministers who were executed because they dared to change the word 'slay' into 'protect' in the fateful edict. 'It is true that their converts take advantage of their position to act unjustly to their fellow countrymen and to insult them. It is true that they frequently rely upon missionary protection to secure their evil ends, but it is also true that our local officials often treat these matters with apathy and injustice. The non-Christians are therefore filled with resentment and indignation against the Christians, a result very largely due to lack of ability and energy on the part of government officials. This is the case at present; we are but reaping the harvest of past faults. Your Memorialists do not venture to suggest that the cause of this ill-feeling against the Christians lies chiefly with the common people, but it cannot be denied that China loses dignity in the eyes of the world, while our government remains indifferent to these continual feuds between Christians and non-Christians.' The Memorialist has put his finger upon the cause of much of the trouble in the past. Unprincipled persons may occasionally have taken advantage of opportunities that the missionary's presence has given them; on the one hand, and even more strongly than the dying men put it, non-Christians take advantage of the isolation of Christians, and the officials have been indifferent to the persecutions which have followed, even if they do not secretly foster them. But in this regard, the present is better than the past, and the future will be better than the present.

CHARLES BONE.

## JOHN WESLEY AT ALDERSGATE STREET :

## THE WORDS THAT WARMED THE HEART

IN the last few pages of the first volume of Mr. Curnock's incomparable new edition of the Journal, there is rehearsed once more that precious bit of spiritual autobiography which ranks second to none among the personal testimonies that have moved the world, and which for Methodists is of classical importance. 'In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the *Epistle to the Romans*. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.'

Now it is a singular thing, considering not only the crucial importance of this testimony, but also the deep interest which it has stirred in the hearts of multitudes, from that day till now, that seemingly (with one forgotten exception, to be noticed later) no attempt has been made, save very recently, to identify the words that were so wonderfully blessed to John Wesley on that memorable night, or even to trace them definitely to their proper source. In a footnote, however, to the account as given in the new edition of the Journal, the editor starts a new theory concerning the Luther original, a theory that is urged with striking arguments, and that so commends itself at first sight as almost to win our assent. Mr. Curnock says :

'It has been suggested that William Holland was the "one" who "was reading Luther's Preface" on May 24.

He was a remarkable man, a member of the Church of England, but in union with the Brethren. He ranked in the Moravian Church as the first "Congregation Elder." The following is Holland's account of what Charles Wesley has chronicled more briefly in his Journal under May 17: "Shortly before Peter Böhler's departure for Georgia, he and Mr. Wesley began a band. I was gone at that time for a few days into the country. After my return, in speaking with one of our society on the doctrine of Christ, as preached by him, and reading the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, I was conscious that I was not in the state there described. I became very uneasy, made a diligent search for books treating of faith in Christ, and was providentially directed to Martin Luther's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*. I carried it round to Mr. Charles Wesley, who was sick at Mr. Bray's, as a very precious treasure that I had found, and we three sat down together, Mr. Charles Wesley reading the Preface aloud. At the words, 'What, have we then nothing to do? No, nothing! but only accept of Him who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption,' there came such a power over me as I cannot well describe; my great burden fell off in an instant; my heart was so filled with peace and love that I burst into tears. I almost thought I saw our Saviour! My companions, perceiving me so affected, fell on their knees and prayed. When I afterwards went into the street, I could scarcely feel the ground I trod upon." It is extremely probable that this was the reader under whom John Wesley's heart was strangely warmed. If so, we have the singular coincidence that Charles read to him and he read to John. But what was read? The text of the Journal, as it has reached us, says distinctly: *Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans*. One can scarcely be surprised that a doubt has arisen with reference to this statement. Is "Romans" a misprint, or error of association, for "Galatians"? The discovery of a missing Diary would set the

question at rest.' Thus far Mr. Curnock, who is to be thanked, in any case, for compelling attention to this question.

The suggestion is full of interest. It may be allowed, moreover, that there is, in some respects, a certain *prima facie* look of truth about the theory thus propounded. Indeed, the argument might be made even stronger. Charles Wesley, in his Journal under date Wednesday, May 17, thus relates the Holland incident :

'To-day I first saw Luther on the Galatians, which Mr. Holland had accidentally lit upon. We began, and found him nobly full of faith. My friend, in hearing him, was so affected as to breathe out sighs and groans unutterable. I marvelled that we were so soon and so entirely removed from Him that called us into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel. Who would believe our Church had been founded on this important article of justification by faith alone? From this time I endeavoured to ground as many of our friends as came in this fundamental truth, salvation by faith alone, not an idle, dead faith, but a faith which works by love, and is necessarily productive of all good works and all holiness.' He goes on to say, under the same date, 'I spent some hours this evening in private with Martin Luther, who was greatly blessed to me, especially his conclusion of the 2nd chapter. I laboured, waited, and prayed to feel "who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." When nature, near exhausted, forced me to bed, I opened the book upon "For He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness, because a short work will the Lord make upon earth." After this comfortable assurance that He would come, and would not tarry, I slept in peace.' This was exactly a week before John Wesley's great experience, and Charles Wesley's own deliverance came on the intervening Sunday. There can be no doubt that Luther's *Galatians* helped very effectually towards the release that so soon came to pass. Especially, we may well think, were the words, 'who loved *me*, and gave Himself for



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*me,*' continually ringing in his ears. For, as the editor of this REVIEW points out in his notes on Hymn 115, written shortly after Charles's emancipation, the line, 'Who for me, for me, hast died,' afterwards so singularly instrumental in the liberation of other 'spirits in prison,' as the Journal goes on to record, was most certainly the result of the impression made upon the writer's mind and heart by Luther's comments on that great saying in Galatians. So that, when we find John Wesley saying, with such marked emphasis, 'an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death,' we cannot be mistaken in thinking that we have here an echo of the emphasis that told so powerfully on Charles as he read Luther's great Commentary.

Nevertheless, in spite of the force of these considerations, and of the attractiveness of the theory itself, on closer examination it will be found to be untenable. Not that we need therefore lose all the benefit of the theory, for some of its accompaniments, if not its main contention, may establish their claim upon our acceptance. For example, it may well have been Holland who was reading to the company in Aldersgate Street; and, mingling with the immediate effect of the words that he read, there may well have been the concurrent effect of the longer pondering by John Wesley of the great Galatians saying, that had gained such living power of personal application through Luther's words, as first discovered by Charles, and afterwards made known to his brother.

But there are fatal objections to the hypothesis of a mistake on John Wesley's part regarding the book that spoke the final word of the great message of freedom which so totally transformed his whole career. In the first place, whatever may be said of his liability to error, the presumption is altogether against the supposition that he was mistaken in a matter of such cardinal importance; at least, when he wrote the careful record of that event, and of all

that led up to it, a record occupying so large a space under date May 24, 1738, and noting so minutely every detail in the events of that day leading on to the great culmination. Had he been under any misapprehension in the excitement of the actual occasion, he would have ascertained his mistake in the inquiry that he would be sure to make afterwards. And certainly, even had a mistake crept into the Journal, it would have been noticed and corrected, say by Holland or by Charles Wesley, and could not in any case have been reproduced through all the reprints of more than half a century. But, apart altogether from such considerations, the very wording of the record is conclusive. The argument in support of the new theory seems to assume that we have to choose between two corresponding Luther works, a commentary on Romans<sup>1</sup> and a commentary on Galatians, each presumably with its own preface. That is not the case. There is no commentary on Romans by Luther, whereas there are two of great importance, an earlier and a later, on Galatians. But, though there is no commentary on Romans, there is—as Wesley so exactly expressed it—a ‘Preface to the Epistle to the Romans’: *to the epistle*, not to any commentary.

Each of the commentaries on Galatians has, of course, its own preface, though neither of these has any special reputation apart from the commentary that follows. And, as a matter of fact, the words that were so blessed to Holland, through Charles Wesley’s reading, are to be found, not in the *Praefatio* (of some seven pages), but in the *Argumentum* (of eleven pages), to the more important later commentary. They occur on p. 19 of Irmischer’s Erlangen edition of 1843: ‘Nihil ergo facimus nos, nihil operamur ad hanc justitiam consequendam? Respondeo: Nihil, quia haec justitia est prorsus nihil facere, nihil audire, nihil scire de

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, Hurst’s *History of Methodism*, vol. i, p. 308, where it is taken for granted that the celebrated Preface was a Preface to a ‘Commentary on Romans.’

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lege aut de operibus, sed hoc solum scire et credere, quod Christus transierit ad patrem, et jam non videtur; quod sedeat in coelis ad dexteram patris, non judex, sed factus nobis a Deo sapientia, justitia, sanctificatio et redemptio; in summa, quod sit noster pontifex, intercedens pro nobis, et regnans super nos et in nobis per gratiam.' Noble words, of which Holland has given us the summary, as he remembered the one vital truth that took hold of his heart.<sup>1</sup>

But Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans, standing altogether apart from any commentary, has a value and a reputation all its own. It occurs, in its original form, just before Luther's translation of the epistle in the memorable German New Testament of 1522. By the great kindness and courtesy of the secretaries and librarian of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it has been possible to examine carefully this historic work, as perhaps the greatest treasure among their unequalled collection of Lutheran and pre-Lutheran Bibles. There is first a general Preface (or Prologue : *Vorrhede*), of three or four pages; then the order of the books; then the Gospels and Acts; and then follow the rest of the books (not quite in our order), each with its own *Vorrhede*, or Prologue. But, whereas most of the epistles have Prefaces of only half a page, or less, that to the Romans has a Prologue of eleven pages. It is entitled : *Vorrhede auff die Epistel Sanct Paulus zu den Romern*. In the 1584 edition (comprising the whole Bible), 1 Cor. has two pages of preface instead of one, and the Apocalypse six pages instead of two-thirds of a page. But the *Vorrede auff die Epistel sanct Pauli zu den Römern* (as it is now expressed) consists of practically the same as before, ten large

<sup>1</sup> It remains an interesting question, in this regard, whether the book that Holland carried off so eagerly to Charles Wesley was the 1575 English translation ('probably the very same,' says Mrs. Rundle Charles, 'of which John Bunyan found the well-worn copy, which seemed "as if it had been written out of his heart"'); or whether it was not rather the Latin original, this accounting for the fact that Holland required the services of Charles Wesley, as reader and translator.

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pages. Unfortunately, these prefaces are not now published in the ordinary editions of Luther's Bible, nor does it seem possible to procure them in any separate form. But the question arises, Was it the German original, or a Latin translation, or an English version, that was being read in Aldersgate Street?

In the British Museum may be seen two little books, both of which have an important bearing on the subject of our present inquiry. One is entitled: *Praefatio Methodica Totius Scripturae in Epistolam Pauli ad Romanos, è vernacula Martini Lutheri in latinum versa per Justum Jonam. M.D.XXIII.* The other<sup>1</sup> has for its title-page—

A Methodicall preface  
prefixed before the Epistle of  
S. Paul to the Romans  
verie necessarie and pro-  
fitable for the better  
vnderstanding of it.

Made by the right reverend Father  
and faithfull servant of Christ  
Iesus, Martin Luther, now  
newly translated out of Latin  
into English, by W. W.  
Student.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?

Come and see. Iohn I. 46.

Printed Anno Dom. 1632.

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<sup>1</sup> In the interesting communication made by Dr. Beet to the *Methodist Recorder*, September 8, 1910, reproduced in the *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, March 1911, owing perhaps to a mistake of the printer in italicizing the words connecting the two titles, it is not made clear that these are two distinct works (numbered respectively in the Museum Library Catalogue, 8907.A.16(2) and 8266.A.1), the former bound up with two other tracts, the latter by itself as a single pamphlet. Nor, in the abbreviated title given to the former by Dr. Beet, is any reference evident to the Luther authorship. Moreover, the Latin work consists of sixteen leaves, not pages, numbered as such, according to old custom, and

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Now it will be observed that the Latin translation is dated only two years later than Luther's first New Testament, and as Justus Jonas was an intimate friend of Luther, and published this Latin version presumably with Luther's full approval,<sup>1</sup> it has almost all the authority of the original. Yet it will be seen, on comparison, to deal very freely with the German original, to such an extent indeed as sometimes to seem more like a paraphrase than a translation. The English version cited above is avowedly a translation of a translation, being probably a free but faithful rendering of the version of Justus Jonas. It bears date 1632, more than a century after the publication of the German original and its Latin rendering. Had there been an earlier English version? The Rev. T. E. Brigden, who in various ways has rendered such signal service to the students of early Methodism, in the March number of the *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society* directs attention to the fact that 'a full account of this *Preface* and its relation to Wesley's experience may be found in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, May 1838'; and, on reference to this quite forgotten article of long ago, it will be found that the writer ('Didymus') had succeeded in unearthing from a collected edition of Luther's works (date 1554) the version 'by the famous Justus Jonas,' and, yet more important, in identifying those parts of it which concern the subject of our present inquiry.<sup>2</sup>

containing, besides the title and two blank spaces, twenty-nine pages of close italic Latin. The English translation consists of title-page, dedication ('To the Coelestiall Christian Reader, W. W. wisheth grace, mercie, and peace, with a true and lively knowledge of our onely Lord omnisufficient Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus'), four pages of prefatory matter, and thirty-nine pages of translation. There can be little doubt that the Latin from which the translation is made is the version of Justus Jonas.

<sup>1</sup> 'His gifts revealed themselves especially in his translations from the works of Luther and Melancthon, from German into Latin and *vice versa*, gifts of which the two men gladly availed themselves, allowing him full liberty in the handling of their writings.'—*Schaff-Herzog*, vol. vi, p. 224.

<sup>2</sup> It would seem that 'Didymus' had no suspicion of the place the *Preface* originally occupied in Luther's New Testament, though he does say that it was 'originally written and published in the German language.'



These passages he translated faithfully into English, and from this English rendering Mr. Brigden has made his quotations, alike in Hurst's *History of Methodism* and in that portion of *A New History of Methodism* for which he is responsible. The writer in the old *Magazine* says also, 'The preface in question was published in English during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and it is probable that it was a reprint of this translation that was read in the meeting which Mr. Wesley describes. This book has long been extremely scarce, so that I have never been able to get possession of a copy : I should otherwise have had great pleasure in laying before the readers of the *Wesleyan Magazine* the exact words to which the venerated Founder of Methodism was listening when the Son of God was revealed in his heart.' Was there such an earlier English version ? or was the translation of which 'Didymus' had heard, but of which he could not find a copy, the 1632 version, attributed mistakenly to an earlier date ? In any case, the 1632 translation is the one that would be most likely to be available in Wesley's time.

But yet another interesting circumstance remains to be taken into account. It is not perhaps very generally known that Tyndale, in his famous second edition of the New Testament, published in 1534, pretty closely follows Luther in his way of writing Prologues to the various books, and that these Prologues are, to a large extent, reproductions of those of Luther. And, as in the case of Luther, by far the most important is that to the Romans, which consists of thirty-six pages. (One of the extremely rare copies of this edition of Tyndale's Testament may be seen in the library of the Bible Society.) But Lovett says of Tyndale, referring to the time immediately following the publication of the first edition (of 1525), 'During 1526 he lived at Worms, and either there or at Strasburg printed the famous *Prologue to the Epistle to the Romans*.' It may have been owing to the violent prejudice

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against anything Lutheran then prevalent in England that Tyndale did not more explicitly acknowledge the Luther source of this Prologue. But this was certainly a reproduction, however free, of Luther's famous Preface, and perhaps the only version in English prior to the translation of 1632.

May we, however, be quite sure that it was actually an English rendering of Luther's words that was being read at the meeting in Aldersgate Street? Conceivably, it might have been English, or Latin, or the original German. The Moravians, who had so much to do with the religious societies of that time, of course spoke German as their mother tongue. Latin, again, was very familiar to some, at least, of the Moravians, and to other associates of the Wesleys. Wesley himself was quite at home in either language. So that there is nothing intrinsically impossible in the supposition that one of those languages was being read in the hearing of the little company, or that the reader was rendering, as he read, from the German or the Latin into English. On the whole, however, the probabilities are strongly in favour of the alternative supposition, namely, that an English version was being used, and that this version was that made in 1632 by W. W.<sup>1</sup>

The English version of the Preface consists of thirty-nine pages; seventeen of these, constituting the more important part, are devoted to a striking study of the leading ideas of the epistle, the remaining twenty-two being occupied with a pretty full account of the contents of the several chapters.

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<sup>1</sup> Is it at all possible to identify, even conjecturally, this 'W. W., Student'? There was, curiously enough, one member of the Wesley family of about the age to be a student in 1632, William Wesley, son of a William Wesley, this latter being elder brother of Bartholomew, the great-grandfather of the founder of Methodism. The Wesleys of that time were of strong Puritan leanings, as the history of Bartholomew and his noble son abundantly proves. If one of them could be supposed to have written the version of Luther's Preface to which John Wesley owed so much, the interest would indeed be multiplied.

The former part, which alone concerns our present inquiry, deals, in a general way, with the meaning of certain principal words occurring frequently in the Epistle to the Romans : The Law, Sin, Grace, Faith, Righteousness, Flesh, Spirit. One would naturally refer to the section dealing expressly with Faith for the words which it would be so interesting to identify. But it so happens that in connexion with his discussion of the first term, Law, Luther makes his first great pronouncement concerning 'the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ'; and, as these would be the first words that Wesley heard on the subject, it is at least possible that he heard no more, but that then the reading was broken off, in order that they all might rejoice together over what had taken place. Luther has been saying, 'To fulfil the Law is to do those things which the Law commandeth with a cheerful and willing heart; that is, freely and of thine own accord to live unto God, and to work well, though there were no Law at all.'

He then goes on to say : 'Such a cheerfulness, readiness, willingness, and ardent affection, cannot come into our hearts but by the quickening Spirit, and His lively impulsions and agitations in our heart. Now the Spirit is given only by faith in Christ. Faith cometh through the hearing of the Gospel, through which word Christ is preached unto us, to have died, to have been buried, and to have risen again from death for us. Therefore our whole justification is of God. Faith also and the Spirit are of God : they come not of ourselves. Wherefore let us conclude that Faith alone justifies, and that Faith alone filleth the Law. For Faith through the merit of Christ obtaineth the Holy Spirit, which Spirit doth make us new hearts, doth exhilarate us, doth excite and inflame our heart, that it may do those things willingly, of love, which the Law commandeth; and so, at the last, good works indeed do proceed freely from the faith which worketh so mightily, and which is so lively in our hearts.'

In these words we have all that Wesley needed; and, as the Preface goes on to deal with Sin and Grace before coming to the express consideration of Faith, it is not very likely, though of course possible, that Wesley heard any of the later utterances on the subject. Some of these are striking, but perhaps not on the whole quite so notable as the words just quoted. As there may be an opportunity for presenting a study of the whole subject, in other and wider relations, and in a more permanent form, it is not necessary to quote further now.

For those who desire to compare the two versions with each other, and with the original, the portion of the Preface already presented in its English form may properly be shown as it stands in the Latin of Justus Jonas, and as it appears in the original German of Luther.

The following is the Latin version : ' *Talis vero alacritas, hilaritas et propensa voluntas ac ardens affectus non contingit cordibus, nisi per spiritum vivificantem, et vivum ejus impulsum ac agitationem in corde. Spiritus vero donatur per solam fidem in Jesum Christum. Fides est per auditum Evangelii verbi dei, per quod praedicatur Christus pro nobis mortuus : sepultus et suscitatus a mortuis. Tota igitur justificatio ex deo est, fides et spiritus ex deo sunt et non ex nobis. Hinc et sola fides justificat, solaque legem implet. Fides enim per meritum Christi impetrat spiritum sanctum, Hic spiritus cor novat, exhilarat, et excitat et inflammat, ut sponte faciat ea quae vult lex ; Ac tum demum ex fide, sic in corde efficaciter agente et vivente, sponte fluunt opera vere bona.*'

Luther's original German is given from his 1534 edition, in which the form of the words, though still archaic, is not quite so unfamiliar in its appearance as in the edition of 1522.

'Solche lust aber freyer liebe gibt der heylige geyst ynsz hertz. Der geyst aber wirt nicht denn alleyn ynn, mit, und durch den glawben an Jhesum Christ geben. So kompt der

glawbe nicht on alleyne durch Gottis wort oder Euangelion, das Christum predigt, wie er ist Gottis son und mensch, gestorben und aufferstande umb unser willen. Daher kompt das alleyn der glawbe rechtfertig macht, und das gesetz erfüllet, denn er bringet den geyst aus Christus verdienst; der geyst aber macht ein lustig und frey hertz: wie das gesetz fodert, so gehen denn die gutten werck aus dem glawben selber.'

It may be useful also, for a completer study of the subject, to append Tyndale's words, in the corresponding part of his *Prologue to the Epistle*, copied from the 1534 edition by kind permission of the British and Foreign Bible Society: 'Such lust and free liberty to love the law cometh only by the working of the Spirit in the heart. Now is the Spirit none otherwise given than by faith only, in that we believe the promises of God without wavering, how that God is true, and will fulfil all His good promises toward us, for Christ's blood's sake. For at once and together, even as we believe the glad tidings preached to us, the Holy Ghost entereth into our hearts, and looseth the bonds of the devil, which before possessed our hearts in captivity, and held them that we could have no lust to the will of God in the law. And, as the Spirit cometh by faith only, even so faith cometh by hearing the word of glad tidings of God, when Christ is preached, how that he is God's Son, and Man also, dead and risen again for our sakes. All our justifying then cometh of faith, and faith and the Spirit come of God and not of us. Hereof cometh it that faith only justifieth, maketh righteous, and fulfilleth the law, for it bringeth the Spirit through Christ's deservings, the Spirit bringeth lust, looseth the heart, maketh him free, setteth him at liberty, and giveth him strength to work the deeds of the law with love, even as the law requireth. Then at the last, out of the same faith so working in the heart spring all good works by their own accord.' It will be seen that this follows chiefly the German, not the Latin,



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but with amplification. (The spelling is given in its modern form.)

In taking leave, for the present, of this great saying—great in itself, and greater for the work it wrought—we may go back once more to Wesley's words, and notice how Luther's analysis of the meaning of 'Law,' showing that God's holy and spiritual Law, until we have been led to Faith, is a Law of Sin and Death, working only condemnation and despair, finds its echo in Wesley's thanksgiving that from such a sentence of death in his heart he has been delivered through faith in Christ; and how, moreover, the description of Faith, as exhilarating, exciting, and inflaming the heart, finds its counterpart in that experience, so long prepared for, but so joyously sudden in its fulfilment, which constrained him to say, 'I felt my heart strangely warmed.' Our hope, also, for ourselves, for others, for the world, is in that privilege of the individual appropriation of faith, by which, beholding the great delivering power of the Son of God, we may say, 'He takes away *my* sins, even *mine*'; just as we are emboldened to believe, of His love unto death for man's sake, 'He loved *me*, and gave Himself up for *me*.'

THOS. F. LOCKYER.

## THE RECOVERY OF MEMPHIS

*Memphis I.* By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, with a chapter by J. H. WALKER. (London : 1909.)

*The Palace of Apries (Memphis II).* By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, with a chapter by J. H. WALKER. (London : 1909.)

*Meydum and Memphis (III).* By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, ERNEST MACKAY, and GERALD WAINWRIGHT. (London : 1910.)

THESE three handsome and copiously illustrated volumes, published by the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, contain the results thus far of the excavations of Professor Flinders Petrie and his colleagues on the site of Memphis, one of the oldest and greatest cities of the world. To the Egyptians it was known as Men-nofer, 'the good place'; to the Hebrews it was known as Moph (Hos. ix. 6) and Noph (Isa. xix. 13, and elsewhere); and by its names of Memphis and Noph it is known to readers of the English versions of the Bible. The excavations now in progress have already thrown light upon incidents of Hebrew history and oracles of the Hebrew prophets, and they may be expected to bring before us not a little of the varied life of this famous city of antiquity.

THE SITE.—There are few spots in Egypt better known to the modern world than the site of Ancient Memphis. Hundreds of tourists traverse it every year from February to April. It lies right across the route of the visitor to Cairo who is making the excursion to Sakkhâra with its famous Step Pyramid and the subterranean Serapeum with its wonderful Apis tombs. No sooner has he set out on the Assiout and Upper Egypt Railway up the left bank of the Nile than he finds himself in the midst of monuments reaching back to the earliest times of Egypt's history. To his right

as he looks out from the carriage windows rise, group after group,

In wonderful array,  
Those works where man has rivalled Nature most,  
Those Pyramids, that fear no more decay  
Than waves inflict upon the rockiest coast,  
Or winds on mountain steeps, and like endurance boast.

At the station of Bedrashên he mounts the donkey which his dragoman has provided, and strikes westward through cultivated fields on a path which skirts an extensive palm-grove. A crop of maize has just been lifted, and the fellahîn are busy preparing the soil for another, to be followed in due course by a third, thanks to the productiveness resulting from the annual inundation. As he gallops along, the visitor finds the ground rising before him in heaps and mounds, and sees Arabs digging brick and stone from pits or quarries on either side of him—part of the ruins of the buried city, out of which, he is told, modern Cairo has been largely built. In a pond close to the path, if he is not all the later in the season, only visible above the surface of the water left by the inundation, he discerns a statue nearly fifty feet long of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Oppression; and there is another colossal figure better cared for and under cover not far off. To the right as the traveller proceeds towards the desert is a straggling mud village of low and wretched hovels occupied by the fellahîn who own the date-palms and cultivate the fields. It is the village of Mitrahineh, and it stands right over the centre of buried Memphis. Four thousand years ago this was a city mighty, populous, wealthy, religious, with a circumference of four-and-twenty miles. Professor Flinders Petrie estimates that it must have been about the size of Northern London from Bow to Chelsea and from the Thames up to Hampstead. What a space it once filled in the history of Egypt, in the history of human culture! 'From the beginning to the end of Egyptian history,' says Professor Petrie, 'Memphis was the great centre of civilization, government, and trade. For a few centuries Thebes

shared its importance, and it was eclipsed at last by Alexandria, but these cities are only episodes in the six thousand years of national life.' Its architecture and its sculpture vied with those of Greece in the age of Phidias. The gods of many cities found here a home, and temples to nineteen different gods were to be found within its walls. Now its temples and palaces and streets and statues lie from ten to fifty feet beneath the soil. The Arab builds his mud hovel, and plants the date-palm, and sows and reaps on the site of the ancient city. Macaulay's New Zealander standing on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketching the ruins of St. Paul's ceases to be an extravagant conception, as we contemplate the palm-groves and the maize crops around Mitrahineh, and think of the city lying beneath. How strikingly, too, prophecy has been fulfilled! Jeremiah predicted that 'Noph shall become a desolation and shall be burnt up without inhabitant' (Jer. xlv. 19); and Ezekiel, 'Thus saith the Lord God: I will also destroy the idols and will cause the images to cease from Noph' (Ezek. xxx. 30). Desolate as Memphis is, it cannot be forgotten. The Pyramids of Gizeh, of Abusir, and of Sakkhâra, the Sphinx, and the Serapeum, looking down still upon the scene from the edge of the desert, are stupendous and mysterious memorials of its teeming and vigorous life, and witnesses to this twentieth century of its departed greatness.

THE FOUNDER.—It is from Herodotus, in the fifth century before Christ, that we have the fullest record of the founding of Memphis. The great historian visited Egypt and saw for himself its natural and architectural wonders as far as Assouan. Memphis in the fifth century B.C. was still great, although in its decline. Herodotus describes with enthusiasm its Temple of Ptah, calling it 'great and abundantly worthy to be spoken about' (Herod. II, 99). From the Egyptian priests, who had access to records going back thousands of years, he learned much regarding the distant past of the country. Excavation and archaeological research

have confirmed many of his statements, which once were called in question. Menes, he tells us on the authority of the priests, was the first king of Egypt. 'It was he who raised the dyke which protects Memphis from the inundations of the Nile. Before his time the river flowed entirely along the sandy range of hills which skirts Egypt on the side of Libya. He, however, by banking up the river at the bend which it forms about a hundred furlongs south of Memphis, laid the ancient channel dry, while he dug a new course for the stream half-way between the two lines of hills. . . . Having thus, by turning the river, made the tract where it used to run dry land, Menes proceeded in the first place to build the city now called Memphis, which lies in the narrow part of Egypt; after which he further excavated a lake outside the town, to the north and west, communicating with the river which was itself the eastern boundary' (Herod. II, 99, Rawlinson's Translation). The historical character of Menes was long questioned. So late as 1896 M. Maspero (now Sir Gaston Maspero) wrote of Menes: 'It is true that a chief of Thinis may well have borne such a name and may have accomplished feats which rendered him famous, but on closer examination his pretensions to reality disappear and his personality is reduced to a cipher' (*Dawn of Civilization*, p. 233). Since then the tomb and the remains and the seal of Menes are believed to have been found, and the world has come into possession of distinct and definite traces of the first Egyptian king. Egyptology has now begun to occupy itself with pre-Menite history and persons.

It was Menes who united the two Egypts—Upper and Lower—into the one kingdom expressed by a dual form, Mizraim; and no better proof of his administrative genius could be adduced than his choice of Memphis at the middle point between the two for the seat of his government. Under the successors of Menes, the Old Kingdom, as it was called, rose to great splendour and power. Memphis was



the capital of the kings who built the Pyramids of Gizeh, nearly four thousand years before the time of Christ. Under the kings of those early dynasties, art, and mechanical invention, and even astronomical calculation, reached a height never surpassed in ancient times. Even yet the Great Pyramid stands unique among the marvels of human contrivance. Nor were those early dynasties behind in government and administration. 'Foreign enterprise,' says Professor Breasted, 'passed far beyond the limits of the kingdom; the mines of Sinai, already operated in the First Dynasty, were vigorously exploited; trade in Egyptian bottoms reached the coast of Phoenicia and the islands of the north, while, in the south, the Pharaoh's fleets penetrated to the Somali coast on the Red Sea, and in Nubia his envoys were strong enough to exercise a loose sovereignty over the lower country, and by tireless expenditure to keep open the trade routes leading to the Soudan' (*A History of Egypt*, p. 15).

Of such an advanced and varied civilization as had its home in Memphis from an early period there must be remains to reward the excavator. Already objects of sculpture have been found belonging to the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, and as the excavations proceed, who can predict what treasures of inscriptions and objects of ancient art may be brought to light from the earliest historic past? No doubt, as has been learned in the course of excavation, the ancient city has been much damaged by the quarrying which carried off so great an amount of material for the building of Cairo. But even the gleanings may disclose objects of the highest value.

THE TEMPLE OF PTAH.—Famous as Memphis was in those early dynasties for administration and commerce and mechanical contrivance, it was great and renowned as a sanctuary of ancient religion. Its divine Protector, the Inspirer of those vast architectural creations, the Patron of those industrial arts in which Memphis excelled, was Ptah,

the artificer-god, the Vulcan of the Romans, the Hephaestus of the Greeks. Ptah was from the earliest times in Egypt's history the god of the architect and the craftsman, and, as the Memphite priests contemplated the products of genius regarded as inspired by him, they rose to the conception of him as the Creator of all, the Supreme mind in which the universe had its birth.

When Memphis became the capital of Egypt, Ptah became supreme in the Egyptian pantheon. Of Ptah the bull Apis was an incarnation, and in all probability before Memphis was built the Apis was an object of worship in the valley of the Nile. To him from the beginning there must have been a temple set apart as his local habitation in the city of Menes. At first a simple structure, little better than a shrine or a chapel of wood, it would grow like the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages, till it became the splendid temple which Herodotus describes, the largest in Egypt. The temple had its priesthood, which in course of time assumed almost royal power, and the high-priest of Ptah was called 'the Great Master Artificer,' though he did not rank so high as the leaders of the priesthood of Amon at Thebes and of Ra at Heliopolis. But every city in Egypt was wont to entertain the ruling divinities of other cities. Thus Thebes, whose patron divinity was Amon, gave hospitality to Ptah; and his temple at Thebes, with a shrine for Sokhît, his wife, the goddess with the lioness head, was a noted sanctuary down to Roman times. So, too, Memphis, though under the protection of Ptah, provided an abode for Amon and many other divinities besides. In one of his oracles on Egypt the prophet Jeremiah, making mention of Noph, conceives the sacred bull of the temple of Ptah so little able to aid the Egyptians that he is himself swept off by the invading Chaldeans (Jer. xlv. 14, 15).

The great temple of Ptah has been located and marked out for excavation. This had been rendered easy by work done by Government at various times in the last fifty years,

and two great statues of Ptah previously found, the remains of which are still in the soil, served to designate the spot. The temple area has been mapped out, and the West Hall, with its entrance pylons, has been examined. The columns of the hall, we are told, show an unusual arrangement. There is not as at Karnak an avenue of large columns amid a field of lesser ones, but a colonnade of lesser columns around three sides, and a field of sixteen large columns in the middle. As at Karnak, the larger columns were the taller, and probably carried a raised roof with a clerestory round it. It gives us some idea of the extent of the temple enclosure when we are told that it occupies fifty acres, and it is obvious that the complete clearance of such an area could not be accomplished without enormous expense. Accordingly the excavators have to sink pits and ascertain what lies beneath. Following this course in 1910 the workers came down upon the ruins of a great chapel of Amenophis III of the Eighteenth Dynasty, built of quartzite sandstone, and another of Aahmes I of the same Dynasty, having the portrait of this monarch, probably the best that is known, sculptured on the quartzite block. Various figures belonging to different periods have been found, including that of the Hapi bull with which Ptah was sometimes identified, and figures of Rameses II offering to Ptah on two red granite drums of columns.

**MERENPTAH'S TEMPLE.**—It is a long stride from the founding of the temple of Ptah in the early dynasties to Merenptah's temple in the Nineteenth Dynasty, kings of which we meet in the first chapters of the Book of Exodus, Seti I, Rameses II, and Merenptah. Memphis is no longer the capital. Thebes, farther south, came into prominence, and from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Dynasty, about 650 years, was the capital of the land, although within that period the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, had their capital in the eastern delta. Thebes was abandoned, too, by that remarkable king of the Eighteenth Dynasty, Amenophis IV, called Akhenaton, and designated by Professor Breasted

' the first individual in human history.' He could not bear the worship of the god Amon which dominated Thebes, and built for himself a city, called the City of the Horizon of Aton, farther down the Nile, on the site of which were found the famous Tel el-Amarna tablets. Thebes was, however, finally abandoned as a royal residence by the kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and Seti I, Rameses II, and Merenptah found a residence farther north more suitable for the administration of their Asiatic possessions. But whilst Merenptah, like his father, the great and long-lived Rameses II, had his residence at Tanis (San or Zoan), his name is found also on monuments at Pithom, Heliopolis, and Memphis. He was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, to whom Moses announced the ten plagues and whose chariots and host were cast into the waters of the Red Sea. He was specially the servant of Ptah, but he had, like other Pharaohs, a temple to himself with swinging doors fixed between two pylons, a court open to the sunlight, an altar in the middle of the court mounted by a flight of low steps, and beyond this again the inner chambers and the shrine, with his own statue, and statues, perhaps, of other kings. Of the actual temple of Merenptah the outer gateway has been located and the inner doorway to the temple likewise, of which two foundation-stones and one jamb have been laid bare. Upon the lintel of the outer gateway, which is about sixteen feet long, are sculptured scenes representing Merenptah before Ptah. Of the many objects found in the courtyard—pottery, small figures of various material, sickle flints and such like—two tablets of Hathor are specially notable, being probably connected with the shrine of Aphrodite (= Hathor) mentioned by Herodotus as being in Memphis.

It was when sacrificing at Memphis, in his capacity of high-priest of Ptah, that Merenptah was apprised of the approach of a vast force of Libyans and confederate tribes from the Mediterranean coasts threatening the overthrow of the kingdom. He at once took measures to repel the in-

vading host. The Egyptian army marched out of Memphis and proceeded down the western branch of the Nile. They met the enemy not far from the modern Kefr-es-Zayat, where he had to cross the Nile, and routed him with great slaughter. The victory was hailed with immense enthusiasm, and in the triumphal hymn celebrating the event, engraven on the handsome black stele in the Cairo Museum, Merenptah, among other peoples, refers to Israel—

Israel is desolated, her seed is not,  
Palestine has become a widow for Egypt.

This reference to Israel in Merenptah's hymn of victory is the earliest found on any Egyptian monument, and the discussions to which it has given rise since the stele was first found in 1896 are sufficient already to fill a library. This victory was achieved at a time posterior to the escape of the Israelites under Moses from the hard bondage which Merenptah, like the two Pharaohs before him, imposed upon them. It was taken accordingly as evidence that the king himself did not perish in the sea with his host. The absence of his mummy, however, when those of other kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty were found, seemed to go against this view. But in 1900 the mummy of Merenptah was discovered in the coffin of another king brought from Deir-el-Bahari near Thebes; and the Pharaoh of the Exodus now lies with his compeers, still wrapped in his mummy swathings in Cairo Museum, just as he was found. Merenptah was notorious for his desecration of the monuments of his ancestors, which he used to proclaim his own achievements. The stele on which he engraved his hymn of victory was one of them. And the columns and bases which have been laid bare in his temple at Memphis, so far as it has been cleared, are additional evidence that he was given to appropriating earlier work.

THE PALACE OF APRIES.—There was a time in the history of Egypt when it exercised sovereign power over a considerable part of Western Asia. Egyptian rule in Asia reached



its acme under Thothmes III of the Eighteenth Dynasty, spoken of as the Egyptian Alexander, who has engraved on the south wall of the temple of Amon at Karnak the names of cities and peoples whom he subdued in his eastern campaigns. The Tel el-Amarna tablets, written in the Babylonian cuneiform, are later witnesses to the vassalage of Syrian princes and governors. In course of time these conditions were reversed and the empire of Assyria asserted dominion over the lands of the West. Sargon, who is mentioned once in Scripture, in a parenthesis (Isa. xx. 1), defeated a confederate host, including Egyptian troops, at the battle of Raphia in 720 B.C., but did not venture across the frontier to attack Egypt. Sennacherib was more daring, and entered the Delta to chastise the Egyptians, but, according to tradition handed down by Herodotus, lost his great army by pestilence in the neighbourhood of Pelusium, the destruction recorded in Hebrew history (2 Kings xix. 36; Isa. xxxvii. 38). Esarhaddon his son made Egypt a province of his vast empire. A triumphal stele of Esarhaddon records the conquest: 'Tarku, king of Egypt and Ethiopia from Ishupri to Memphis his royal city, a march of fifteen days. I smote daily in countless numbers his warriors. . . . Memphis his royal city I besieged for half a day; I took it, I laid it waste, I burnt it with fire. His children and possessions I carried away to Assyria. . . . Over the whole of Egypt I placed afresh kings, governors, prefects, officers, overseers, regents. The tribute of my sovereignty I imposed upon them.' Assurbanipal, his successor, one of the most illustrious of Assyrian kings, believed to be 'the great and noble Asnapper' of Scripture (Ezra iv. 10), carried his arms far up the Nile, capturing Thebes, the city of Amon. The prophet Nahum refers to the siege and capture (Nah. iii. 8-10). This is the story as the Assyrian king tells it in his annals: 'Tarku heard in Memphis of the defeat of his forces; he fled by ship to No (Thebes). This city I took and marched my troops into it.'

Egypt had fallen upon evil times. The rule of the Ethiopian kings had broken the political power of the hierarchies, and between mercenary captains and local chiefs the kings had lost much of their influence. But towards the close of the seventh century B.C., Psammetichus I, of the Twenty-Sixth Dynasty, arose and put an end to the anarchy which prevailed. His two favourite capitals were Memphis and Sais. At Memphis, Herodotus tells us, he built the propylons on the south side of the temple of Ptah and the court in which the Apis bull took his exercise and was fed—a court surrounded by the colonnade which we have mentioned, against the pillars of which were erected statues twelve cubits high. He did much by his attention to the worship of the sacred bull to make the Serapeum, with its underground mausoleum, famous to after-times. His son Pharaoh-Necho, who succeeded him on the throne in 609, was the king whom King Josiah of Judah in an unprovoked conflict sought to stay when marching through his territory with the ambition to re-establish the Egyptian empire in Asia. The Hebrew historian tells the story of Josiah's defeat and death on the memorable field of Megiddo. Necho continued his expedition towards the Euphrates, and was himself signally defeated in the decisive battle of Carchemish by Nebuchadrezzar, who after the downfall of Assyria and the capture of Nineveh had ascended the throne of Babylon.

Nebuchadrezzar proclaimed himself sovereign of Syria and Egypt, and his inscriptions show that he invaded the Delta. We learn from the Hebrew historians of his activity in the lands of the West. Jehoiachin's captivity and the plunder of the temple at Jerusalem in 597 B.C., were the work of Nebuchadrezzar. In 588 B.C. he found it necessary to lay close siege to Jerusalem in order to punish King Zedekiah, who had entered into an intrigue with the young and ambitious Pharaoh, the son of Psammetichus II and grandson of Necho, with a view to throw off the Chaldean yoke. This Pharaoh was Pharaoh Hophra of the Scripture narrative

(Jer. xlv. 30), the Apries of Herodotus. He led an army out of Egypt to relieve the siege of Jerusalem, but did not dare to meet Nebuchadrezzar in the field, and in spite of his endeavours Jerusalem was captured, the Temple destroyed, and Zedekiah taken prisoner. It was into the territory of Apries that Jeremiah was carried away after the fall of Jerusalem and the murder of Gedaliah the governor. At Pharaoh's house at Tahpanhes, not far from the eastern border of Egypt, Jeremiah predicted that Nebuchadrezzar would one day spread his pavilion over the brickwork of the palace there. This very brick platform has been laid bare also by Professor Flinders Petrie in one of his earliest efforts at excavation, and it is known by the modern name of Kasr Bint el-Yahudi, 'the Palace of the Jew's daughter.'

Now the discovery of the palace of Apries at Memphis lends fresh interest to the history of this Pharaoh. It had been a great building, four hundred feet long and half as wide, and it is preserved to ten or fifteen feet high. The scale of it is impressive. The middle court is well over a hundred feet square, and the stone columns in it must have been more than forty feet high. The stone-lined halls, of which seven remain, were over forty feet long and half as wide. The brick halls were nearly as large and the walls were about fifteen feet thick. A still larger court extended on the north side, in which lie capitals of columns which must have been fifty feet high. The approach led through a large mass of buildings to a platform about sixty feet above the plain: these buildings served to defend the entrance as outer fortifications. Between is a space of about thirty feet wide, along the middle of which is a deep fosse, doubtless crossed by a drawbridge. There was a broad way traversing the palace sixteen feet wide and reached from the bridge across the fosse. The great stone-lined halls lay on the east of this, and on the western side was the kitchen, with fire-places remaining, and the lesser halls used for palace service. Among the objects found in clearing the palace were several beams of cedar, one

bearing an inscription; remains of suits of scale armour, bronze figures of gods, and a fitting of a palanquin of solid silver decorated with a bust of Hathor with a gold face. The workmanship of this last is of the time of Apries, and as it is unique it remains in the Cairo Museum. Remains also of a great gateway twenty feet high and seven feet wide on either side were found at a lower level. This gateway bore scenes of a great festival of the Osirification of the king, his reception after judgement into heavenly bliss. Professor Petrie pronounces the work on these scenes to be exquisitely delicate and to belong probably to the Twelfth Dynasty. This great gateway and the immense walls descending deep into the mound show that there lie there the ruins of successive palaces, probably belonging to the whole course of Egyptian history. As yet the palace of Apries, now partially recovered, is unique among the ancient monuments of Egypt. And all this has come out of the grey mud hill which every tourist has passed who took the north road to Sakkhâra!

Here was the royal residence of that Pharaoh whom Ezekiel has depicted for us in that figurative language of which he is so great a master—the cedar of Lebanon nourished by the waters of the Nile till the trees of the garden of God could not equal it, whose great trunk when it fell caused a crash which resounded through the earth till all the nations trembled—the lion of the nations, the monster in the rivers fouling them with his violent activity—the luminary whose eclipse will swallow up the lights of heaven and spread a pall of darkness over the earth (Ezek. xxx.-xxxii.).

From this time onward Memphis declined. But it was a residence of Jews of the Dispersion, for in the latest excavations Aramaic inscriptions of the Persian period have been found, and among the foreign settlements in the city as far down as the Roman period there seems to have been a Jewish quarter, indicated by the name Pa-ta-Yaht, the land of Yah. In this connexion the terra-cotta heads of foreigners, Greeks, Scythians, Mesopotamians and others unidentified,

figured in the plates provided in each volume, are most instructive.

The city held its ground till the Arab invasion in the seventh century of our era, when it was overthrown and deserted and its ruins made a quarry for the new capital, Cairo. At last it fell into complete decay, its palaces and temples and statues disappeared, and where once there had been crowded streets, were to be seen fields of waving grain or the sandhills of the barren desert. The French Egyptologist, M. Mariette, to whom we owe the discovery of the Serapeum and the Apis tombs and many other monuments, attempted the excavation of Memphis. His labours were not productive of much result, and the site was abandoned for others more encouraging. If only the present effort under the skilful and experienced direction of Professor Flinders Petrie receives the support which it deserves, discoveries may yet be made equal in interest and value to any that have gone before.

THOMAS NICOL.



## THE SENSITIVENESS OF THACKERAY

THERE are certain literary parallels of which every one is tired, and from which no one ever breaks free; and thus it seems impossible to write of Thackeray, the centenary of whose birth falls this month, without comparing him with Dickens. In such a parallel the point is seldom missed that, while Dickens, the popular novelist *par excellence*, sprang from the people, Thackeray was gently born and bred. 'What is it to be a gentleman?' Thackeray himself asks in a famous passage of *The Four Georges*. His eloquent contemporary Ruskin was at some pains to answer this question, and the answer is curiously appropriate to the present topic.

According to Ruskin, 'a gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies. . . . The sign of nobleness is not in rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness.'

Judged by this test, a nobler man than Thackeray never lived. There is no need at this time of day to justify him elaborately from the silly charge of cynical cold-heartedness which grieved so deeply one of the kindest hearts in the world. It could hardly survive the publication of those marvellously self-revealing little essays—'Confessions' they might have been called—the 'Roundabout Papers.' In one of these he outpours the vials of his wrath on the dolts who called Macaulay 'unfeeling.' 'The critic who said that Macaulay had no heart might say that Johnson had none; and two men more generous and more loving and more hating, and more partial and more noble, do not live in our history.'

The tender-heartedness of Thackeray is the prevailing element in those recollections of him which have been published since his death by his family and friends. They have told their story and the world has learned it. There may be some danger now that the pendulum should swing a little too far in the other direction. The creator of Colonel Newcome was also the creator of Barry Lyndon and Catherine, the savage critic of Bulwer Lytton and other people of importance in their day, the author of the cruel little sketches in *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*. He was irritable and pugnacious, and owned that his own motto might have been the thistle—*Nemo me impune lacessit*.

He was sensitive, and therefore easily moved to kindness and pity; he was sensitive, and therefore easily moved to anger and scorn.

That Thackeray had winced in his time under the cruelty of a coarse mind which cannot understand the agony that it inflicts, no one can doubt who remembers those almost intolerable pages at the end of *The Newcomes*, in which Colonel Newcome is subjected to the brutality of a virago.

Few men were more expansive than Thackeray when he could trust his company. Few men were more shy and unhappy when conscious of imperfect sympathy. Like most shy men, he was accused of pride, and made enemies through want of adaptability; he said vehement and violent things, and got the reputation of being bitter and severe. But his vehemence and severity were not all to be accounted for in this way. He felt kindness deeply, but he felt wrongs and slights intensely; all through life he was 'one who both enjoyed and suffered greatly,' and his books are a record, which he who runs may read, of his attractions and repulsions, his loves and hates, his pleasures and pains, all keener and subtler than is the case with common men. For strangely enough, this man of imposing presence, of commanding genius, who towered above his contemporaries like a Saul, owed his literary eminence largely to his sensitiveness.

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Little Clive Newcome wept, we are told, in parting from the supercargo of the East Indiaman, who brought him from Southampton in a postchaise; 'but these tears in childhood are of very brief duration.' So wrote Miss Martha Honeyman, whose real name, according to Lady Ritchie, was Mrs. Becher, and who lived at Farnham in Hampshire, in a pretty old house full of potpourri in old blue china jars and willow-pattern plates, surrounded by a garden full of roses. She was a real Jane Austen lady, and her village was like the village of the Musgroves in *Persuasion*, 'full of the wives, widows, and daughters of navy captains, admirals, lieutenants.'

Little William Thackeray at five years old was very like little Clive Newcome. His kind aunt told his mother in India, that he drew everything he saw or thought of, among other things, his home in Calcutta, with his monkey looking out of the window, and the black maid drying towels. In one of his early letters he begs her, in childish phrase, to come back quickly to England and to bring Major Carmichael-Smythe (his new stepfather). When she did return in the course of a year or two, the little fellow clung to her and could not speak for joy.

Thackeray's relations with his stepfather were of the happiest, and he adored his mother, whose affection was to be his stay in the terrible tragedy which wrecked his married life.

But all this was in the dim future, when Thackeray was a small schoolboy—neither very happy nor particularly industrious. His first school was blighted by 'a horrible little tyrant, who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling in my little bed of a night, and saying, "Pray God I may dream of my mother."'

Then there was the school at Chiswick Mall,—a red-brick house with iron gates like those at Miss Pinkerton's establishment. From this scholastic prison the little fellow ran away one day, only to be terrified by the vast unknown

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of the Hammersmith Road, and to return unperceived. At ten years old he went to the Charterhouse, then presided over by Dr. John Russell, whom Thackeray named 'Rude Boreas,' and whose methods were scarcely caricatured in *Pendennis*.

"Pendennis, sir, your idleness is incorrigible and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after life to your country. . . . For what a prodigious quantity of future crime and unhappiness are you, unhappy boy, laying the seed." Pendennis went off quickly to his boarding house, and the Doctor came out to shake hands with his old schoolfellow. . . . All the thundering majesty and awful wrath of the schoolmaster had disappeared.' . . .

"There is nothing serious, I hope," said the Doctor. "It is a pity to take the boy away unless there is. He is a very good boy, rather idle and unenergetic, but he is a very honest gentlemanlike little fellow, though I can't get him to construe as I wish."'

No doubt this represented the considered verdict of his pastors and masters on Thackeray the schoolboy. And the child—although, with that sensitive nature of his, he suffered more than most from the heavy-handed methods of his instructors, and the bullying of his companions—had his own sources of pleasure, his pencil and his books. 'O, Scottish Chiefs, didn't we weep over you? O, Thaddeus of Warsaw, didn't we draw pictures out of you? . . . O, for a quiet corner and one of those books again. It may be the cake was good, but how good the appetite was!'

Whatever his sufferings were at Charterhouse, the tender regard which he retained for his old school is evidenced from the fact that he sent all his heroes there one after the other. Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Philip Firmin are all Cistercians.

At Cambridge he read romances, wrote parodies, and drew caricatures. In spite of his idleness he seems to have

impressed himself on his fellow students, and this was no small achievement in a society which included the three Tennyson brothers and Arthur Hallam, Lushington, Alford and Trench, Kinglake, Monckton Milnes, and Edward FitzGerald. In his parody of Tennyson's prize poem of 'Timbuctoo' we catch the first accents of the real Thackeray—

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,  
And sell their sugars on their own account,  
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,  
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum.

Fairoaks in *Pendennis* is of course Ottery St. Mary, where his stepfather lived. Thackeray left Cambridge without taking his degree, and went to learn German at Weimar, described in a delightful passage of *Vanity Fair* under the thin disguise of Pumpnickel. Here he saw the great Goethe, whose wonderful eyes and sweet rich voice made an impression on him that was never effaced. Here he lost his heart to a damsel whom he encountered with his daughters, twenty years after. The story, as Lady Ritchie tells it, would be enough in itself to disprove the accusation of Thackeray's cynicism.

'My poor father turned away, saying in a low overwhelmed voice, "That, Amalia,—that cannot be Amalia!" I could not understand his silence, his discomposure.'

Thomas Newcome meets his lost love, Madame de Florac, at seventy, and sees in her the old Lenore. But Madame de Florac had not made the mistake of growing fat.

On his return from Germany, Thackeray established himself as a law student in chambers at No. 2 Brick Court, and it was a real pleasure to him to think that these rooms had once been occupied by his favourite, Goldsmith.

It is a curious thing that the literary affections of this great sentimentalist should have gone out to the unsentimental eighteenth century; and that Steele, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Fielding should have been his favourite writers. He had something in him of them all. Like Fielding, he painted on a large canvas and loved digres-

sions—perhaps too well ; like Johnson, he could castigate humbug and cant ; he had Steele's generosity, Addison's unfeigned, if somewhat latitudinarian, piety ; and a pathos more poignant than Goldsmith's. Association with these great names endeared the Temple to him, as we learn from a charming passage of *Pendennis*.

'Those venerable Inns which have the Lamb, and the Flag, and the Winged Horse for their ensigns have attractions for those who inhabit them . . . which men always remember with pleasure . . . Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Gardens and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson, rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court, or Harry Fielding with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the *Covent Garden Journal*, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.'

These quaint old courts and passages, these quiet gardens with their view of the shining river, still breathe the large and leisurely air of the eighteenth century ; and how thoroughly Thackeray had assimilated that atmosphere is shown in the brilliant succession of historical studies which includes *Esmond*, *The Four Georges*, *The English Humourists* and *The Virginians*. In his later years, he pleased himself with the idea that when his inventive powers gave out, he would stop writing novels and set to work on a history of the Eighteenth Century. From one point of view few men were ever better qualified for the task.

Those days in the Temple were not lost, as it turned out. They gave him an atmosphere and types which have entered permanently into our literature ; but from the point of view of professional success they were wasted. Thackeray loathed the law quite as much as Pendennis did, and soon gave up any idea of prosecuting it seriously.



It was, however, necessary that he should earn money in some way, as he had managed to get through his own small patrimony. He did a little in journalism, and then went to Paris to study art. He spent some time there very agreeably, but soon learned that he had no chance of success as a painter. Grotesque humour and invention he had in abundance, and his own drawings are the best commentary on his books. What, for instance, could be a better summary of *Vanity Fair* than the pathetic vignette of the two children shutting up the puppets in a box? He was always hampered by his want of technical skill, and he owned, himself, that he drew 'squinting people' with 'feet instead of hands'; but when we think of Becky or Rawdon Crawley or Mrs. O'Dowd, it is as Thackeray drew them, and the neatest draughtsman never did anything more irresistibly funny than the figure of Raphael Mendoza in *Codlingsby*, as an old clothesman, recognized by the lovely aristocrat with whom he had danced at a Mayfair mansion the night before.

In 1836 he obtained an appointment as Paris correspondent to a short-lived newspaper in which his stepfather was interested, and on the strength of a precarious salary of £400 a year, took unto himself a wife, 'a nice simple girlish girl,' as Henry Reeve described her. She had a beautiful voice, and there was probably an autobiographical touch in the passage which describes Dobbin's introduction to Amelia, when she 'came tripping into the drawing-room in a white muslin frock, singing like a lark, and as fresh as a rose. The sweet fresh little voice went right into the captain's heart and nestled there.'

One imagines him at this time, tall, blue-eyed, fresh-coloured, a very personable man, were it not for the results of the accident in his schooldays which spoiled his profile. In later years his appearance was thought majestic. 'What a presence!' one woman said after meeting him for the first time.

His daughter has among her mental pictures one of a

young mother with pretty shining hair, carrying her baby on her back into a ground-floor room where there was some one bending over a desk. The some one looked round and seemed pleased at the interruption, but soon ordered them away. This was at No. 13 Great Coram Street, where the young pair settled after their marriage.

In 1838 he wrote to his wife, 'Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day.' Was it some dark premonition that caused him to add, 'I do bless God for all this happiness. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope that our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is greater than any fortune is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us.'

Among all the evils which might threaten his domestic happiness, the one which he never seems to have foreseen was (as so often happens) the one which befell him. Mrs. Thackeray's mind gave way after the birth of their third child, and though she outlived her husband for nearly forty years, she was never able to resume her place in her home. Thackeray took his two little girls to their grandmother at Paris, and the picture of the poor young husband, worse than widowed, with the crying babies on that dreadful night journey, wrings the heart. The kindness of his friends was a great consolation. The faithful Scotch nurse broke off her approaching marriage to stay with the poor children, and when he returned to his lonely life in London, Edward FitzGerald stood by him with comfort and counsel, and with the practical help of orders for sketches which served the double purpose of taking his mind off his troubles and putting money in his pocket.

What comes out in his letters during this period of toil and trial is his tenderness for his afflicted wife, his loving confidence in his mother, and his devotion to his little daughters. He lived and worked for them, and they were

seldom out of his thoughts. The habitual trend of his mind is described in this verse from one of his ballads, written on his way home from the East—

As the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea,  
I thought as day was breaking  
My little girls were waking  
And smiling and making  
A prayer at home for me.

The result of his voyage to Palestine and Egypt was a pleasant gossipy book of travel, *From Cornhill to Grand Cairo*—which his mother is said to have liked the best of all his works. This is not surprising, as it was chiefly made up of his letters to her during the cruise.

He came back alone to London, and worked for the magazines with pen and pencil. As a 'man about town,' living in lodgings in Jermyn Street, he became familiar with the places described in *Pendennis*, the little tavern in Soho where there were songs after supper and the *habitués* called each other by their Christian names, the fish-supper shop in the Strand, the Gray's Inn Coffee House, and the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, where among the working journalists, whose haunt it was, might be found Charles Dickens, and Maginn, the original of Captain Shandon, and Napoleon III in the days of his exile.

He was an acceptable writer for the magazines and never lacked employment, but the general public knew little of him till *Vanity Fair* appeared. Lever said of him that he would write 'for anything and about anything,' and he had to accept mutilation of his articles at the hands of editors and much else that is trying to a proud man. He contributed largely to *Fraser*, and made a distinct hit with the 'Yellowplush Correspondence' which appeared in that magazine. Lytton himself, one thinks, could not have helped enjoying the passage in which 'Bullwig' advises Jeames the footman not to enter the literary profession.

In 1843 he joined the staff of *Punch*, where much of

his best work appeared, including the *Book of Snobs* and the *Diary of James de la Pluche*. He was a heavy-handed critic—curiously so, when one remembers his own extreme sensitiveness to criticism. Affectation irritated him, and that may partly account for his severity to Lytton. Another thing which never failed to rouse his ire was the cocksureness and irreverence of the *roman à thèse* or 'religious novel' of the day. The following passage unfortunately is by no means obsolete in its application.

'The controversialists of the present day have an eminent advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios. It required some learning then to write a book; but now the system is reformed altogether; a male or female controversialist draws upon his imagination and not his learning, makes a story instead of an argument, and in the course of 150 pages where the preacher has it all his own way, will prove or disprove you anything. . . . As Mrs. Sherwood expounds by means of many touching histories and anecdotes of little boys and girls her notions of Church history, Church catechisms, Church doctrines, as the author of *Father Clement* demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries . . . as again the author of *Geraldine* falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and drowns the awful echoes of their tremendous protest by the sound of her little half-crown trumpet, in like manner by pretty sentimental tales, cheap apologues, Mrs. Sand proclaims her truth that we need a new Messiah and that the Christian religion is no more.'

'O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable, Mystery unfathomable, Vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery?'

A sort of self-consciousness in his earlier books kept him from showing his true nature. It may have been due in part to a reaction against the sloppy sentimentalism that deforms the best work of his great rival. But there is a touching passage in the *Great Hoggarty Diamond* where for

once he let his heart speak. It was suggested by the death of his infant daughter.

'We have other children, happy and well, now round us, and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe that every day of her life the mother thinks of the first-born that was with her for so short a while. . . . It has happened to me to forget the child's birthday, but to her never; and often in the midst of common talk comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still, some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting.'

But, generally speaking, his earlier books are full of bad company, hypocrites, and bullies, scoundrels and their victims. 'I really don't know where I get all these rascals for my books,' he said. 'I have certainly never lived with such people.' His picture of life mellowed considerably with advancing years, but his early stories show him almost exclusively occupied with the seamy side of existence.

No one calls Thackeray a cynic now; but it is not unfair to call him a realist. M. Brunetière pointed out, in his essay on *Le Roman Naturaliste*, that there had been realists in England before Zola founded his school in France; and he instanced George Eliot. He might have taken a step farther back still, from *Adam Bede* to *Catherine* and *The Shabby Genteel Story*. By the time Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*, in the mellow maturity of his powers, he had learned to take a wider view of life, and to include the good as well as the bad. *Pendennis* contains the portrait of the woman he most revered—his own mother. Colonel Newcome is the living likeness of a chivalrous and simple-hearted gentleman. But he is too sensitive, too conscientious an artist not to paint even these excellent people as he saw them. When people complained of the unideal traits in his heroines, they might have remembered that he did not in the least profess to be representing ideals, but specimens of concrete humanity.



One reason why his books are such salutary reading for the respectable classes is that they show, as in a looking-glass, the besetting sins of good people. He had known what it was to suffer from those sins—from the injustice, the intolerance, the folly of the most well-meaning people in the world. He had known the uncharity of women as pure as Helen Pendennis, and the unwisdom of men as generous and upright as Colonel Newcome. The more sensitive any temperament is, the more keenly it feels the discord between the ideal and the actual. It was because he emphasized this discord that Thackeray earned his bad reputation.

Anybody can make a convincing picture of a bandit; it takes a steady hand to paint the warts on the face of a hero. And Thackeray's sensitive artistic conscience would not suffer him to leave the warts out. It is not merely that he was incapable of the slovenly optimism of Dickens. He would never have reduced the terrible Mr. Dombey, with one stroke of the story-teller's magic wand, to a condition of imbecile benevolence at the end of his third volume; or endowed the casual Micawber by a miracle with the missing gifts of worldly prudence, and left him belatedly and impossibly prosperous in Australia. He will not even consent to the little bit of idealization which would have given us Helen Pendennis without her cruelty to the porter's daughter, or Colonel Newcome without his jealousy and vanity.

Thackeray boldly claimed to be a lay preacher, and not the least instructive part of his preaching lay in those portraits of good women for which he was so severely criticized. People talked as if his perception of those faults involved a disbelief in goodness. It is obvious to any one who studies the records of his life, or even to any one who reads his books intelligently, that no one had greater reverence for the piety and purity of good women than Thackeray. He regarded these qualities as the very salt of society. He thought so highly of them that he was willing to let them



outweigh a multitude of defects. He was under no delusion about Lady Castlewood; he knew that she was a jealous and narrow-hearted little woman; but he does not make the vulgar mistake of representing her devotion as a sham or her moral rectitude as hypocrisy. She was what so many women are—sincere and self-deceived; anxious to live up to her own standard, and complacently blind to her own worst faults. It is in no bitter or sneering spirit that he depicts such a character as this, but (to quote his own words) with a wish 'to preach such a charity as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire to us poor people.'

His love of children, his delight in them and appreciation of their funny little ways, comes out even more strongly in his drawings than in his books. In that delightful sketch *The Curate's Walk*, he describes a walk round Soho with his friend, William Brookfield, then a curate in that district. They find a group of three small children in a one-roomed tenement, the two younger left in charge of the eldest sister, while the mother is out all day. 'Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of the house and take command of a small establishment. If I were ten years old and three feet in height I would marry her and we would go and live in a cupboard.' He then tells how the curate, who was inordinately proud of his smallest scholar, told her to read something, and 'this baby began to read in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about the island of Rantongo,' out of a *Missionary Register*.

One of his most amusing drawings is a study of a small boy in charge of a baby. The scene is the edge of a pond in Hyde Park, with a large printed notice, 'The public are requested to protect the water-fowl.' A savage and truculent-looking goose is advancing towards the children. The baby in a huge sunbonnet is waddling off across the grass, and the little champion, evidently terribly frightened, is standing between the infant and the fowl.

Then we must not forget that the most purely delightful of all his books, that glorious extravaganza, *The Rose and the Ring*, was written to amuse a group of children at a Christmas party.

A year before the appearance of *Vanity Fair*, he had brought his daughters home and settled with them in the old bow-windowed house in Young Street, Kensington. The success of his great book altered his life. He became a personage, and of course his old friends said he was spoiled. Harriet Martineau, who was hard on her contemporaries, said, 'His frittered life and his obedience to the call of the great are the observed of all observers.' The report travelled down to FitzGerald in Norfolk, and Thackeray wrote protesting against the imputation :

'It is not true . . . about my having become a tremendous lion, too grand to write; but what is true is that a fellow who is writing all day for money gets sick of pens and paper when his work is over, and I go on dawdling and thinking of writing and months pass away. All this about being a lion is nonsense. I can't eat more dinners than I did last year, and dine at home with my dear little women three times a week, but two or three great people ask me to their houses, and *Vanity Fair* does everything but pay.'

The generous and touching letter which he wrote to FitzGerald before he left on his first lecturing tour in America shows clearly that no serious rift had been made in the long and tried friendship of these two noble comrades.

Thackeray began his career as a public lecturer with 'The English Humourists,' in 1851. Some people thought this appearing on platforms undignified, and he rather shared the view; but he endured it, as he said, 'for my two girls and their poor mother.' Mrs. Kemble has told of his sufferings. She found him at Willis's Rooms before the time fixed for beginning, 'like a forlorn disconsolate giant—sick with fright.'

In spite of his nervousness he did very well. He was

not dramatic, like Dickens; the charm was in his simplicity and ease, and a quiet well-bred delivery that suited his matter. He was invited to lecture in the United States, and was exceedingly well received, but his heart was with his children. He spent New Year's Eve with the historian Ticknor and his family, and at the stroke of twelve got up with tears in his eyes and said, 'God bless my girls and all who are kind to them.' At last his homesickness mastered him completely; he cut his tour short, took a berth in a Liverpool-bound steamer at a moment's notice, and burst in on his delighted family long before he was expected.

After a second visit to the States, he was able to feel that he had accomplished the end of so much strenuous labour. His lectures and his books had brought him in a handsome sum, and he could feel that his children and his wife were provided for. The touching words of thankfulness with which he took possession of his new house on Palace Green give the measure of the effort which had brought him to this desired haven. He prayed that all the words he should write in his new abode might be true and honest, 'dictated by no personal spite, unworthy motive, or unjust greed for gain; that they may tell the truth as far as I know it; and tend to promote love and peace among men for the sake of Christ our Lord.'

He had won his fight against the world, but the strife had made him old before his time. FitzGerald gives a striking word-picture of him—'old, white, massive, and melancholy.' He had toiled hard and played hard; eaten and drunk not wisely, but too well; worked at odd times and kept late hours. He began to be tortured by internal disease, and though his nearest and dearest did not suspect any immediate danger, he seems to have known that his time could not be long.

The end came as he himself would have chosen. On December 21, 1863, he met, at the Athenaeum, Charles Dickens, from whom a foolish misunderstanding had

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estranged him. He went up and offered Dickens his hand, and the two conversed as friends. A day or two afterwards, as he was driving with his daughter in the twilight by the Serpentine, they passed Carlyle walking alone, and Thackeray leaned forward to wave 'a perfect shower of salutations.' He died suddenly on the early morning of Christmas Eve.

'I go (he had written some time earlier to his intimate old friend, Mrs. Proctor, who had comforted him in the great sorrow of his life) to what I don't know, but to God's next world, which is His and He made it. One paces up and down the shore yet awhile and looks towards the unknown ocean. Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us; the voyage we must take alone. Except for the young and very happy I can't say I am very sorry for any one who dies.'

The life of Thackeray is that of a man who for the greater part of his life was an ordinary working journalist, exposed to the temptations and difficulties of one of the most exacting of professions. May we not say that few 'knights of the pen' have kept a shield more unstained or laid lance in rest more boldly against meanness and cruelty? Few men have been more softhearted to a tale of pity, more generous to fellow workers, more true and tender to their own people. Four well-known lines sum up his life's philosophy; and we of the next generation looking back on those abundant records of his life which now lie open for all to read, must admit that they sum up his practice too—

Come weal or woe, come good or ill,  
Let each and all perform his part,  
And bow before the Awful Will  
And bear it with an honest heart.

DORA M. JONES.

## Notes and Discussions

### THE CORONATION

THE anointing and crowning of the elected prince in confirmation of his acceptance by the nation as their King—a title derived from the Teutonic *König*, or chief of the tribe or kin—is one of the oldest of our institutions. The earliest record of the coronation service is the Pontifical of Egbert of the ninth century. In spite of civil wars and changes of dynasty and the religious confusions resulting from the Reformation, the service remained practically unaltered from 1307 to 1685, and, with the exception of the change in the oath necessitated by the Revolution and a few minor omissions, it has undergone no essential modifications since. Though descriptions of the crowning of our kings are given in the writings of Mathew Paris, Hoveden, and later chroniclers, the first book dealing solely with the coronation appears to be an account by John Ogilby of that of Charles II in 1660, and two-thirds of the three score and odd works which represent the literature on the subject were produced during the nineteenth century. Amongst the most valuable of these are *English Coronation Records*, edited by Dr. Wickham Legg, and Mr. Courtenay Bodley's *Coronation of Edward VII*, both of which were published in 1901. In his introduction to the former work Dr. Wickham Legg, who tells us that 'the service had gradually fallen into neglect, if not into contempt' since the end of the seventeenth century, observes that 'even at the present day the great mass of the people look forward to it as a pageant arranged for their amusement rather than as the solemn inauguration of their sovereign in the throne of his government'; but the publication of second editions both of Mr. Bodley's work and of Mr. Joscelyn Perkins' *Coronation Book*, and also of a fifth edition of Mr. Pemberton's *Coronation Service*, are welcome indications that an increasing section of the public is now no longer content to accept this inadequate conception of a great national event.

Considered in its religious aspect, the coronation service is not only the confirmation, with prayers and blessings both for him and for the nation, of the national choice, but also the consecration of the elected sovereign as an individual for the duties imposed on him; and in this respect, except as regards the substitution of the act of coronation for the imposition of hands and that of girding on the sword for the presentation of the mitre, it bears a striking resemblance to the ordination of a bishop. Regarded from the constitutional standpoint, it is the solemn ratification of a compact between the sovereign and his people under which he binds himself by oath to govern in accordance with the laws of the realm, and to which their assent is signified by his enthronement and investiture with the



royal ornaments symbolical of his power and dignity and of the qualities he is expected to display in the performance of his duties. It thus inaugurates the new reign by what is practically a reaffirmation by the nation of its adherence to the system of government originated by its founders, of which the king consecrated by the service is the central figure, and the essential principles of which have now, like the service itself, been maintained during a thousand years of national development. Like our systems of parliamentary and local government, and like Westminster Abbey, which, when the first of the thirty-seven coronations which it has now witnessed was performed, stood on an island formed by the meeting of brooks flowing down Great College Street and Gardener's Lane, it has been gradually adapted, as occasion required, to the needs of successive ages. The august congregation which ratifies the election of the king now includes representatives of the dominions beyond the seas, the Crown colonies, and the Indian Empire. Various officers of the Royal Household whose names now seem strange to us—such as the Grand Panteler, the Chief Lardener and the Royal Napier—have ceased to exist, but the Lords High Steward, High Chamberlain, and High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, who now perform more extended duties than at their first creation, still by hereditary right take a leading part in the ceremony. The Court of Claims, presided over by the Lord High Steward, which at its first establishment prior to the reign of Edward the Confessor adjudicated on the titles of claimants to be present at it as tenants *in capite* of the Crown by some honorary service, such as the presentation of a rose or a pair of falcons,<sup>1</sup> has now, in addition to applications from modern boroughs like Hackney and Camberwell which have been evolved from ancient manors, to deal with those of descendants of Indian rajahs whose ancestors fought for us in the Sikh and other wars, and bodies like the Grey Coat Hospital and the Odd Fellows' Friendly Society.

The coronation is a lasting memorial of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry. More than eight centuries have passed since our last Saxon king built the Abbey, in which all his successors have been crowned and in which he himself is buried, upon the site of one erected four centuries earlier by his ancestor Sebart, the descendant of Cerdic, the first king of the West Saxons. Since the accession of Egbert, the first king of England, ten dynasties have ruled in these islands, all of which—except the Danish kings, Harold I, and the House of Normandy—trace their descent through him to Cerdic, and King George is the eighth sovereign of the tenth of these dynasties. The British Isles, which at Cerdic's accession were inhabited by four races, divided in England into *seven*, in Wales into *two*, and in Ireland into *four* different states, have become one United Kingdom, and expanded into a vast empire, comprising, as was strikingly said by the King when unveiling the monument recently erected by its

<sup>1</sup> One of the most curious of these forms of service was the presentation of a mess of pottage called *dillegroute*, consisting of gruel flavoured with dill, which was presented to the King by the Lord Chancellor, and which we are told 'he accepted—but did not eat.'



inhabitants in memory of Queen Victoria, 'races and regions more various in character and circumstance than have been combined before upon a common purpose.' To few nations has it been permitted to achieve a greater destiny, and the coronation can hardly fail to remind us of the value of the ancient institutions and form of government to which the people of the United Kingdom have continued to adhere throughout all the internal and external conflicts and social and political revolutions which have attended their national development.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

### MEDIAEVALISM AND MODERNISM

DARK ages are usually formative ages. From the womb of the night springs the birth of the dawn; winter is the hiding-place of power. Nature is never still; rather should it reverently be said, God is never idle; 'My Father worketh even until now and I work.' The description of the Middle Ages as 'dark' may imply only our own ignorance of them, or it may mean that certain generations of men have been comparatively inarticulate, unable clearly to speak for themselves and to hand on the message of their struggles and gropings after light. Too many Protestants seem to use the phrase 'Dark Ages' as implying that during a long night the nations of Western Europe were asleep, or passing through a period of such intellectual obscuration and moral obliquity that their whole history during this period may be safely ignored as an unintelligible and deplorable episode, or parenthesis, in the onward march of progress.

That is an incredible and impossible position. The hidden portion of the orbit of a star, or comet, is surely not negligible; it is part of a majestic curve, only a fraction of which is illumined to our vision. Hardly any part of history is totally dark, though we often have to be content with starlight instead of sunlight. The Middle Ages are not unknown, though they are comparatively unfamiliar to many students of history. To the 'Catholic' they are the 'ages of faith,' which the rationalist translates into 'the ages of superstition.' Neither phrase is accurate, or any truer than such pocket-labels generally are. The history of the thousand years or so from Augustine to Luther is full of fascination and significance for the student of law, of civilization, of art, and of religion. It may be difficult to read all its runic inscriptions, but no serious thinker ever imagines that the lives are not worth deciphering. The architects of fifty-five-story 'sky-scrapers' in the twentieth century are not at liberty to despise the great cathedral-builders.

The chief difficulty for the non-professional student of mediaeval history is the lack of an adequate guide. The literature is enormous, the period long, complex, and as far as may be from being homogeneous. Ecclesiastical historians are often among the driest of Dryasdusts, and the history of the Church is but a part of the history of the Middle Ages. A few months ago we could not have named a book which by itself would serve as a sufficient survey of the whole period, at the same time interesting

to any intelligent reader, and sufficiently based upon original authorities to be trustworthy. It is a great pleasure now to point out that some weeks ago Messrs. Macmillan published such a work by an American scholar, Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor, entitled *The Mediaeval Mind: a history of the development of thought and emotion in the Middle Ages*. It fell to the lot of the present writer to review at some length in this JOURNAL (January 1901) a previous work of the same author, *Ancient Ideals*, and Mr. Taylor has since then published an interesting link between his earlier and later volumes, entitled *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*. The last enterprise is incomparably the most difficult of the three, and Mr. Osborn Taylor deserves the thanks of all students unable themselves to refer to original authorities for the help here afforded in understanding and interpreting mediaeval thought.

One of the chief merits of the book is that its treatment is so *human*. The author enters on 'a quest after those human qualities which impelled the strivings of men and women, informed their imagination, and moved them to love and tears and pity.' He is not pedant enough to suppose that an analysis of the scholastic philosophy, or the annals of popes and councils, or a description of the rise of nationalities, or of the feudal system, or all of these put together, will enable a reader to understand *The Mediaeval Mind*. He has fairly acquainted himself with these and similar details, and refers his readers to the sources whence fuller information may be gained. But it is not for nothing that in his title Mr. Taylor has referred to the development of 'emotion' as well as of thought. What he means by the phrase, and how it is illustrated in the regions of poetry, art, and religion, is well expounded in chapters which could only have been written by one whose mind was well steeped in his subject. But if despisers of sentiment prefer to study 'the mediaeval appropriation of Roman law,' or 'the spirit, scope, and method of scholasticism,' or the contributions of Teuton and Celt to the new civilization that arose from the ruins of the Roman Empire, they will find in Mr. Taylor a scholarly, well-informed, and interesting guide. Chivalry and monasticism, the Empire and the universities, Francis of Assisi and Bernard of Clairvaux, the hymnists of St. Victor and the subtleties of Thomas Aquinas, alike claim, and here receive, sympathetic attention. The comparatively rare quality which marks Mr. Osborn Taylor is that where types and ideals are so diverse his sympathies are not restricted either in an ecclesiastical or any other particular direction. It is not every day that one can find an historian who can discourse equally of canon law and the romance of Abelard and Heloise. The author, moreover, is wise enough to see that in Dante—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—is to be found a kind of personal embodiment of the mediaeval mind in many diverse aspects, and his last chapter, entitled 'The Mediaeval Synthesis—Dante,' is one of his best.

The millennium covered by the vague term Middle Ages may be taken as extending roughly from the time of Gregory the Great to the Reformation. It includes periods of (1) decline, leading to virtual chaos, (2) the slow upbuilding of a new order, (3) the gradual assimilation and revivification of old material, (4) a fine civilization at its zenith, and (5) a period

of gradual decay and the preparation for new, 'modern' habits of thought and life. Mr. Taylor describes first the 'Groundwork,' the stages by which the level was reached which was marked by the name and empire of Charlemagne, A.D. 800. He shows how the influence of Greek philosophy and the Latin Fathers, who had largely learned from their Greek predecessors, prepared the way for the great 'transmitters'—the long line of catenists, who had no doctrine of their own to propound, but who did the Church and the world the great service of handing on the best thought and teaching of the Patristic period. Then comes an account of the Barbaric disruption of the Empire, the characteristic racial qualities of Celt and Teuton, the great missions of the seventh and eighth centuries among the half-savage peoples of the North, the apostolic labours of Columba and Boniface, the hardly-won learning of Bede and Alfred. The early Middle Ages, properly so called, extend from the eighth to the eleventh century, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Hildebrand. A study of the mental conditions and characteristics of the next period introduces us to Anselm, Gerbert, and Odilo, justice being done to the varying features of intellectual life in France, Germany, and England. In dealing with the emotional life of the time, much more difficult to detect and describe, Mr. Taylor says very truly, 'The Middle Ages have been given credit for dry theology and sublimated metaphysics. Less frequently have they been credited with their great achievement, the uniting of patristic Christianity with the human elements of love and fear and pity.' Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say, the digging of channels down which the mighty stream of love and pity already generated in men's hearts might flow, and so accomplish those great ends which the Christians of the Middle Ages considered to be all-important and which came to be identified with the Christian religion. The history of monasticism naturally fits in here—its rise, progress, achievements, and decay. The contrast between the ideal and the actual is candidly yet kindly drawn—the terrible gap between aspiration and achievement; and one hardly knows whether to be more struck by the illustrations drawn from the life of the cloister or from the chronicles of knightly chivalry, from the repeatedly futile attempts at reform among monks and friars or the humiliating history of high hopes often and bitterly disappointed in the Crusades. Mr. Taylor makes even scholastic theology interesting, and his chapters on Aquinas and Bonaventura, doctors angelic and seraphic, have the merit of bringing the men themselves before the modern reader, and showing him something of the real meaning of the truths they taught.

The careful study of such a book as this could not but be beneficial to ministers of religion, and might help to redress the uneven balance in the studies of some of them. For, as all are aware, a revived quasi-mediaevalism is spreading in some churches, and the best way to meet and counteract it is first of all to understand it. In the Church of Rome a Leo XIII may initiate a neo-scholastic movement and promote the study of Aquinas as a teacher for to-day. In the Church of England a Lord Halifax may seek to strengthen the grasp of the dead hand of a pseudo-'Catholicism' and to persuade the people that the Reformation of the

sixteenth century is to be repented of in dust and ashes. It is a tempting but not very intelligent way of meeting such movements, to cry 'Rubbish!' and pass on. A student who has come to understand, not without a measure of sympathy, the movements of the mediaeval mind, is much better fitted than one who has not, to protest against mediaevalism. For the mischief of the latter lies, not in mediaeval development as such—though some of its tendencies were undoubtedly mistaken and misleading—but in the attempt to make the thirteenth-century rule the twentieth. And the man who sees most clearly why it ought not so to rule, is the man who understands the thirteenth century and its place in history, not the man who prides himself on his ignorance of all that concerns ages so distant and so obscure. Father Tyrrell claimed that both modernist and mediaevalist have a right to a place in the Church of Rome, but he added that 'whereas the mediaevalist regards the expression of catholicism formed by the synthesis between faith and the general culture of the thirteenth century as primitive and as practically final and exhaustive, the modernist denies the possibility of such finality, and holds that the task is unending just because the process of culture is unending.' With the interior conflicts of the Roman Catholic Church we are not here concerned. The Modernist in the broader sense of the term is the man who believes that the Church of Christ is slowly working out under His guidance ever richer and more fruitful ideas of Himself and His work in the world, and who is chiefly anxious that every generation should make its own characteristic contribution to this unceasing development of the divine purpose in and through men.

But—and this is one of the main reasons why this note has been written—the true modernist is one who understands, and gladly recognizes, that the 'middle' ages formed a necessary bridge between ancient and modern civilization, and between primitive and present-day religion. The best antidote to mediaevalism comes by way of a knowledge both of the mediaeval and the modern mind. Few books are so well suited as Mr. Osborn Taylor's to promote a healthy, real, and fairly adequate—though necessarily not profound—knowledge of a comparatively neglected period of history. Those who wish further to pursue their studies of any portion of this vast field will find in the bibliographical notes sufficient indication of the best sources on which to draw. We may here make special mention of Dr. H. B. Workman's short but careful and scholarly and attractive sketches of *The Church of the West in the Middle Ages*, and *The Dawn of the Reformation*. Students of scholasticism will find the *History of Mediaeval Philosophy*, by Professor Maurice de Wulf of the University of Louvain, an excellent guide. The same author's treatise on Scholasticism, previously published, is not so generally serviceable. Father Rickaby's shilling manual on Scholasticism published in Constable's series is not to be despised. But we cannot refrain from closing with the obvious but necessary remark that the student of Dante finds in the *Divina Commedia* the best picture of the religion, philosophy, science, art, and poetry of the Middle Ages, these apparently incongruous elements being fused by the hand of a master and welded into one indissoluble and immortal whole.

W. T. DAVISON,

## NEW LIGHT ON JOHN WESLEY

JOHN WESLEY's *Journal*<sup>1</sup> has come to be regarded as a national treasure. Its writer is recognized as one of the great figures of English history, and his work is seen to have been a providential preparation for the extraordinary extension of the industrial resources and wealth of the country which took place in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is strange that so great a work as Wesley's *Journal* should have had to wait so long before it reached such an edition. The little sections found their way from the press in paper covers and were eagerly bought for a few coppers. By-and-by they gained a reputation which stretched far beyond Wesley's own Societies, and took their place as a living chronicle of the greatest religious awakening ever known in England. All the chief figures in that revival are here, alive and in action. We watch them being prepared for their mission and thrust reluctantly out into the harvest-field. We see England as they saw it, and learn more about its towns and villages, its religious life, its modes of travel, its customs and its daily life, than any other contemporary record has to tell us.

Mr. Curnock's first volume has been welcomed as a worthy presentation of this classic. It came almost like a revelation to many circles. Wesley dropped down out of the clouds and we saw him, as he saw himself, a versatile, eager student of life, a lover of female society, and susceptible to the charm of a girl like Sophia Hopkey, in a way which lends a new touch of human interest to the historic figure. Mr. Curnock had rich material to draw upon in the enlarged versions of the Georgia Journal prepared by Wesley, when all the circumstances were fresh in his mind, and the emotional thrill was still sensibly felt. Even more precious were the Diaries, which Wesley kept with such scrupulous care that almost every moment of his working life was accounted for. Mr. Curnock made a notable discovery which unlocked the long-buried secrets of these volumes and brought Wesley's own searchlight to bear upon every hidden feature of his character. Few lives could bear such a revelation, but Wesley only stands out more visibly as a man of taste and learning, who sacrificed all his own prejudices and inclinations to promote the interests of religion, and make his fellow countrymen sharers in that sunshine of the soul which had changed heaven and earth for him.

The second volume of the standard edition of the *Journal* has no thrilling story like that of Miss Hopkey and the apostolic mission to Georgia. It takes up the history after the transformation in Aldersgate Street, and shows how Wesley began his labours as the Evangelist of England. The account of his little visit to Herrnhut is here, with notes which enable us to appreciate its influence on Wesley's personal religion and the methods which he adopted for carrying on his work in England. The links were soon broken between him and the Moravians. There also we trace the hand of Providence. Methodism could not afford to

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<sup>1</sup> *The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.* Standard Edition, in Six Volumes, £3 3s. net. Vol. II. Charles H. Kelly.



be Moravianized. It was to be a great national movement, fitted for application to all the needs of our country with its colonies and imperial possessions. Meanwhile, to use his own phrase, Wesley saw the place where the Christians lived, and found the great truth of forgiveness of sin and assurance of that forgiveness confirmed by a host of living witnesses. His own weak faith was thus mightily strengthened.

On his return to England Wesley was plunged into all kinds of public work. The Preface to the third part of his *Journal* states that it was published 'openly to declare to all mankind what it is that the Methodists (so-called) have done, and are doing now—or, rather, what it is that God hath done, and is still doing, in our land.' Wesley has sometimes been represented as cold and self-sufficient, but here he shows a beautiful anxiety that the great cause which has been entrusted to him should commend itself to the judgement as well as enlist the sympathy of all men of reason and religion. The Diary kept in Germany has not been discovered, but on his return to London the entries begin and shed light on every page of the printed record. Wesley's hours are not quite so regular as in more settled days. On Friday, September 22, 1738, he does not rise till 6.30, and it is nearly midnight before he retires to rest. He meets many friends at James Hutton's, and pays five other visits, talking frankly to those who had been 'exasperated by gross misrepresentations.' Every moment was employed. Day after day is now added to the story of Wesley's life, giving a new conception of his activities and throwing light on many points hitherto obscure. The wealth of this new material will only be understood after long and careful use. Certainly no historian or biographer can afford to neglect it. By means of the Diary many a reference in the *Journal* is lighted up which was purposely left indefinite during the lifetime of those concerned. The latter part of the month which Wesley spent at Oxford (November 11–December 11, 1738) becomes quite a new thing when the Diary supplements the *Journal*. It becomes even more valuable as we reach the crisis of Wesley's evangelistic life, when he obeyed Whitefield's summons to Bristol, and ventured, with a world of foreboding, to take his place as an open-air preacher. The *Journal* for March 31, 1739, begins, 'In the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr. Whitefield there.' The Diary shows how the earlier part of this day was spent. He had slept at Marlborough: '5.0, talk, meditated; 5.45, set out, meditated, prayer; 8.45, at Caln, tea, man swore, reproved him; 9.45, set out, meditated; 12.0, prayed; 1.30, at Marshfield, dinner; 3.0, set out; 6.0, prayed, horse quite tired; 7.0, at Bristol, at Mrs. Grevil's, G. Whitefield, &c., prayer, singing, &c.; 8.0, at Weaver's Hall, G. Whitefield preached, singing, prayer; 9.45, at home, conversed, supper, prayer, conversed, singing; 11.30, conversed; 12.0.' On the Monday, when he 'submitted to be more vile,' by preaching at the Glasshouse on a little eminence, he afterwards took tea at Mrs. Norman's—'tea, conversed, singing'—and after expounding at the Society meeting in Baldwin Street, got home at 9.15, where a friend met him. Supper was followed by conversation and prayer. Wesley retired at 10.45, committed, though he did not yet know it, to the work which was to make him the mightiest

power for good in England. He was up next morning at a quarter to six, singing as he 'drest,' and had another full day of which we now recover the details. Beside the entries from the Diary, Mr. Curnock has been able to give extracts from the letters which Wesley wrote to the Fetter Lane Society, and which are still preserved there. Here and elsewhere, the editor owes a great debt to the labours of the late Rev. H. J. Foster, and to the stores accumulated by the Wesley Historical Society. Without that Society this edition would have been almost an impossibility. Its work and its workers are in evidence at every stage.

The volume closes with the entry for April 9, 1742. The three and a half years which it covers are those during which Methodism took root in Bristol and London, and began to spread into places which lay near those two head quarters, or were visited in travelling between them. The first leaders were appointed, the first preachers enlisted. Everything was prepared for the extension of the work to the far north of England, which took place in May 1742, and to the county of Cornwall, which was to become one of the strongholds of Methodism. On every page of this standard edition we find new matter which is profoundly interesting. No one can study the notes and the Diary without gaining new light on that mighty Revival to which England owes so great a debt. The illustrations are well chosen, and add much to the pleasure with which one turns over this attractive and well-printed volume.

JOHN TELFORD.

### DR. HJELT AND THE SINAI PALIMPSEST

Mrs. Lewis writes to us from Cambridge:—

THE appreciative notice of my edition of the Old Syriac Gospels which appeared in your January number induces me to communicate to you the fact that an expert Semitic scholar, Dr. Hjelt, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Helsingfors, has just returned from a visit to the Monastery on Mount Sinai, where he has made an examination of all my divergences in reading the text of the Sinai Palimpsest from those of Dr. Burkitt. He was not permitted to use the reagent, so his report is not exhaustive, but of the words which can be seen without chemical aid, he has ruled seven of Dr. Burkitt's as correct, and eleven as probable. Of mine he considers 133 as correct, and twenty-one as probable.

Of the 154 which he has ruled in my favour, thirty-nine are found in the Syndics' edition (1894). They have therefore four witnesses in their favour, the original transcriber, myself, my sister, Mrs. Gibson, whom I requested to look specially at this class of words, both in 1902 and 1906, also Dr. Hjelt. Four further ones in my supplementary transcription for 'Some Pages' which I was advised not to edit, have, of course, only three witnesses instead of four. And of the thirty-nine my photographs distinctly testify to the right reading of twelve.

For the benefit of those who possess my edition, I subjoin a list of the 133 verses containing doubtful words which Dr. Hjelt has ruled in my favour.

Matt. i. 2†; ii. 2; 16†; iii. 3; v. 19; viii. 16; viii. 24 and 29 are partly in my favour, and partly in Dr. Burkitt's.

xv. 2; xvi. 9; xviii. 15†; 19†; xix. 11; xxi. 38†; xxiv. 2; xxv. 11; xxvi. 24† as in text; 29; xxvii. 20†; 37; 43;

Mark iv. 1††; v. 18; vi. 55†; viii. 2; 12; xi. 22; xiii. 25; 27; 28; xiv. 19; 22; 24; xvi. 4†; 8<sup>2</sup>†;

Luke i. 70; 79; 80; ii. 8; 9; 12; 15†; iv. 35; 35; 36†; 40†; v. 4; 19††; 26<sup>2</sup>; vi. 33; viii. 19<sup>2</sup>†; ix. 52†; x. 4; xii. 54; xiii. 32; xiv. 1; xv. 6; xvi. 23; xvii. 15; xix. 4; xx. 33; xxi. 15; 31; xxii. 45;

John i. 41; 42; iii. 14††; 21; 21; 21; iv. 21; 35; vi. 11, five words; vi. 19 the much doubted  $\sigma\alpha\omega\delta\alpha\epsilon$ ; 37; vii. 11††; 19; 49; 51; viii. 13; 33; ix. 2; 2; x. 38; xi. 2; 18  $\epsilon\omega\delta$ ; 21; 25 conjectured by Dr. Burkitt, but read by me; xii. 29; 37; xiii. 32; xviii. 10; 15; xx. 1.

Also in the Supplement to Appendix I, pp. 294-299:

Matt. ii. 9†; iii. 14†; v. 42†; viii. 4†; xvii. 20†; xxiii. 17†; xxiv. 22; 41.

Mark i. 29; vi. 49; viii. 2.

Luke i. 15†; ii. 9; vii. 38†; 44†; viii. 49†; x. 3; xi. 8<sup>2</sup>†; 38; xii. 3†; 16†; 31; 50†; xiii. 14†; 32; xviii. 14†; xix. 12†; xx. 33; xxi. 12; xxiii. 18†; 49;

John vi. 52; vii. 25; 45†; ix. 11.

Of the words which Dr. Hjelt thinks possible, he has underlined twenty-one in my favour.

Mark viii. 25; Luke v. 1; 18†; 22<sup>2</sup>; viii. 19<sup>1</sup>†; xix. 1; 6; 7†; xxiii. 49;

John vi. 25; ix. 9; x. 29; xiii. 23; xv. 6; 24; xviii. 2.

And in the Supplement, pp. 294-299: Matt. xxi. 24†;

Mark xiv. 4; xvi. 7†. Here Dr. Hjelt, not having the reagent, did not see the *seyyame* points.

Luke xxii. 6; xxiii. 35†;

In the following passages Dr. Hjelt underlines seven of Dr. Burkitt's readings as correct.

Matt. xxii. 19. Luke xix. 5 a dot; \*John xiii. 22;

In the Supplement, John iii. 21; vii. 32; x. 9; xiii. 38.

And eleven as possible:

Matt. viii. 24 partly; 29 partly; cf. *supra*.

Mark xi. 20; xiv. 9; \*xvi. \*8<sup>1</sup>;

Luke v. 22<sup>1</sup>; \*ix. 38; xix. \*28;

In the Supplement, \*Mark xvi. 5; Luke xii. 42; \*xvi. 16;

I do not, however, accept all these eighteen corrections to my own work. Those which I have marked with an asterisk I at first read as Dr. Burkitt and Dr. Hjelt have done. But a slight touch with the reagent revealed to me an additional final letter, or syllable, a  $\omega$ , an  $\epsilon$ , a  $\sigma$ , or an  $\rho$ , which put the word in the plural, but have now faded away.

The † indicates that the word was in the Syndics' edition, and has therefore four witnesses. †† indicates that the word has only three witnesses, having been in my transcription of 1895, though it was not approved of for 'Some Pages.'

Why I must own to having probably made eleven mistakes may be

answered briefly. Five of them are not in the main part of my Appendix I, but in the supplement to it, pp. 294-299. I have therefore fallen into the same error on a smaller scale as Dr. Burkitt has on a larger one, of trying to correct the text from my photographs.

Of the remaining six, two are mere questions of spelling which cannot affect the meaning in any way. As I have no list of errata in this volume, I shall now have one of thirteen, two being from another source.

It must be remembered that Dr. Burkitt has visited the Convent only once. The forty days which he spent there in 1898 were all too little for the complete decipherment of the portion (a third of the whole text) which had been allotted to him; and for the revision of Prof. Bensly's which he undertook. He therefore has never seen the other half of the MS., that is, the third of the text which was copied by Dr. Rendel Harris on the same occasion, and the remaining sixth by me in 1895 and later. As I have said elsewhere, no amount of learning and ingenuity can make up for want of studying the MS. at first hand, not even the use of photographs, which never show the difference in colour between the upper script and the under one.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate are preparing a leaflet to fit into the pocket which they placed in the binding of my book. It will give a *résumé* of Dr. Hjelt's report, with more details than it is possible to put into the pages of a REVIEW. I have placed the report itself in the hands of the Librarian of Westminster College, Cambridge, who will be pleased to show it to any one who may wish to inspect it.

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### OVERLAND TO INDIA

DR. SVEN HEDIN is an indefatigable explorer. His travels fire his readers with enthusiasm. He has crossed the wastes of Russian Turkestan. He has almost perished from thirst in the Central Asian deserts. He has again and again traversed the snowy wilderness of Tibet. And he has climbed the great peak of Demavend, 18,700 feet high. The two handsome volumes just issued by Messrs. Macmillan will fully maintain his reputation as an explorer, an author, and an artist. They describe his journey towards India, when on his way to begin his last great exploration of Tibet. They are beautifully illustrated by photographs and coloured illustrations from his own water-colour paintings. The latter are admirable. The frontispiece of the first volume is a charming picture in colours of a group of Tatar girls. There are other large folding panoramic views, and the maps and index are all admirable.

The journey began at Trebizond on the shore of the Black Sea, which Dr. Sven Hedin left in a carriage on November 13, 1905. His plan was to drive to Teheran, the Persian capital, and thence to cross by means of camels the Persian deserts, and passing through Seistan and Baluchistan to reach Nushki, the head of the English railway in Baluchistan, whence the train would quickly carry him by Quetta into India. This programme was exactly and completely carried out, the overland journey in this route

being 2,800 miles. The first part of the journey was from Trebizond to Erzerum, over the succession of barren mountains and table-lands which form the watershed between the Black Sea and the basin of the Euphrates. The classical river has its upper course through a barren region, in which agriculture struggles hard to maintain itself against a severe climate, government exactions, and the raids of robbers. Further on the explorer passed through devastated Armenia, in which the Turks were cruelly oppressing the Christians, whilst the Kurds robbed and murdered in every direction. The peak of Ararat marks the meeting-place of the empires of Russia, Turkey, and Persia, but the actual summit of the mountain is in Russian territory. A short passage through a corner of the Czar's dominions was extremely unpleasant. The railway was dirty and ill-managed, Armenians and Tartars kept the district in a ferment by their quarrels, and the traveller was glad to resume his carriage journey to Teheran. On entering Persia he saw everywhere signs of decay, and speaks thus of the Persian people—'A degenerate race without orderly control, without discipline and obedience; a morality which reminds one of whitened sepulchres; a language which produced one of the world's richest literatures, but is now spoken by a people which has lost mastery over itself, and is spoken in a land which seems doomed to disappear as an independent state. Everywhere is seen neglect and decay, an indifference which knows no other rule of life than *laissez-aller*' (I. 135). Passing through Tabriz, the commercial importance of which has sadly declined since the opening of the Suez Canal, and crossing barren plains, Teheran was at last reached. The city was seething with political excitement and discontent, but, like everything else in Persia, in a state of decay. Persia is dying, and England and Russia will divide the spoil, if Germany permits. Beyond Teheran the desert journey began. The carriage was abandoned, camels were purchased, and a caravan equipped. The deserts of Persia are of two kinds, the sand deserts and the salt deserts, both of which were crossed by Dr. Sven Hedin. The sand deserts came first. They were dreary wastes. The ground was often hard gravel and pebbles, but sand dunes were frequent. From time to time there were heavy snowstorms, and the journey was trying because of the cold. Then came the great salt deserts called Kevirs. These are wonderful places. They consist of salt swamps, perfectly flat, and without a trace of vegetation. After rain they are covered with a thin sheet of water, and as the foot sinks into the soft clayey soil below, they are then quite impassable. A deep silence reigns in these vast expanses of salt and marsh, which have an average height of from 2,500 to 3,000 feet above the sea. The great Kevir was, according to tradition, once an inland sea, and now it forms a climatic division, all Persia north of it being cold, and all south of it being hot. Emerging from these dismal salt wastes, and traversing a stony desert, Dr. Sven Hedin reached the town and oasis of Tebbes. This is a perfect Paradise, being the most delightful town in Persia. It is full of shady groves of palms, and much cultivation surrounds it. It abounds, however, in scorpions, which are found in all the houses. A fearful spider also lives here, which in its fury is said to chase men for long distances! While at Tebbes



Dr. Sven Hedin was fortunate enough to witness the festival of the Moharrem, which is held by the Shiites (the Mohammedans of Persia) in honour of the founders of their sect, Hassein and Hossein. While in Tibet, Sven Hedin saw at the great monastery of Tashi Lunpo the remarkable festival of the New Year, which far surpassed that witnessed at Tebbes. Then came barren districts until the great lake of the Hamun in Seistan was reached. The plague was raging in Seistan, and it was desirable to leave the district quickly. The explorer crossed northern Baluchistan, and reaching the railway at Nushki, was speedily carried through Quetta to the banks of the Indus. The whole journey after leaving Teheran was through deserts, of which the author says, 'Outside the gates of Teheran begins the desert; and then there is nothing but desert all the way to India. The reader who nevertheless has patience to accompany me will see for weeks and months nothing but yellow, brown, or white wastes in all directions. He will see the sun rise up from the distant horizon of the desert, describe an arc through the heavens and set beyond the wilderness in the west. I can freely forgive him if he grows weary of the perpetual ring of caravan bells, and looks eagerly for an oasis where for a while he may wake from his slumbers' (I. viii.).

### THE MYSTICISM OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

WHEN Charles Lamb said of Samuel Taylor Coleridge that he was an 'archangel a little damaged,' 'a stranger or visitor to this world,' he spoke, as was his wont, that perfect and final word about him which others would have toiled in vain to find. Coleridge was a spirit that chafed and fretted sadly against the confines of the flesh, and never could quite fit in with the conditions and demands of ordinary life. A heavy body and a swift and restless mind, a constant vacillation between radiant vivacity and despondency and sloth, an incapacity for dealing with monetary or domestic affairs and the business of real life, a habit of projecting vast schemes, both literary and political, without doing anything to realize them, of turning up late or not at all to duly announced lectures, and of issuing magazines to subscribers at most irregular intervals; an insatiate craving for narcotics, that should numb the dull pains of the body and liberate the soul to its heavenly dreams,—these were indications of a spirit pent rather than housed in the body of mortal flesh, and tragically ill-adapted to the jars, duties, and conflicts of this workaday world.

You will see Coleridge; he who sits obscure  
In the exceeding lustre and the pure  
Intense irradiation of a mind  
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,  
Flashes wearily through darkness and despair—  
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,  
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shelley, *Letter to Maria Gisborne*.

Most transcendental of all in Coleridge was his stream of talk, a stream that flowed for ever on, as from perennial fountains in another world. It began in his earliest years when his astonished uncle carried him, a child of ten, to declaim in taverns and coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of Threadneedle Street. It continued when he was at Christ's Hospital, and Charles Lamb listened with adoring wonder to 'the inspired charity boy' who could dilate on the mysteries of Iamblichus and Plotinus. It accompanied him to Cambridge, where he recited political pamphlets to admiring graduates; and to Calne, where he rhapsodized by the hour in the marketplace on the price of corn. Hazlitt heard the marvellous flow in a Unitarian chapel in Shrewsbury, and tells us that the preacher launched into the subject 'like an eagle dallying with the wind,' and that he spoke with a voice that 'rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes.' Finally, to Gillman's house in Highgate came Carlyle and Emerson and Edward Irving and many more, to sit reverently at the mountain's base, while dense clouds of metaphysics, lit up by lightning gleams, descended in ample folds from the heights above. In every case Coleridge was himself the Ancient Mariner of his own exquisite creation. He held men by his glittering eye and by his strange discourse, so that they could not choose but hear, and led them through a weird and endless labyrinth of whirling words by the clue of some golden thread of philosophic speculation—

From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love  
 Attracted and absorbed: and centred there  
 God only to behold, and know, and feel,  
 Till by exclusive consciousness of God  
 All self-annihilated the soul shall make  
 God its identity: God all in all!  
 We and our Father one!<sup>1</sup>

Coleridge had thus a nature apt for mysticism. It was he who first gave currency to the saying that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, and there could be no doubt on which side his own sympathies lay. Coleridge was himself like the aeolian harp he has so well described, vibrant to all the wandering breezes of the Spirit that bloweth where it listeth, and familiar with—

Such delights  
 As float to earth, permitted visitants!  
 When in some hour of solemn jubilee  
 The massy gates of Paradise are thrown  
 Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild  
 Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,  
 And odours snatched from beds of amaranth.<sup>2</sup>

Coleridge was early indebted to the mystics, and has recorded of such writers as Fox, Boehme, Tauler, and William Law, that 'they contributed to keep alive the heart in the head; gave me an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap has yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not

<sup>1</sup> *Religious Musings.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

penetrated, if they were to afford my soul either food or shelter.' <sup>1</sup> 'I have little faith,' he wrote, 'yet am wonderfully fond of speculating on mystical themes. . . . The article of faith which is the nearest to my heart—the pure fountain of all my moral and religious feelings and comforts—is the absolute Impersonality of the Deity.' <sup>2</sup> Coleridge openly averred that he had no interest in facts as facts, but only in the universal principles and truths by which the isolated fact must be interpreted and discerned. Facts without ideas would be mere history. Ideas without facts would be mere philosophy. It is the blending of the two that constitutes religion. <sup>3</sup> Coleridge was the chief leader of reaction against the empirical school of philosophy in this country, and the most eloquent exponent of German Romanticism, as represented by Fichte and Schelling. The organ by which we apprehend truth is spiritual intuition, itself a ray of the Uncreated Light. The *Reason* is from above, the *Understanding* is from beneath, and when the latter has groped vainly for its object in the dark, the former can light a match, as it were, and see it in a flash. Yield to the inspiration of this heavenly gleam, and it will carry you into realms of beatific vision, where the distinctions of subject and object are transcended.

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,  
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.  
Truth of subliming import! with the which  
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,  
He from his small particular orbit flies  
With blest outstarting! From himself he flies,  
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze  
Views all creation; and he loves it all,  
And blesses it, and calls it very good!  
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!  
Cherubs and rapture—trembling Seraphim  
Can press no nearer to Almighty's throne. <sup>4</sup>

So light and airy, indeed, are the wings on which Fichte bears his ardent disciple aloft into the realm of the Unconditioned, that the soul even loses its identity altogether through being absorbed in God, and self with a small capital letter becomes Self with a large one.

A sordid, solitary thing,  
Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart  
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams  
Feeling himself, his own low self the whole;  
When he by sacred sympathy might make  
The whole one Self! Self, that no alien knows!  
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!  
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,  
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith. <sup>5</sup>

To descend from these altitudes to examine the external evidences of Christianity is not easy, and Coleridge saw no necessity for doing so. True, he both began and ended his days in the orthodox faith, and desired that his loving devotion to the Church of England might be inscribed on his

<sup>1</sup> *Biographia Literaria*, chap. 9.    <sup>2</sup> *Letters*, Mar. 12, 1794, and Dec. 5, 1803.

<sup>3</sup> *Table Talk*, Dec. 3 and 27, 1831; July 13, 1832.

<sup>4</sup> *Religious Musings*.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

tombstone. But for a great part of his life he was a convinced Unitarian, and he always continued to approach the truths of the gospel from the speculative and intuitive standpoint. Christianity is true because it 'finds' us. The dogmas of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Redemption are to be credited not because they are supernaturally revealed or authoritatively promulgated or testified by miracles, but because they correspond to the necessary truths of the philosophic reason, are congruous with human nature, whether in the individual or the race, and when truly accepted and acted upon satisfy the deepest needs and longings of the heart. Coleridge held that our natural powers of reason, will, and understanding were 'preconfigured to the reception of the Christian doctrines and promises,' and even earnestly maintained that he would not abate one jot of his faith in God's power and mercy though he were to be convinced that the New Testament were a forgery from beginning to end.<sup>1</sup>

In his attitude to the sacraments of the Church, Coleridge wavered somewhat. He was never much of a believer in rites and ceremonies, and in his early years he refused to allow his children to be baptized. In later life, however, he confessed that he 'never could attend a christening service without tears bursting forth at the sight of the helpless infant in the pious clergyman's arms.' Coleridge finally subscribed to 'so much Christianity as was common to all the Churches, Catholic and Protestant, East and West, excluding the Unitarians.' As to the Quakers, he knew not what to say, since an article on the Sacraments would exclude them. 'My doubt is whether Baptism and the Eucharist are properly any *parts* of Christianity, or not rather Christianity itself; the one, the initial conversion or light; the other, the sustaining and invigorating life; both together the *φῶς καὶ ζωὴ* of Christianity.'<sup>2</sup> We have here a sentence which shows Coleridge veering round from the mystical to the sacerdotal conception of Christianity. It may well explain the belief of both Thomas Carlyle and Cardinal Newman that his influence was one of the fountain streams of the Tractarian Movement.

Yet Coleridge was never by temperament a sacramentalist, and his whole nature was alien from the more formal customs and ceremonies of devotion. In a curiously autobiographical passage in *The Pains of Sleep* he seems to indicate that formally to engage in prayer was irksome to him, and that he preferred the mystical trance of a kind of spiritual self-magnetization.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray,  
With moving lips or bended knees;  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to love compose,  
In humble trust mine eyelids close  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
Only a *sense* of supplication;  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest,  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since in me, round me, everywhere  
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

<sup>1</sup> See *Table Talk*, July 28, 1832.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Jan. 12, 1834.

The truth is that the real home of Coleridge's worship was not the parish church, which he valued chiefly for its services to general culture, and in which he was often wofully disappointed with the preaching,<sup>1</sup> but rather the temple of the universe, in which his expansive soul could roam at large. 'I never find myself alone, within the embracement of rocks and hills, . . . but my spirit careers, drives, and eddies, like a leaf in autumn; a wild activity of thought, imaginations, feelings, and impulses of motion rises up within me.'<sup>2</sup> The starry night in whose awful depths twinkle those tiny sparks which are suns to other worlds, the pine-clad slopes of Chamouni whose rainbows and blue gentians and snow-fed cataracts proclaim the living God, and the homeless winds and sea-cliff's verge of England, whither the Spirit of Liberty had fled from 'Priestcraft's harpy minions'—these were the scenes among which the poet loved to bow the head, 'in inward adoration of the great I AM, and of the filial WORD that reaffirmeth it from eternity to eternity, whose choral echo is the universe.'<sup>3</sup>

In a sense, Coleridge's life was a failure. It was like some rambling prospectus of a vast projected work never to be issued. His fatal discursiveness and procrastination, his constitutional sloth, his readiness to will anything but the immediate business of the hour—these were his undoing, and the words he used to Emerson of another were a striking characterization of himself, 'The man was a chaos of truths, but he lacked the knowledge that God is a God of order.'<sup>4</sup> Yet had he been more precise and methodical in his working, Coleridge could never have been that inspired magician we have learned to admire and love. There are some things which are seen more divinely in the pale glamour of moonlight than in the clearest sunlight. Such are ever the truths, of art, of poetry, of religion, which gleam from the wizard pages of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

R. H. COATS.

### THE METHODIST PULPIT OF TO-DAY

AMONG the specific needs and obligations of the Methodist pulpit of to-day the foremost is a *clear and intense evangelicalism*, which never loses sight of the Christian essentials, and is not afraid to formulate and emphasize them.

Are we, or are we not, showing to men the real Christ, the God-Man Saviour? Or do we put them off with a reduced and mutilated 'Jesus,' the pattern man and wonderful teacher, but no more? Has the Atonement fallen out of our scheme of things? Is sin no longer a deadly reality to us? Have we ceased to believe in the distinction of regenerate and unregenerate? Or if we continue to hold it valid, do we strenuously insist upon it as vital? Do we ever explain away the new birth as a mere 'change of opinion upon spiritual things which comes to every man

<sup>1</sup> *Table Talk*, ed. Ashe, p. 300; *Fears in Solitude*, ll. 63-66.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters*, Jan. 14, 1803. <sup>3</sup> *Biographia Literaria*. <sup>4</sup> Emerson, *English Traits*.



in turn,' so encouraging our youth to suppose that they can be Christians without repentance and a saving work of grace? These questions are not written by way of accusation, but rather as food for close self-searching by us, as Christ's ministers. One thing, at all events, is certain: only by means of an evangelical gospel can we search the consciences of men or regenerate their souls. None but a gracious ministry can be an accusing ministry; but a ministry which is never an accusing one can never be gracious. Neology is a rainless zone, and rainless lands are mostly desert.

In spite of the hasty conclusions of some and the anxious fears of others, no single item of essential Christianity has been invalidated by the new knowledge of our day, whether scientific or critical. It is true that certain crude dogmatisms of the past have disappeared, and that revision and re-statement of some of our interpretations are rendered imperative. But, that the profoundest loyalty to evangelical orthodoxy may be maintained in keeping with the evolutionary philosophy, and that the two can be honestly 'homologated,' has been convincingly shown in Principal Griffith Jones's masterly *The Ascent through Christ*. Even so resolute a champion of Evolution as the late Professor Huxley admitted that it was at best a convenient and probable working hypothesis; but suppose it finally established, it should be remembered that, to this day, Dr. A. R. Wallace, the joint author with Darwin of the great discovery, maintains that the spiritual nature of man was not the child of Evolution, but was the subject of an immediate act of creation. And if this be so, does it not follow that the doctrine of the Fall, with its implications of Sin and Redemption, is not quite so much discredited as some would have us believe? One thing at least is clear: no man has a right to retain his position as a Methodist preacher who does not accept the saving truths of Christianity, and with all his might proclaim them. Vast numbers of our people have proved them 'upon their pulses,' and are sure of them by the triumphant test of life—and *have not we?*—and while they need no persuasion that these truths are true, they claim, and rightly claim, to hear them from our lips. Let us give them as modern a presentation as we will; but never let us replace them with what Principal Rainy termed 'moonlight theology, explaining away the peculiarity of Christianity, disenchanting it of its glory.' Colourless ethical prelections, pointless addresses upon topics appropriate to newspapers, or polished essays upon social reform, can be no substitute for the gospel. Our Modernism and its culture will take care of themselves; and assuming them both, the greatest need of our ministry to-day is a *reversion to type*, in the emphatic proclamation of that evangel which, in Dr. Rainy's words, is 'far too good to be false.'

A second special need of present-day preaching is, a closer *concentration and pointedness of aim*. The preacher speaks to an aggregate of men, but the unit is really the only thing that counts. Men do *not* receive their Christianity, like Charlemagne's soldiers, 'in platoons.' Hence the need of concentrating upon the individual, by urgent appeal and application of truth to the conscience, so that every hearer may feel that the message is for him. A certain statesman is said to have 'thought in continents,'

and another has advised his countrymen to 'think imperially.' In politics, the advice is wholesome. But what is the good of the preacher's speaking about the continents, or to them, when they are not present to listen to him, and might not listen if they were? His concern is rather with the eyots of humanity, and his apostrophe should be: 'Listen, O ye isles!' It is surely better for most of us to leave the continental, and still more the cosmic, issues to be dealt with by the few great thinkers who are more nearly equal to them. A wide aim—which is often equivalent to none—means a missed target: the narrower the aim, the nearer 'the white.' To be unable to 'see the trees for the wood' spells failure for the Christian prophet. A sermon should be like those portrait paintings one sometimes sees, which follow the gazer with their eyes wherever he may stand. It should never be a 'roman candle,' throwing up pretty coloured lights before the spectators; rather should it be like a loaded gun pointed straight at the hearer for the express purpose of the wound that *heals*. Firing with blank cartridge, or fencing with the button on the foil, may show one's skill; but no execution will be done. Of all men, the preacher should be a 'pragmatist,' intense and unremitting. His opposite is well described in Arthur's *Tongue of Fire*—'And now you may find him an absurd combination of strength and feebleness; a gunner working heavy guns, but with silver barrels, and scented powder, and balls of frozen honey!' There are few more disastrous signs in the Church of to-day than its contempt for religious emotion. It is not entertaining that men need, but saving; and if they are to be saved, they must be moved; and if we are to move them, we must take deadly aim at their consciences. It is told of Robert Newton that an artist once attended a service which he was conducting, for the purpose of taking a sketch of the Methodist orator, and took his place in the front of the gallery for the better view. But so searchingly and tenderly did the preacher preach, that the artist forgot his errand, laid down his pencil, and found himself weeping like a child. Oh! for more of such preaching!

The third supreme requirement of the Christian evangelist is that holy '*power*' which our fathers knew as '*unction*.'

From the beginning, this was the core of the meaning of the greatest of Christian institutions: man speaking for God, and God speaking through man. This is the true *Theurgy*. There is no mortal so piteously solitary as the man who stands in the pulpit alone. But think of the true preacher's resources. If God has sent him, and if he is living honestly to his Master, he has an absolute right to that Master's presence whenever he speaks in His name; and, what is more, he has it. And then, the business in issue is no longer between him and his hearers, but between them and God; and they are as conscious of the fact as he. What a mighty 'purchase' it gives him in facing his awful responsibility—the wind of heaven going with his word, and making it doubly persuasive and commanding!

But if the Christian herald is to wield this gracious power, he must first possess it; it must be *in him* as a living energy. It is not an official enduement, at call for public occasions merely. It must dwell in

us as men if it is to be with us as preachers. Charles Greville says in his memoirs that the Earl Grey of the Reform Bill spoke in Parliament above the level of his own abilities. One can understand the paradox : but it is quite certain that, for the purpose of permanent and saving impression, no preacher, whatever his gifts, can speak above the level of his own spiritual life. No man can search another's conscience who trifles with his own. And further : the more spiritual and the more awful themes will alike be distasteful and unreal to us if we are unspiritual men. How can we, in such conditions, commend them to our congregations ? There is no imposture more miserably hollow than an evangelical ministry which does not spring like blossoms out of a living evangelical experience. He who would preach repentance with effect must preach it out of a melted heart ; and salvation, forgiveness, sanctity, fellowship, will give place to secular topics if we are living on secular air. But for the preacher whose soul's life is full and high, there will always be two immense advantages : (1) He himself will be absolutely certain of the truths which he proclaims—will be possessed and fired by them ; and his certitude and enthusiasm will be contagious ; and (2) His testimony will be divinely reinforced until 'truth from his lips prevails with double sway,' and 'falling on their faces,' his hearers 'will own that God is with him of a truth.'

SIDNEY MEES.

## Recent Literature

### BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL

*Divine Transcendence and its Reflection in Religious Authority.*  
An Essay by J. R. Illingworth, D.D. (Macmillan.  
4s. 6d. net.)

THE first part of this title announces a great subject, which deserves adequate treatment, especially at the present time. So much has been said of late concerning Divine Immanence—notably by Dr. Illingworth himself—that it was high time to keep the balance of Theistic doctrine true by expounding the importance of Divine Transcendence. What is said on that subject in this volume is, as the author's name is sufficient to prove, well and ably said; we only regret that its treatment forms so small a part of this not very long 'Essay.' Authority is the writer's main theme, and the vindication of authority in religion rightly understood is doubtless greatly needed at present. But the higher theme should surely have predominated in the exposition; it is a grievous descent to find the author, so early in the book as the fourth chapter, chiefly anxious—though, with respect be it said, quite unable—to prove the divine right of Episcopacy.

On page eighteen we read, 'The divine immanence in man, as conceived by Christians, depends for its very character and value upon the divine transcendence.' That is a proposition profoundly true, but greatly needing to be redemonstrated to the present generation. We should have rejoiced if Dr. Illingworth had devoted his great powers of exposition to its elucidation and enforcement. We welcome the thirty or forty pages he devotes to it and only regret that he is satisfied with the statement that to neglect the doctrine of transcendence and insist only, or mainly, upon Divine Immanence, would 'land us in pantheism.' For one great danger of contemporary philosophizing is the inculcation of doctrine which robs Theism of its characteristic features and attracts towards pantheism many who think little of whither the path they are treading will lead them.

But an author must choose his own subject, and Dr. Illingworth finds the reflection of transcendence in religious authority the more important aspect for consideration. Here we do not find the respected author either impressive or convincing. He does not trouble himself about the earliest Church history, but calmly assumes that 'only those churches which have retained the historic episcopate are . . . legitimate branches of the Catholic Church.' It is surely an arrogant and dangerous position to announce that 'the episcopate is at once the symbol and the instrument of God's authoritative hold upon the world through Christ,' and thus to bind up the authority of the Christian religion, and indeed of the Divine Being Himself, with a human institution. For what is called 'the historic episcopate' is a human institution, not a divine appointment. It is true that episcopacy has the sanction of long and wide-spread usage, and no

wise non-Episcopalian would hesitate to admit the valuable service which this institution has rendered to the Church universal, especially at certain periods of its history. But Dr. Illingworth glides adroitly over the crucial objections to his case. The fact that before the end of the second century episcopacy had been generally adopted does not prove that it was apostolically enjoined, still less that the Lord Jesus Christ, or St. Paul as one of His foremost Apostles, intended that the Christian religion through all time should be indissolubly bound up with one particular form of ecclesiastical government and that the authority of the divine message should depend upon the recognition of 'three orders.'

Dr. Illingworth seems to forget that in the view of the Roman and Greek Churches his own orders are utterly invalid and his ministry illegitimate. Naturally he would resent such assumptions, perhaps with some disdain. He should therefore see that the continuity of episcopal government, which he rightly calls 'a great fact, that looms large in human history,' is very far from proving what he claims for it. Besides, the nineteenth century is a part of history, and at present Protestant non-Episcopalians far outnumber the advocates of episcopacy, many of whom, moreover—including representative Anglicans, from Hooker and Andrewes to Lightfoot and Hort—would repudiate Dr. Illingworth's narrow contention that this particular form of government is not only of the *bene esse*, but constitutes a part of the very *esse* of 'the true Church.' Have the fruits of the Spirit been confined to Episcopal communities during the modern period in which Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist Churches have multiplied?

It is unfortunate that an essay which contains many valuable suggestions should make so much to depend upon so untenable an ecclesiastical position. For the author practically makes the authority of the Bible to rest upon that of the Church, and he is obliged to acknowledge that no modern re-statement of the subject-matter of the creeds is possible because 'the Church' is divided and 'the very fact of our division carries with it a corresponding inability to modify any formula which we share with others, who could have no concurrent voice in its modification.' Surely a *reductio ad absurdum* of an ecclesiastical theory this, which arrests doctrinal action in the Anglican Church till the Church of Rome and the Oriental Church graciously signify their concurrence!

The argument of the essay is like the statue in the fashioning of which clay was mingled with silver and gold. The kingdom set up is 'partly strong and partly broken,' and the worst of an argument so conducted is that it is open to the objection that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. This does not prevent us from being thankful to the author for those parts of his essay with which we are in hearty agreement.

*Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament.* By James Moffatt, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 12s. net.)

We have been waiting long for the companion volume to Dr. Driver's Old Testament *Introduction*, and our expectation has been quickened by the



fact that no more competent scholar than Dr. Moffatt could have been selected to write the Introduction to the New Testament. We venture to predict that his work will easily take the first place among New Testament Introductions hitherto published in this country: and further, that among biblical students it will be the most discussed volume for some time to come. It is massive in the fullness of its information, wide and accurate in its scholarship, detailed and complete in its bibliographies and references to authorities—particularly to modern German periodical literature—courageous without being reckless in its treatment of the various problems of New Testament literature, vivacious and deft in its literary style. The old tradition that a critical work is necessarily dull has been shaken by Dr. James Moulton's *Grammar of New Testament Greek*, and receives a further blow from Dr. Moffatt, who brightens his discussions with many a quotation and happy touch, as e.g. when he speaks of Griesbach's theory that St. Mark's Gospel is a compilation from St. Matthew and St. Luke as 'an unlucky and prolific dandelion which it has taken nearly a century of opposition to eradicate.'

British scholarship in the realm of New Testament criticism—'with the recent and brilliant exception of Peake,' says Dr. Moffatt, and we of course have to add Dr. Moffatt's own name—has perhaps been unduly conservative in its point of view. Engaged for the most part in the negative and apologetic task of combating German heresies, the writers of New Testament Introductions have too often failed to convince us of the security of the traditional views. Now, whatever may be the final verdict on Dr. Moffatt's conclusions—and they cannot of course be accepted without careful examination—we are now in possession of a work which faces the whole problem in a fearless constructive fashion, lets us know the worst which an advanced critic with judicial calmness (a quality not always characteristic of critical methods) has to urge against time-honoured views, and gives us ample material for forming an independent judgement. That Dr. Moffatt rejects the Petrine authorship of 1 Peter, regarding it as a pseudonymous work by Silvanus, denies (which is more serious) the Pauline authorship of Ephesians, considers the Pastoral epistles to be 'Pauline pseudepigrapha,' believes that a little group of Johannine writings—the Apocalypse probably and 2 and 8 John certainly—were the work of John the Presbyter, with whom, in the course of the second century, John the apostle, an early martyr, came to be confused; believes further that 'the anonymous author of the Fourth Gospel may have also composed (though probably he did not) the homily or tract which has come down to us under the canonical title of 1 John'—all these, among others, are views which, revolutionary as they are, hardly affect our sense of the value of his work. For the student will find in this volume all the data for arriving at conclusions diametrically opposed to those maintained by the learned author. We ourselves are not convinced by Dr. Moffatt's conclusions on several aspects of the Pauline and Johannine problems; but so long as the New Testament is subjected to the minute and detailed scrutiny which it demands at the hands of the literary critic, there will be a wide field for difference of opinion, and further, there will be no little uncertainty and

suspense of judgement when we come to the delicate work of weighing conflicting theories against each other. It is one of the outstanding merits of Dr. Moffatt's notable book—a book which reflects the highest credit on British scholarship—that where it fails to convince, it at least evokes independent thought and presents us with the material for further research and renewed investigation.

*Studies in the Synoptic Problem.* By Members of the University of Oxford. Edited by the Rev. W. Sanday, D.D. (Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

This notable volume is the product of what Dr. Sanday calls *A Seminar*, or School of Doctors meeting together in the lodgings of the Lady Margaret Professor and discussing, as occasion allowed, the many questions which make up what is called *The Synoptic Problem*. The members of the school who have contributed to the work before us, in addition to the editor, Dr. Sanday, are Sir J. C. Hawkins, Archdeacon W. C. Allen, Dr. J. V. Bartlet, and the Revs. B. H. Streeter, W. E. Addis, and N. P. Williams. These names are sufficient to guarantee the value of the work under consideration. It is marked by great erudition, painstaking analysis of the material examined, a frank and fearless discussion of details, and a judgement which, if it cannot be considered final, at any rate makes us feel that finality may after all be not so very far distant.

The authorship is composite and the overlapping of subjects is inevitable. In consequence there is a certain amount of dissentient opinion between the different writers, and it is not easy to indicate the general opinion of this school of criticism on the subject as a whole. Dr. Sanday minimizes this difference of opinion, but to us it seems to be considerable. Thus Dr. Bartlet, and to a certain extent Archdeacon Allen, rejects what is known as 'the two-document hypothesis,' while the others accept it. Sir J. C. Hawkins, in discussing the use of 'Q' by Matthew and Luke, considers that Luke did not use the same collection of discourses as was used by Matthew. Mr. Streeter, on the other hand, considers that he did, and that he has preserved the original order of Q better than his fellow Evangelist. Dr. Allen, again, considers that the First Gospel is the best authority for the contents of Q. Dr. Bartlet, who contributes what he calls 'A Minority Report,' accepting a two-document basis for the Third Gospel alone, holds that the special source of Luke was bound up with Q, and can scarcely be separated from it. All these points of difference are far from being unimportant, and they destroy the sense of unity between the several essays. Nevertheless we share the opinion of Dr. Sanday when he says that there is no justification for the opinion that the problem as a whole is insoluble. We notice a general abandonment of an oral basis for the three Gospels, and this clears the ground of much that would otherwise be distracting. The priority of Mark is allowed, but in every case this priority is qualified. The phrase generally used is 'What was practically identical' with Canonical Mark. But it may be asked wherein lay the

difference if there was not complete identity? An attempt to answer this question would remove many difficulties. For if it can be shown that the Markan narrative in these Gospels is threefold, that we have the earliest edition in the Third Gospel and the latest in the Second, while Matthew exhibits an edition standing midway between the two, we shall be able to account for differences between the three versions of the Markan narrative without importing into Q elements which are confusing. Thus in considering the question whether Q contained narrative as well as 'sayings' properly so called, there seems to be a general abandonment of Lightfoot's well-known contention that the term 'Logion' might be used of scripture generally without insisting too rigorously upon 'discourse.' Yet the story of both the Baptism and of the Temptation and of the Healing of the Centurion's servant are all attributed to Q, in spite of the fact that the formula which marks the transition from Discourse to Narrative is used in passing from the Sermon on the Mount to the healing of the servant. Apparently the inclusion of these three sections in Q is owing to the difficulty of accounting for the differences between them in Canonical Mark and in the other two Gospels, supposing that Canonical Mark was before the Evangelists. This question, then, of the exact contents of the Markan source must be settled before we can hope to arrive at a conclusion as to the nature and composition of Q.

As to this last, it is desirable that some attempt be made to decide what Q really represents. Are we to use the formula when speaking of Matthew's contribution to the First Gospel? Or are we to use it of some collection or collections of disjointed sayings from which both the First and Third Evangelist drew in making their respective arrangement or distribution? To us it seems better to use the formula in the latter sense, and to find Matthew's Aramaic collection of Sayings embodied in Greek form within the compilation which we name after that Evangelist.

Such are some of the questions which are certainly advanced a considerable stage nearer to solution by the present work, but which can scarcely be said to be settled by it. To the student of the Gospels this work, together with Dr. Stanton's volume on the Gospels as historical documents, and Harnack's on the Sayings of Jesus, is invaluable as bringing all the factors of the great 'Problem' before him in such clearness as must lead eventually to a full solution.

*The Indwelling Spirit.* By W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D.  
(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

The Church has waited long and may have to wait longer for a complete and scientific theology of the Holy Spirit. Meanwhile we are thankful for the numerous contributions to such a theology which are appearing, and among which the present volume will take an honourable place. The subject touches at one end the much-discussed question of Immanence and at the other the equally popular question of Mysticism, and so the volume opens and closes with suggestive discussions of these questions. Other valuable discussions bear on St. Paul's psychology, the New Testa-

ment doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the Gifts of the Spirit, the Spirit of Holiness, the Plenitude of the Spirit, and other aspects of the Spirit's work which are of the greatest interest to all churches, and especially to a church which puts the work of conviction of sin, the double witness of pardon, and progressive sanctification in the front of its teaching. One result of the inclusion of several fine sermons on the theme of the volume will, we trust, be that the subject will be more fully treated in our pulpits. There is abundant need for this when one popular writer can say that there is no remedy for a bad heart and no substitute for a good one, and another pours scorn on the Christian type of character as contemptible and servile. Nietzsche's 'Superman is a bragging and blushing boy when set beside the man who has learned Paul's lessons of meekness and patience.' The importance of the personal Spirit in respect both to divine and human personality is well emphasized. 'God is personal Spirit, and as personal Spirit not only has He brought personal spirits into being, but He establishes union and communion with those who trust and obey Him, by that personal Spirit who abides within them if they will make room for Him. Belief in a personal God preserves the dignity of man, his moral freedom and responsibility, and his personal immortality. . . . The real presence of Christ among His people is His presence at the Table of the Lord. But the living Christ can only be present in the power of the Holy Spirit whose very name is hardly mentioned in some sacramental offices from end to end.'

*Truth in Religion. Studies in the Nature of Christian Certainty.* By Dugald Macfadyen, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Macfadyen's aim is to reconcile the movement towards the use of larger generalizations and wider categories in religious thought with that more exact study and more careful definition of Christian experience which offers a genuine interpretation of Apostolic Christianity. If these movements can be reconciled, religion ought greatly to strengthen its hold on the public mind. The book is divided into three parts: The Historical Method in Religion; Facts and Factors in Religion; The Gospel is Jesus Christ. The historical method has added important departments to the area of religious study. Scholars, archaeologists, and literary critics have provided much material for 'thorough, informed, theological construction in the attitude and atmosphere of faith.' Science has been driven to make room 'for the categories which belong to the moral and spiritual order of life.' There is no better statement of the position that Christian experience is a substantial verification of the gospel story than that given by Dr. Dale in *The Living Christ*. Mr. Macfadyen deals with such facts in the second part of his book, finding the historic meeting-point of human inspiration and divine revelation in Jesus Christ. 'The religious destiny of the world is wrapped up with a true and worthy appreciation of what He was and is, and a right attitude towards Him.' This leads to a singularly beautiful setting forth of Jesus Christ as the Gospel. In Him God enters into posses-

sion of humanity and man 'enters into possession of the powers and freedom of eternal spirit.' Every part of this study will repay close attention, but the section on the Cross is specially noteworthy. Mr. Macfadyen recognizes that it has 'a variety of outlook and aspect which is practically infinite.' The Cross is the key to the spiritual order. The last section deals with St. Paul's phrase 'in Christ.' Behind it 'we have a changed consciousness of life and a changed man.' Everything is suggestive, and the notes which illustrate the 'immediate experience of God' and Mr. Macfadyen's own impressive testimony on p. 78 will be studied with profit. The book ought to make a deep impression, and to show that the Christian argument was never so reasonable or so worthy of acceptance as it is now that it has gone through the sharpest fires of criticism.

*The Revelation of the Son of God.* By Ernest A. Edghill,  
B.D. (Macmillan & Co. 3s. net.)

The Hulsean Lectures for 1910-1911 deal with some crucial questions suggested by second-century Christianity. After the Apostolic age there is a period of strange silence before 'the religion of the Catholic Church' emerges into unmistakable clearness at the end of the second century. We want to know whether it was essentially the same as the faith cherished by the first disciples. The answer is that Christianity came forward as a revealed religion, positive, moral, rational, historical. The Romans 'who deign to mention' it are quite clear that they are dealing with a faith, not a philosophy. The contrast between Christianity and the other spiritual forces of the empire is well brought out. 'The Stoic, in his effort to refine the dross of human nature, cast away the gold and offered iron.' The next lecture seeks to discover how far the Church of the second century regarded a belief in miracles as in any way essential to the Christian faith. The place of miracle in the economy of revelation is discussed in a way that will repay careful attention. What should our attitude be towards the miracles of Christ and His Church? Mr. Edghill pleads for caution in elevating any particular interpretation of the miraculous into a dogma of the Christian faith, and for a more vivid sense of the miraculous in every-day life. 'Faith made possible the miracles of Christ, even as want of faith had aforesaid made them impossible.' The third lecture shows that the Apologists of the second century, like the Apostles themselves, 'proclaimed the historical Jesus of Nazareth, and Him they worshipped as Christ the Word and Christ the Lord. There was no separation or severance between these three conceptions, the Christ of History, the Christ of Reason, the Christ of Experience.' The last lecture is on 'Christ and the Christian Creeds.' 'The divisions of Christendom will not be healed by a divided Christ. Christ that is true God and true man, Christ the Lord and Christ the Word, both sides are equally necessary if we would present Jesus to men as the mediator of a perfect revelation and of a perfect redemption.' The lectures are the work of a true theologian who has a great gift as a clear thinker and a lucid expositor.



*The Composition of the Book of Isaiah in the Light of History and Archaeology.* By R. H. Kennett, D.D. (Henry Frowde. 3s. net.)

The Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, who delivered the Schweich Lectures for 1909 in connexion with the British Academy, set himself to tell in a simple way the story of the Book of Isaiah. Dr. Kennett thinks that Isaiah's disciples preserved orally their master's teaching as the Apostles preserved that of our Lord, and that consolatory passages were interpolated amid denunciations and predictions of woe. He attempts to show how the original book was enlarged by the addition of prophecies composed in the Babylonian and Persian periods, whilst the third lecture deals with additions and modifications in the Babylonian period. Dr. Kennett admits that literary criticism is inadequate to solve the problems of the book, and supplements it with keen and detailed historical criticism. That is the special feature of the lectures, and it entitles them to careful consideration, though we think Dr. Kennett's conclusions are too sweeping to win general acceptance.

*The Kingdom and the Messiah.* By E. F. Scott, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 6s. net.)

Readers of Dr. E. F. Scott's work on the Fourth Gospel will be drawn to this study by him of Apocalyptic, and will not be disappointed. It is fresh, independent, and reverent. Behind it are an evident knowledge of everything worth knowing that has been written on the subject, and a recognition of Scripture as an authoritative guide, whatever licence the interpreter may occasionally allow himself. The supreme feature is constructiveness. Instead of filling his pages with detailed attacks upon Schweitzer and Tyrrell, with their less literary predecessors, Dr. Scott examines the teaching of Jesus for himself and groups his conclusions into a systematized view, which stimulates to devout thought, even if it is not in every particular convincing.

A defect of the book is the absence of an analytical table of contents, though the writer's thought is so clear and the sequences are so well preserved that the careful reader can easily construct a synopsis for himself as he proceeds. Whether he will do so is another question. The starting-point is an assumed distinction between the two conceptions of the Kingdom and the Messiah, the latter being a reasonable complement of the former but not by any means necessarily involved in it. The popular anticipations of a national Kingdom provided Jesus with a means of intellectual contact with His audience, and He proceeded to eliminate the political and secular accretions. Two figures, that of the Messiah of prophecy and that of the heavenly Man of Daniel's vision, met and fused in His self-consciousness; and gradually He attained a complete sense of His Messianic calling and of the position in it occupied by suffering and death. The Apocalyptic teaching is the framework within which He put His religious message. Both are of permanent value. In the modification

of the former He Himself set the example and indicated the course, while the religious truths belong to no single generation, but always and everywhere meet the deepest needs of men.

In elaborating this theme Dr. Scott pauses at important stages to examine the evidence. He does not resolve all the difficulties; and there are far too many cases in which he pleads for a modification of Christ's words as reported in the Gospels under the influence of doctrinal presupposition or ecclesiastical theory. Nor is he quite consistent in his representation of Christ's belief as to the imminence or remoteness of the Kingdom. But he certainly does show, what at this precise moment in theological discussion is greatly needed, that the teaching of Christ gains rather than loses in value because it was clothed in the terms of Jewish eschatology. 'The ethical and the apocalyptic factors have both an integral place in His message.' So much may be taken as proved; and as other recent publications show, thought is advancing in the right and most fruitful direction.

*The Eschatological Question in the Gospels, and other Studies in Recent New Testament Criticism.* By the Rev. C. W. Emmet, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 6s. net.)

Of the seven essays in this volume, all but the first have appeared in the *Expository Times*, the *Expositor*, or other journals. Two of them relate to Loisy and his views on the resurrection and the life of Christ. The contents of the original document now known as Q, the authorship of the Magnificat, the date of the Epistle to the Galatians, and the conception of inspiration as illustrated in the Apocalypse are the subjects of the last four studies. The first and longest is an independent and effective study of Schweitzer's interpretation of the eschatology of the Gospels.

It will be seen that Mr. Emmet is dealing with questions, not by any means of equal importance, but all of living interest and related more or less closely to fundamental considerations. His own standpoint is practically that of Harnack and Bousset; and it is against the more radical positions of Loisy and Schweitzer that his criticism is principally directed. As a critic he is fair and discriminating, possessed alike of sufficient technical scholarship and of a trained faculty of judgement. While entirely disapproving of the weapons that have been used officially against the leaders of the Modernist movement, he has no difficulty in showing that Loisy's conclusions are vitiated by a degree of subjectivity in the treatment of Scripture amounting almost to an unfettered play of imagination. Schweitzer was introduced to English readers with exaggerated commendation of which the authors are now evidently beginning to repent, and his ascendancy has proved but brief. Whoever desires to see a clear, compact statement of his position, with an exhibition of a few of the more conspicuous points at which it fails to prove convincing, will find what he wants in Mr. Emmet's volume, and will be prepared for the positive construction of Christ's teaching that awaits him elsewhere.

*The Athanasian Creed in the Twentieth Century.* By R. O. P. Taylor, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 4s. net.)

Twenty years ago Mr. Taylor first read the Athanasian Creed, and he 'has never forgotten the startling pleasure which it gave him.' Recent study has not destroyed that feeling. He has come to value it more highly as he understood it better, and feels that those who would retain it may, after all, be the true 'Modernists.' The principal difficulty lies on the threshold. He maintains that the much debated 'Quicumque vult' only applies to those who have already got hold of the Faith. It reminds them that they must not only guard against becoming Pharisees, but also against becoming Sadducees or Herodians. It is not an explosion of wrath against those who decline to share our beliefs. Mr. Taylor seeks to show that the thought of the Creed is in harmony with that of science. It 'expresses as lofty and clear a conception of God as has yet been attained.' We find here 'an accurate compendium of our present knowledge of God, without being so framed as to place obstacles in the way of the expansion of that knowledge.' Science confirms the idea of the Oneness of God given in the Creed, and even finds the conception of Trinity in Unity congenial, and elucidates it. Mr. Taylor studies each section of the Creed in a way that will enlarge the thought of not a few students. His verdict is that 'nowhere in the whole range of documents which the Church has produced is there such a terse, clear statement of the Faith by which she lives.' The book would have gained by the addition of a section on the history of the Creed, but it is refreshing to read such a whole-hearted defence of its teaching. Everything is so clearly put that it is a pleasure to study the volume.

*Nature and Supernature.* By A. L. Lilley. (F. Griffiths. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Lilley always has a living message, and this fine volume makes a strong appeal to Christian thinkers. There is no affectation or rhetoric, but close and deep thought which is stimulating both to mind and heart. 'The gifts of Epiphany' are still to be offered to Christ. Gold is to be offered as a sacrifice. After providing for the necessities of life all that we have is due to the Lord of the common right. The quest of truth may be a fragrant incense ascending to God; love is the myrrh 'which can deaden the sting of even the fiercest pain, which will allay the bitterness of that cup of suffering from which all must drink.' 'The Epic of Redemption' is another set of homilies showing how 'the long process of creation will end in a new creation, in the final triumph of the redemptive process, in a new heaven and a new earth wherein righteousness will naturally dwell.' 'The discipline of Nature' dwells on the moral training which comes through the uncertainty of life and the exactingness of nature. This is a rich theme well worked out. Thoughts on the Temptation and on the Passion, and studies of the Seven Words from the Cross, fill up this strong and helpful book.

*St. Luke's Threefold Narrative of Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.* Reprinted from *The Interpreter* by Colonel G. Mackinlay.

Colonel Mackinlay sets out to show in this pamphlet that our Lord's journey to Jerusalem is told three times by St. Luke. He is led to this by the prominence given in the Third Gospel to what is known among scholars as 'The travel document,' but repeated attention called to one journey may be the explanation of the fact with which Colonel Mackinlay starts. His argument is also weakened by making the several accounts start from the giving of the Sermon on the Mount. It is, however, generally accepted that the Sermon as given by St. Matthew consists of a number of sayings thrown together by the Evangelist, and that St. Luke has recorded these sayings as each was uttered. It is thus impossible to make the occasion of delivering this 'Sermon' a chronological point from which to reckon.

The treatise reveals much careful work over the material used, but we cannot agree that the chronology of 'the travel document' is 'involved in hopeless confusion' unless we hold that St. Luke told the story three times, nor do we see that the discovery of a triple account in the Acts of the Apostles would be strong support of the Lukan authorship of the two books even if it were shown to exist in the Third Gospel.

*The Knowledge of Christ.* (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

These beautiful meditations on St. Paul's words 'That I may know Him' will send a thrill through every Christian heart. They sum up the great Apostle's gospel. After it pleased God to reveal His Son in him the story of every day was increasing knowledge of Jesus Christ. 'From faith to faith, grace to grace, glory to glory, is the appointed pathway.' St. Paul's words in Phil. iii. 10 'speak a passion, a pre-eminence, a deliberate, consuming abandon.' A wonderful set of parallels is drawn between the sayings of Jesus and the echo of them in the words of St. Paul. The whole study is glowing and inspiring. It is not merely evangelical, it has a mystic fire and intensity which kindles the mind and heart of a reader. Such a book has a real message for every Christian.

*On Eucharistic Worship in the English Church.* By the Rev. J. N. Dimock, M.A. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

This masterly volume appeared in 1876 and now takes its place in the Memorial Edition of Mr. Dimock's work. It is written by a Protestant scholar who has not allowed himself to be led away by prejudice. He shows that the doctrine of the Real Objective Presence is irreconcilable with the language of Tertullian, Augustine, Origen, Chrysostom, Jerome, and others; no ancient creed ever expressed the doctrine. It really involves a low view of Christ's Real Presence and of Christianity, and cannot be cleared from the charge of idolatry. The learned Appendix shows how abundantly Mr. Dimock was equipped for the great task which he carried out so ably.

Sir Henry S. Lunn has prepared a Manual of Prayer, Meditation, and Preparation for Holy Communion, which bears the significant title of *The Love of Jesus*. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. 6d. net.) An 'Introductory Letter to the People called Methodists' shows how keenly the writer is alive to the need of meditation, fasting, and more careful observance of the Lord's Supper. His little book will help many. It is written with much devout feeling, and the prayer and meditations which it contains are just what many communicants desire to have. We hope the manual will bear much fruit.

*The Old Testament Narrative*, separated out, set in connected order, and edited by Alfred Dwight Sheffield. With Illustrations. (Constable & Co. 6s. net.) This book gives the Old Testament narrative in due sequence, setting the later of two parallel versions in a footnote, adding original readings that have dropped out of the Hebrew but are preserved in the Greek, and supplying useful notes which throw light on the geography or explain difficult passages. The work is carefully done, and the Introduction is helpful. Teachers would find this a very useful book to consult in Bible-class work.

*A Day with the Good Shepherd*, by Annie F. Mamreov (Kelly, 1s. 6d. net), is just what a Bible student needs to light up the twenty-third Psalm and the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. It describes the shepherd with his club and staff, and shows how the flock is protected and fed. It is a fresh, bright study by one who lived in Palestine as a child and delighted to play with the kids and lambs. Every teacher and preacher will find good material in this little book.

Messrs. Dent & Sons have issued *The Life of Christ ; St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles ; The Early Christian Martyrs ;* and other volumes of *The Temple Bible Hand-books*, in stiff paper covers at 6d. net, in the hope that they may be of special service to Sunday schools and Bible-classes. They are little books of the greatest value, and we hope in this cheap form they will have a very large sale. They well deserve it.

Miss A. M. Collis has prepared a set of helps for meditation on each day of the month. Its title, *Under the Juniper Tree* (Stock, 3s. net), suggests that it is 'Comfort for the Cloudy Day,' and every page seems to have some bracing word or some gleam of sunshine. Poetry preponderates, but the prose selections are also very beautiful. It is a book that will have a wide sphere of ministry.

*The Ministry of the Holy Ghost*. By Mrs. James Gow. (Allenson, 1s. net.) This is a very helpful book, which deals wisely with a great subject and has many timely words on Christian fellowship, religious testimony, and the cultivation of personal holiness.

*The Gospel of the Resurrection*, by Brooke Foss Westcott. (Allenson, 6d.) This cheap edition of a recognized classic ought to have a very great circulation. Another sixpenny reprint, *Divine Immanence*, by J. R. Illingworth (Macmillan & Co.) puts a great book into the hands of the poorest student. Nature has taught us to regard evolution as the law of life, and



the Incarnation is here regarded as the congruous climax in such development.

*The Club Feast of Christ's Appointment* (Booklet Press, Stoke-on-Trent, 8d.), by the Rev. Herbert Moore, is a text-book and manual for confirmation candidates. We do not like the title, and the comparison of the Church to a Benefit Club jars on us, but there is a great deal of helpful direction in the manual and there is little trace of High Church teaching in it. It will be very useful to clergymen and to candidates for confirmation.

*The Beginning and the Ending, Some thoughts on the Book of Revelation*, by E. M. Smith. (Stock, 1s. net.) The beginning is at the Cross; the end comes when the members of Christ's body reign with Him for ever. This is the idea worked out in this reverent little book.

Messrs. Kegan Paul publish *The Esoteric Meaning of the Seven Sacraments* and *The Ancient Therapeutics*, by Princess Karadja. They are theosophist papers—a strange medley of spiritual insight and the most visionary mysticism.

*Fundamentals of Unity*, by the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D., (Elliot Stock, 3s. net.) This is a cheap reissue of a volume of sermons on the Science of Freedom and Seasons of the Church Year, with selections from distinguished Continental preachers. There is much food for thought here, and preachers will find the volume helpful in their own preparation. Mr. Miller handles great subjects effectively.

The Oxford University Press has issued a Revised Version Bible in which the text is for the first time divided into verses. It appeared on May 17, the thirtieth anniversary of the publication of the Revised New Testament. It is a very distinct brevier type with the revised references in a central column and alternative Readings and Renderings at the foot of the page. The size is 7½ by 4½ inches. The price is 6s. in cloth, and on Oxford India Paper in French, limp, round covers, red under gilt edges, half-a-guinea. Other bindings can be had, and we expect this to become one of the most popular editions. It is a real pleasure both to handle it and to read it.

The Cambridge University Press has done great service by a new and cheaper edition of the Interlinear Bible. It is printed in bourgeois type, 8vo, and where the Versions differ the Revised rendering is in the upper line, the Authorized in the lower. Alternative Readings and Renderings of the Revised Version are given as footnotes. The prices are: cloth, 3s. 6d. net.; bound in French, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, 6s. net, and in yapp 7s. 6d. net. References are not given, but they can be had in the larger editions. Every student finds an Interlinear Bible is one of the best aids to Bible study, and such a cheap, attractive, and convenient edition is a real boon to us all.

## HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

*The Holy Bible. A facsimile in a reduced size of the Authorized Version published in the year 1611. With an Introduction by A. W. Pollard, and Illustrative Documents. (31s. 6d. net.)*

*The Holy Bible. An exact reprint in Roman type, page for page, of the Authorized Version published in the year 1611. With an Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. (8s. 6d. net.)*

*Records of the English Bible. The Documents relating to the Translation and Publication of the Bible in English, 1525-1611. Edited, with an Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. (5s. net.)*

Oxford University Press.

THESE three volumes are the choicest Memorials of the Tercentenary of the Authorized Version, and all concerned in their production are to be congratulated on the way in which they have been prepared and produced. The Photographic Facsimile gives all the characteristics of the Original Black Letter. It is printed on rag-made paper, and bound in cloth or in leather. It has been specially prepared for libraries and for those who wish to possess the King James Bible in its original form. With its broad margins it makes a splendid volume of 1,550 pages, with the translator's Preface to the Reader, the Calendar, and all the genealogical tables, &c., given in the original copies. The Bibliographical Introduction by Mr. A. W. Pollard, Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, is a notable piece of work. It is divided into three sections: The Earlier English Translations; the Bible of 1611; The Later History of the Bible of 1611. Exact and laborious research is here put into a most attractive form. In preparing this Introduction, Mr. Pollard found himself constantly hampered by the fact that the original documents which he had to consult were widely scattered, and the happy idea came to him of gathering them together in one volume, which is unique and indispensable. Sixty-three Records are here: Tyndale's Prefaces, Sir Thomas More's Criticisms, Coverdale's Dedications, letters from Cranmer about the price of the Great Bible, William Maldon's account of the way his father punished him for reading the Scriptures, Documents relating to the Bishops' Bible, the Preface to the Genevan New Testament and Bible, and papers referring to the Bible of 1611. Some of these had never been printed, others were inaccessible; they are now put within the reach of every student, and the fascination of the whole story steals over us as we read them. We are under a deep obligation to Mr. Pollard and to the Oxford Press for these

wonderful records. For those who cannot purchase the photographic facsimile they are given in a crown octavo ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  by 5 inches) which every Bible student ought to have on his desk. The reprint in Roman type is also a handy volume printed on Oxford India paper. It contains the Apocrypha and the Preface to the Reader. For constant use and reference this is sure to be a popular edition. The prices of the Bibles are to be raised at the end of the year. We hope that the enterprise of the Oxford Press will be rewarded by a very large sale.

*The History of the English Bible.* By the late Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D. (Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)

This edition of Dr. Moulton's standard work has been revised and enlarged by his sons, the Revs. James Hope and William Fiddian Moulton, with a special view to the current Tercentenary of the Authorized Version. Nothing could have been more welcome or timely or serviceable. The work has long enjoyed world-wide recognition as a careful and delightful history of that great version of the Scriptures that has moulded so markedly the language, the literature, the morals, the religion, and the social life of the English race throughout the world. It is universally acknowledged to be 'an absolutely trustworthy history of the English Bible up to 1887.' But it also contains an accurate account of the Revised Version, in the making of which Dr. Moulton had so large a share, and the doctor's narrative has been rearranged by his sons, who have brought down the story to the publication of the Marginal References in 1910. In an additional chapter, Dr. James Moulton has described the relation of present-day knowledge to the Bible as we read it in English, and his brother has written a brief estimate of the influence of the English Bible on our history and literature. There is also a bibliography on the subjects of the book that will be of great value to the student and the general reader. In all respects, the work is 'up to date' as well as opportune, and cannot fail to confirm in its readers 'their sense of the unique treasure God has given to our race in the possession of a Bible so won, so guarded, and so employed.' Dr. Moulton's work, in its present form, is itself a treasure with which our readers would do well to enrich themselves: it is as delightful to read as it is instructive, and it is as edifying as it is informing.

*The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment.* By Maurice Fishberg. (Walter Scott Co. 6s.)

This is the first really scientific investigation into the race traits of the Jews that has ever been made. The writer has availed himself of his residence in New York, where he is physician to the United Jewish Charities, and where there are a million Jews drawn from Europe, Asia, and Africa, to secure much valuable material. He holds that all distinctions between Jews and Christians will ultimately be obliterated in Europe and America.

Jews were never so numerous or so ubiquitous as they are to-day, but Dr. Fishberg thinks their power of acclimatization is not due to any racial peculiarity but is the result of their occupations and habits. The Jews are mostly town-dwellers, and this may account for the shortness of their stature. This, however, varies with that of the non-Jewish populations among which they live. There is no single type of head among them, and out of 4,285 Jews observed in New York, 52 per cent. of the men and 57 per cent. of the women were brunettes, and 10 per cent. pure blondes. Among 2,886 adult male Jews, 57 per cent. had straight or Greek noses; 22 per cent. retroussé or snub; 14½ per cent. aquiline or hooked; 6·42 per cent. flat and broad; 59·42 per cent. out of 1,284 Jewesses had Greek noses. A mass of matter is gathered together as to various types of Jews, and an attempt is made to investigate the origin of these types. The Ghetto is the best preventive of intermarriages, but where the Jews share the social and economic life of the general population mixed marriages occur. They are steadily increasing in frequency in Prussia, Scandinavia, France and Italy. Only about twenty-five per cent. of the children of such marriages are trained as Jews, seventy-five per cent. are baptized at birth. In England the rabbis have never countenanced intermarriage. Jews living in countries with high birth-rates share this characteristic, and the reverse is true where there is a low birth-rate. The idea that they have a higher birth-rate than Christians is not borne out by the facts. Illegitimacy increases as we proceed from east to west of Europe. Where they are not affected by modern conditions 'the chastity of the women is much superior, family ties are much stronger, and girls only rarely go wrong.' Drunkenness is rare among Jews. The Ghetto regarded it as disgraceful, but Dr. Fishberg thinks that among the descendants of Jewish immigrants in England and the United States drunkenness is becoming more and more common. Their abstemiousness has often saved the Jews from cholera and other infection. Varicose veins and hemorrhoids are very common among them, especially among the women. Insanity is 'much more frequent' among Jews than amongst their neighbours. In every 100,000 persons in Prussia the admissions to asylums in 1900 were 68·3 of the general population, 163·1 of the Jews. But these statistics have to be received with caution. There is hardly any difference between the criminology of Jews as compared with Christians. An hereditary Jewish aristocracy scarcely exists. The vast majority of Jews who attained eminence in any walk of life during the first half of the nineteenth century 'have left descendants who are not any more within the fold of Judaism.' Dr. Fishberg thinks that as a town-dweller the Jew has become very plastic and eager to acquire all the attributes that make him a good citizen. There seems no reason to doubt that the Jews can be assimilated. Their 'separative ritualism' has kept them apart from non-Jews, but in New York the Sabbath is a dead letter to Western Jews and they have adopted many of the manners and customs of the people around them. They look with equanimity on those who discard their sacred religious laws and traditions. Such a book suggests much to the Christian student. Judaism looks as though it might yet be leavened by Christianity.

*England under the Hanoverians.* By C. Grant Robertson.  
(Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is the sixth volume of *A History of England*, edited by Professor Oman. The work is divided into periods 'neither too long to be dealt with by a single competent specialist, nor so short as to tempt the writer to indulge in that over-abundance of unimportant detail which repels the general reader.' Mr. Robertson's period from 1714 to 1815 is so rich in material that his constant problem has been what to omit. 'The original sources are so embarrassingly rich, the historical stage is so crowded with attractive or commanding personalities, the plot is so packed with episodes, and the story so interlaced with the evolution of the European State system that a writer, with space at his disposal double that of the present volume, would of necessity lay himself open to criticism on the score of arrangement, choice of subjects, and omissions.' No one can read the volume without understanding the difficulties which Mr. Robertson has had to grapple with, but he has given us a living book full of powerful sketches of men and measures. George the First's peaceful accession has been described as the greatest miracle in our history. England had not an ally in Europe, George's divorced consort was in prison at Ahlden, where she lingered till her death. 'The shame of this world scandal was to repeat itself with wearisome iteration in the quarrels of fathers and sons, of mothers with their children in the domestic chronicle of the electoral and royal dynasty.' The Old Pretender's struggle for the throne in 1715 was hopeless from the first, and it was illumined by no gleam of romance such as surrounds the Rising of 1745. Walpole, Chatham, and the younger Pitt naturally fill a large space on Mr. Robertson's canvas. 'Walpole regarded public affairs as serious business. A minister's function was to administer. In the power to lead a party, create a practical programme and carry it out under a parliamentary regime—a task that requires a combination of the highest political qualities—Walpole has few equals and no superiors.' He was matched against critics of brilliance and ability, but in nine cases out of ten Walpole was right and they were wrong. Chatham's greatness as a War minister is unquestionable, but his claim on the gratitude of his country rests on his noble imperialism. 'He did not make the Empire; but he saved it in the hours of a great peril from the sinister coalition of Bourbon and Habsburg, because failure to retain and extend what our forefathers had won was treason in the ideals of the British State. This conception of its task was a more enduring gift to his generation than the victories by which he achieved it.' His son's life 'must always remain an inspiring example of the single-hearted devotion of wonderful powers to the service of State and country.' It is no small advantage to have a really readable and reliable survey of the Hanoverian period. Mr. Robertson's tribute to Wesley is an instance of his discernment. 'At a time when Bishop Butler asserted that Christianity was "wearing out of the minds of men," Wesley kept the English people Christian and shamed the Church that closed her pulpits to him into imitating his spirit if not his methods.' This is a history which every cultivated Englishman ought to put on his shelves.



*Annals of a Yorkshire House. From the papers of a Macaroni and his kindred.* By A. M. W. Stirling. With 3 Portraits in colour, 8 in Photogravure, and 33 other Illustrations. 2 volumes. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

These volumes are quite as entertaining and as valuable as Mrs. Stirling's *Coke of Norfolk*. We cannot give them higher praise. They are based on a chest of family letters carefully preserved by Ann Spencer of Cannon Hall, who married Walter Stanhope of Leeds in 1748. Her son Walter inherited the estates of the two families, and entered Parliament as one of Sir James Lowther's 'ninepins,' as the men to whom the Tyrant of the North gave seats were called. Young Stanhope gained a reputation as one of the exquisites of London Society, a Macaroni and a member of the Dilettanti Club; he was known in the House of Commons as a speaker of force and independence, the friend of Burke and Pitt and William Wilberforce. The description of the two Squires who made him their heir takes us back to days that are almost forgotten. John Stanhope of Horsforth was a great lawyer who sacrificed his ambitions because his wife loved a quiet country life. He was the strong man of the Northern bar, who carried everything before him by his shrewd sense and his indomitable will. Lord Mansfield took a four days' journey to hear him speak, and he was in vain urged to accept a judgeship. His stout riding-whip was the terror of idlers in Horsforth. Both he and John Spencer of Cannon Hall were great hunters and famous breeders of horses. At Cannon Hall after a day's hunting there were dinners at which each guest disposed, on an average, of three bottles of port.

Walter Spencer Stanhope was a scholar and a gentleman. He saw the wedding of Marie Antoinette at Versailles and was persuaded by the London ladies to teach the French steps in dancing to their daughters. He made a very happy marriage and had fifteen children. His house was described as the gayest in London, but it was a place of real culture and earnest thought. Many glimpses into political life are gained from his letters and journals. He delighted in Burke's emotional oratory and in William Pitt's great speeches, and for five and a half hours hung on Sheridan's lips when he impeached Warren Hastings. This Stanhope describes as 'the finest speech I ever heard.' He went with Burke to choose the place where Chatham should rest in Westminster Abbey, and was almost the last friend with whom William Pitt spoke on the day before his death. He helped Wilberforce to win his election for the county of York, and owed much to the religious zeal of that true friend. His love-letters to Miss Pulleine are charming, and the whole book is full of human interest. Mrs. Stirling has still much material, and we hope that she will not long delay to give us another pair of volumes. Portraits of Spencer Stanhope as a Macaroni, and Sir Joshua Reynolds' group of the Dilettanti, of Mrs. Stanhope in a velvet riding-dress and hoop, and nursing her eldest son, and many other illustrations add to the charm of the work. No one who wishes to understand the actual life of the eighteenth century can afford to neglect this rich storehouse.

*London Clubs: their History and Treasures.* By Ralph Nevill. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a real contribution to the study of social life in England. The modern club traces its origin to the tavern and coffee-house of a past generation. The 'Mermaid' in Broad Street was the first notable London club, which was said to have been founded by Raleigh and to have been the scene of many a meeting between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The coffee-house keepers seem to have set apart special rooms for privileged customers. White's and the Cocoa-Tree thus changed their character from chocolate-house to club. In the early part of the eighteenth century there were said to be 2,000 coffee-houses in London. The 'Cheshire Cheese' still stands on the north side of Fleet Street on the site of the older house to which Shakespeare often resorted. Of the chief of these famous coffee-houses and taverns Mr. Nevill furnishes a host of details which give life to those vanished times when every profession, trade, class and party had its favourite place of resort. Garraway's was the first place where tea was sold in England 'in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those eastern countries.' The price was from sixteen to fifty shillings per pound. The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks furnishes Mr. Nevill with matter for some interesting pages. The way in which the old Duke of Norfolk consumed his prodigious quantities of wine helps us to understand the change in manners which was to come over the highest circles of society. The stories of gambling are appalling. Charles James Fox not only ruined himself, but strained the resources of his boon companions to such an extent that Walpole wondered what Fox would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends. Sheridan makes many a brilliant appearance in these pages. We come into close touch with Dr. Johnson, who said, 'the great chair of a full and pleasant town club is, perhaps, the throne of human felicity.' The account of the Athenaeum is of special interest to those who wish to see English Club life at its best. Mr. Nevill has gathered together a wonderful store of lively anecdotes, and the illustrations add to the charm of a volume which every one will want to read.

*Gilbert Crispin, Abbot of Westminster. A Study of the Abbey under Norman Rule.* By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.)

This is the third volume of those 'Notes and Documents relating to Westminster Abbey' which will form an enduring memorial of Dean Robinson's tenure of his great office. It is strange that he is the first to gather together what may be known of the life and times of the earliest abbot of Westminster of whom we have any considerable knowledge. Crispin belonged to a rich and noble family in Normandy, and spent twenty-five years at the monastery of Bec, which he entered as a child. Lanfranc and Anselm were his teachers; and he wrote the Life of Abbot Herluin, the founder of Bec, to which we owe almost all we know of

Bec and of Lanfranc before he became Archbishop of Canterbury. Lanfranc called Crispin to England as his chaplain, to the deep regret of Anselm, who wrote, 'Without experience of your absence I did not know how sweet it was to me to be with you, how bitter to be without you.' He hoped much to have his friend back at Bec, but Crispin was appointed to Westminster about 1085, where he ruled wisely for about thirty-two years. Dean Robinson has searched into many old documents in order to trace out his career, and finds no stain upon his character. The monks 'wrote *mitis* on his tomb before they praised his justice, wisdom, strength, and learning.' The story is told in a way that enlists our sympathies with Crispin, and throws light on the administration of the monastery. The abbot's literary work is described with considerable fullness, and we see how high his reputation as a theologian stood during the century after his death. The section headed 'Correspondence' shows the relations between Crispin and Lanfranc and Anselm. The Latin Life of Herluin is given in full, and his treatise on Simony. These are followed by selected Charters which will be of great service to future historians. Such a volume as this is a real addition to our knowledge of Westminster and of England at the close of the eleventh century.

*A Student's History of Methodism.* By J. R. Gregory. In Two Volumes. (Charles H. Kelly. 7s. net.)

In two volumes, moderate in bulk and price, Mr. Robinson Gregory fulfils the promise of his title-page. All the facts of an intricate history are at his command. He is severely impartial, strictly accurate, and keenly appreciative of the point of view most of all helpful to students. The facts he sets in orderly array, leaving each story to point its own moral. Inheriting the gift of picturesque narration, he does not inherit the charm of his father's discursiveness—in this case a distinct advantage. The result is an ideal student's manual. And yet the volumes are neither dry nor dull nor cold. The crisp sentences often glow like incandescent lights. The history, always dramatic, often breaks into lyrical melody, whilst its rhythmical grouping of facts gives a certain fascination which both students and ordinary readers will appreciate.

The first ten chapters tell the story of John Wesley, and describe the beginnings of Methodism, its formation, its persecutions, its helpers, the processes by which it arrived at a definite position in regard to doctrine and ecclesiastical organization and discipline. In later chapters all the great figures in the drama, the developments at home and abroad, the conflicts and outgrowths, the leaders of a later age, the elect sisters, the points of contact between Methodism and other churches, the providential steps leading to a definite church status and to a great missionary career are sketched rapidly but without hurry.

In the second volume we have the only complete record in comparatively small compass and easily accessible form of the development of Methodism during its third period immediately following the 'Great Agitation.' Nothing really material, either legislative or administrative, is omitted. We can follow the whole process of growth and expansion. The great

ones who have moved across the stage we again see and hear. Men less than the greatest, who did their day's work and left their mark, are also noted. Changes in Conference, Synod, and Circuit; reforms and advances in many directions; missions at home and abroad; education, literature, and hymnology; philanthropy and the whole round of social service and of patriotic obligation, are dated, correlated, and, however complex in origin or purpose, made clear to the humblest understanding. The story is brought down to this present year of grace.

We smile at the extraordinary ignorance of friends and foes with regard to the real character of Methodism. Candidates for the ministry, and even candidates for ordination, sometimes fail to answer questions on Methodist history and organization to their own chagrin and to the astonishment of Synods. Henceforth any person who will take the trouble to read Mr. Robinson Gregory's volumes will find himself harnessed with armour of proof against all assaults whether by friendly examiners or captious critics.

*Seven Sages of Durham.* Sketched by G. W. Kitchin, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Durham. With seven Illustrations. (T. F. Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Dean Kitchin had intended to content himself with four sages who might justly be termed 'Four Durham Gaolbirds,' for they were all familiar with prison walls. Happily he was tempted to add three more worthies to his gallery. There is a kindly humour about the studies of these men of strong individuality which makes them delightful reading, and we find ourselves moving along paths that are quite unfamiliar to ordinary Englishmen. Bishop Bury, with his learned friends who anticipate the Renaissance and his passion for collecting books, stands first, and those who love his *Philobiblon* will prize this fuller introduction to 'one of the most remarkable of English prelates.' Thomas Wilson, the lay dean, who had a marvellous escape from the dungeons of the Inquisition in Rome, and became one of Queen Elizabeth's most trusted agents, wrote a notable book on usury from which we may cull a sentence, 'And this I say—he that liveth to die well shall die to live better.' The pugnacious Puritan, Peter Smart, who was head master of the Durham Classical School, preached a seditious sermon in the Cathedral denouncing the new altar and new ceremonies which Bishop Cosin and Dean Hunt were trying to introduce. For that outburst he was imprisoned from 1629 to 1640. Isaac Basire, the royalist prebendary who had to fly from England in 1647 and became a great traveller and a professor in Transylvania, is a most interesting figure. On his return to Durham his work as archdeacon shows us something of the strength of Nonconformity in Newcastle in the early days of Charles the Second. Denis Granville, the dean who supported James the Second and died in exile, awakes our pity, despite his debts and his extravagance. The two closing studies of Bishop Warburton and Bishop Butler teach us more than many a laboured treatise about their writings and themselves. The book is full of good things, and we hope Dean Kitchin may see his way to give us a second series.

*Ruskin: A Study in Personality.* By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Benson has a rare gift of frankness in dissecting the character of others as well as in disclosing his own thoughts and feelings. Ruskin is a great subject, and though we smile at some of his foibles, we close this book with a new thrill of regard and admiration. The volume consists of seven lectures given last year in the Hall of Magdalen College, Oxford. Mr. Benson has certainly been well advised to leave them in their original form rather than to transmute them into a treatise. They have a vigour and freshness which makes it a pleasure to read them. Nothing is more interesting than the account of Ruskin's visit to Eton, where Mr. Benson, who was President of the Literary Society, had to receive the great man when he came down to deliver a lecture to the school. Mr. Benson's first lecture tells the familiar story of Ruskin's boyhood and his first triumph as an art critic. He set himself to make a reasoned philosophy of all art, and though the argument is inconclusive enough he lets fall 'a shower of stimulating and enlightening things by the way.' His visit to the Louvre in 1844, after he had written the first volume of *Modern Painters*, revealed to him the greatest of the Venetian painters and changed the current of his future life. Ruskin's tragic love affairs are dealt with in some pages of special interest, but still more interest attaches to the lecture on Ruskin as a social reformer and to the account of his retirement at Brantwood. Mr. Benson does not disguise the fact that there was in him 'a real, deep-seated, hard belief in his own rightness and justice,' but this blemish in his mind was 'at least the cause of the heavenly and noble struggle which he fought out day by day.' Many points in these lectures give food for thought, and send us back to Ruskin's works with new relish. It is a great tribute to a wonderful personality, and all the more stimulating because of its clear-eyed perception of the foibles and weaknesses of the man whom we all delight to honour.

*Dulce Domum. George Moberly: His Family and Friends.*  
By his Daughter, C. A. E. Moberly. With Portraits and  
Illustrations. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is with great satisfaction that we see that this book has so quickly reached a second edition. It is worthy to stand beside the *Memorials of a Quiet Life* as a picture of one of the choicest circles of the Church of England. Beside the Moberlys, who were a host in themselves, with their fifteen children and forty-one grandchildren, we come into intimate relationship with John Keble and Charlotte M. Yonge, with Moberly's son-in-law and successor, Dr. Ridding, and with many Englishmen and Englishwomen of whom we can never know too much. Dr. Moberly became head master of Winchester College in the year 1835, when Keble went to Hursley Vicarage. For thirty years they and Miss Yonge 'lived in the closest intimacy and friendship; and it is difficult to overestimate the richness, fullness, and variety of living interests which they brought into the lives of one another.' For twenty-seven years Dr. Moberly



rented a farm in the woodlands close to Hursley, where in summer he and Keble used frequently to spend the rest of the morning after the Wednesday and Friday service in walking up and down the country road in uninterrupted conversation. The chapters on Moberly and his lovely wife are delightful reading, then we are introduced to the busy nursery, and to Warden Barter, who was so popular that Keble used to say that if the King were elected by vote, the Warden would be chosen. The Warden loved children, and the Moberlys were free to ramble about his 'beautiful garden, with the clear trout-stream running through it, the great plane-trees, and the east window of the College Chapel looking towards the stream.' One daughter after another gives her memories of these happy days in a way that makes the whole scene delightfully familiar. In September 1866 Dr. Moberly resigned the head mastership, which he had filled with conspicuous success, into the hands of his son-in-law. Before the year closed he accepted the living of Brighstone in the Isle of Wight. It had been Bishop Ken's home, and Samuel Wilberforce passed 'ten years of Paradise life' there, and came back whenever he could to see his wife's grave. The Moberlys endeared themselves to the villagers and did a notable work there. In 1868 he was made Canon of Chester, and within a year Bishop of Salisbury. He died in 1885 deeply honoured as one of the wisest and best bishops of his time. Dean Church paid him a great tribute: 'No one knows, no one knew, not even he, how much all that I am, and can do, and can hope for, I owe to him.' The whole story is inspiring, and will teach many, as Dr. Moberly himself taught Richard Church, 'the difference between narrowness and manliness, between the mere shell and letter of religion and its living truth.'

*Memoirs and Memories.* By Mrs. C. W. Earle. With Portraits. (Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

On his death in 1849 Mrs. Earle's father left all his letters and papers locked up in cupboards, and his widow never had the courage to sort or to destroy them. Somewhere about 1890 the three boxes filled with these documents came into Mrs. Earle's possession, and they and later letters, with some interesting personal experiences, are now woven into this volume. Her father, Edward Ernest Villiers, was grandson of the Hon. Thomas Villiers, created Earl of Clarendon in 1776; her mother was daughter of Baron Ravensworth. The first chapter allows us to read some Villiers letters which throw light on family life a century ago. Then we get a set of letters from Lady Normanby, whose husband was made governor of Jamaica in 1832. She felt slavery a wicked un-Christian practice which demoralized every one concerned in it, but she was very anxious about the measures for emancipation then proposed in England. 'They will let loose a lawless rabble upon a population of women and children, unarmed and defenceless in every way, and I much fear bloodshed and violence of every revolting description will be the consequence.' She did not realize that Christian teaching had already changed the temper of the slaves and that the day of emancipation would be ushered in by united thanksgiving

and prayer. Edward Villiers married in 1835 and died of consumption in 1843, leaving a son and three daughters, who have all reached old age and enjoyed better health than either of their parents. The family travelled much, and though ordinary education suffered there were many compensations in the enlarged experience of these early years. In 1864 Miss Villiers married Captain Earle, who proved 'the best and kindest of husbands and fathers,' and died in 1897 from a bicycle accident the day after he had been reading the first copy of his wife's *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. This book is as delightful as that volume and its successors. It gives some pleasing glimpses of Sir William Harcourt and other famous men and women, and has much to tell of Lord Lytton, who married her sister Edith. 'From first to last his admiration of her was unbounded, and the thought of not having her at his side during any part of his official life was unbearable to him.' Mrs. Earle thinks that in 'nine cases out of ten, if marriages are unhappy, it is the fault of the woman.' The title well describes the book, and though the Memoirs are good the Memories have a charm of their own which every reader will appreciate.

*John Viriamu Jones and other Oxford Memories.* By Edward B. Poulton, D.Sc. (Longmans & Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

John Viriamu Jones was the son of Thomas Jones, the Welsh poet-preacher in whose sermons at Bedford Chapel Browning so greatly delighted. 'Viriamu' was the native attempt to pronounce the name of Williams of Erromanga, and it served well as a distinctive name for the clever boy of the parsonage. He stood first in the Matriculation Examination at London University when he was just sixteen, and had a distinguished career at Oxford. After two years as Principal of Firth College, Sheffield, and Professor of Physics and Mathematics, he found his sphere as first Principal of University College, Cardiff, and took a leading part in the creation of the University of Wales. The chapters written by his old schoolfellow give a charming account of Viriamu and his father and mother. These are followed by two racy chapters on the Union debates in the seventies; a chapter on Professor Rolleston; and other memories which include some delicious glimpses of Ruskin at Oxford, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom Professor Poulton met in Boston in 1894. He compared the mind in old age to 'a palimpsest on which the uppermost records are faintly written, while those beneath are quite distinct.' There is much about University reform in this volume, but its charm lies in the intimate picture of student life at Oxford, and the pictures of eminent men whom Professor Poulton has known. It is a book for which we are sincerely grateful.

*The Life-Story of our Gracious Queen Mary.* By Jeanie Rose Brewer. (Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d. net.)

We all want to know about our Queen's home-training, her tastes and occupations, and her happy married life, and everything is told here in the

brightest way. The pages given to her Majesty's father and mother and the family life at White Lodge show how much the Queen owes to her early training. The whole story is refreshing. A photogravure portrait and sixteen other illustrations, and the attractive binding of this volume, make it an ideal Coronation gift.

*Wesley and Kingswood and its Free Churches.* By George Eayrs. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Eayrs, whose name has become well known in connexion with the *New History of Methodism*, here specializes on that corner of the kingdom so intimately associated with the early days of the Wesleys. He is painstaking and accurate, and pieces his mosaic well. For about half the book we live over again some of the most remarkable experiences of early Methodism, and re-visit those spots in Bristol and its neighbourhood which are dear to the heart of every intelligent Methodist student and antiquarian, spots which the late Rev. Henry J. Foster loved to trace. The rest of the volume is devoted to the story of the various Free Churches of the Kingswood region, and to brief accounts of the principal men connected with each: the whole culminating in an account of the energy and resource which have led to the erection of the Wesley Memorial Church (United Methodist) at Bryant's Hill, Kingswood.

The first part of the book is naturally the most interesting to the general reader, and next to that, the biographical sketches of men prominent in their day; but all is good, as becomes the work of an enthusiast. In writing about the New Room at Bristol, the birthplace of important features in the development of Methodism, the scene of some of its crises, a unique and historic survival, Mr. Eayrs suggests that 'it should be the property of a board of trustees representative of the several Methodist Churches, a meeting-place common to them all, and enriched by additional relics of Wesley and early Methodist workers.' At present it is in Welsh Presbyterian hands. The idea is good, but we doubt whether there is sufficient sentiment nowadays to carry it into effect.

*The Moabite Stone.* By W. H. Bennett, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 2s. 6d. net.)

This useful little book is based on the author's article on the same subject in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. It gives a facsimile of the stone, with a literal translation and a readable paraphrase of the inscription. Discussions are added on the genuineness of the monument, and on the language, history, and religion of the people of Moab. The notes, linguistic and bibliographical, are adequate, whilst appendices contain transcriptions of the Siloam Inscription and the Gezer Calendar, which are nearest to Moabite of our extant archaic documents. A student will value this compact presentation of materials and opinions, and the ordinary reader will find it an intelligible account of a famous inscription.

## GENERAL

*Wordsworthshire. An Introduction to a Poet's Country.*

Written by Eric Robertson, M.A. Illustrated with forty-seven drawings by Arthur Tucker, R.B.A., and maps. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE vicar of St. John's, Windermere, writes these studies of a poet's mind in relation to the country in which he dwelt from personal investigation of the scenes of Wordsworth's boyhood and manhood. He begins with Inglewood Forest, where as a Penrith schoolboy Wordsworth dreamed his early dreams. The poet's grandfather was bred in Yorkshire, but became Sir James Lowther's agent in 1723 and settled at Stockbridge, three miles from Penrith. His son John was also a lawyer, and settled at Cockermouth as steward for the Lowther estates at Whitehaven. Many quaint details are given as to the upbringing of the poet, and his debt to his sister Dorothy, who might be called his good genius, is seen at every step of the story. When she was twenty-two she writes of William's violence of affection, 'which demonstrates itself every moment of the day in a thousand almost imperceptible attentions.' Mr. Robertson takes us to the places which Wordsworth loved, and shows how the unassuming things, the homely joys and sorrows of his neighbours appealed to him. Such a book throws light not only on the poet's character, but on all his poetry. It reconstructs the Lakeland world in which he lived, and it is a world that grows more alluring with every new glimpse of it.

Mr. Robertson knows his subject well, and his enthusiasm will appeal to all lovers of the poet and of the lakes and hills over which he still seems to cast his spell. The homely folk grow into our hearts as we read such poems as 'Lucy.' 'Purer love and deeper respect for woman's loveliness can hardly be found in literature.' The charm of Mr. Robertson's volume is increased by its illustrations, which form a delightful pictorial commentary on the poems.

*Shepherds of Britain. Scenes from Shepherd Life past and present. From the best authorities. By Adelaide L. J. Gosset. (Constable & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)*

This is a book that is sure of a great welcome. If we may trust one who followed the calling, 'A shepherd's life, properly understood, is the richest in the world.' Certainly it is idyllic, and the strong sense and self-sacrifice which are needed to win success are shown in many a page of this volume. Miss Gosset knows the shepherd of real life, and finds in him, as clearly as in the shepherd of legend and history, the essentially regal qualities of insight and of sympathy. These prose pictures bring him before our very eyes. Shepherd life is essentially a family calling.

On one farm near Lewes the race dates back to the time of Cromwell. James Gardner, who died in Midlothian in 1900, was 'the very soul of good fellowship.' Here is his portrait and a set of notable sayings. 'Give me,' he would say, 'the warmth of my home and the devotion of my dogs, and I will ask none of the vain and fleeting pleasures of the gay world.' The greatest sheep-dog trainer Scotland ever produced said repeatedly that the intelligence of his favourite dogs was always more than equal to any emergency. Everything that one wants to know about sheep-marks and tallies, sheep-shearing, sheep-bells, shepherds' crooks and tallies, wool, the labours of the loom, is told in this charming book. The illustrations are as varied and as delightful as the extracts.

*The New Social Democracy.* J. H. Harley, M.A. (P. S. King. 6s. net.)

This very interesting book is an attempt to apply modern sociology to the social situation of to-day. Following De Greef and Durkheim, Mr. Harley holds that society is composed of many tissues, relations, or associations, ranging from the simple and general to the complex and special. These are, in their ascending complexity, domestic, economic, religious, artistic, legal, political, and rational. The 'old Socialism,' that of Marx, regarded the economic relation as the ruling, if not the only, one. The 'new Social Democracy' gives each of the above its value. It is far from defining the problem and its solution only in the terms of economics. Mr. Harley begins his study by condemning Burke's sociological conservatism and then devotes much space to indicting Marx's economic materialism. In so doing he forgets the fact that very little English Socialism has ever been rigidly Marxian. Certainly not that of the Fabians or that of the Independent Labour Party, the two influential Socialist parties in this country. From the first, in the eighties, the Fabians rejected the Marxian economics. The 'movement from Marx' is no modern thing in England. Mr. Hyndman and the small Social Democratic Party have always had to fight a losing battle. From the first, English Socialism has given certain value to the legal, political, artistic, and even religious aspects of society. In an interesting chapter on Anatole France the author affirms that modern artists are increasingly on the side of the 'new Social Democracy.' He also gives Proudhon his due, as the pioneer of the movement for securing Parliamentary Representation to the workers. Turning to political questions, Mr. Harley seeks to discredit 'economic Socialism' and to turn the Liberal party into a 'new Social Democracy' by affirming, on the one hand, 'the collapse of Collectivism,' and on the other, that Labourists are Radicals. The former he does by discussing the action of the French Government in relation to State employés and the revolt of the latter. But there is no proof of 'the collapse of Collectivism.' From the beginning Socialists have pointed out that Municipal Socialism and State Socialism were not Socialism proper. Collectivism, whatever suspicion may be entertained of its possible success, cannot be said to have 'collapsed,' until it has been tried. That it will not be until a new and really democratic



State arises. At present, even in this country, it is bureaucratic, bourgeois, or plutocratic. Collectivism can only come into operation when all the executive and administrative functions and the civil services of the State are actually reflective of the mind and will of the working people; when they are constitutionally and actually controlled by them and means exist for the rapid and accurate enforcement of the common will. This postulates, of course, a thing not of to-morrow, an educated, experienced, intelligent, and public-spirited democracy. But the present dissatisfaction of the postal and railway State servants in France is no proof of 'the collapse of Collectivism.' It is simply proof that, even for State servants, the conceptions and methods of the individualistic and capitalistic system of industry persist.

As to Mr. Harley's other chief point, the Labour Party has never professed to be a Socialist party. Trade Unionism dominates it. But it is an essential part of its policy that it remain a separate party—a purely workers' party. Mr. Harley affirms that there is no room for the group system in England. However that be, it is certain that his 'new Social Democracy' will never be represented by one party, until the only two parties are the Capitalist and the Labour parties. But that will not occur for long—if ever. A third party—a Labour party—will be necessary, for a period longer than can be estimated, to represent, at first hand, the more primitive and fundamental aspects and necessities of the working classes.

This book is very brightly and interestingly written. At times it is too rhetorical, even flamboyant. The statement that 'the whole world of thought has changed in the years from 1901 to 1910' is characteristic. Especially when it is added that during that time Kant and Hegel have been dismissed as 'dead but sceptred sovereigns.' Wonderful years those. Mr. Harley is widely read in sociology and in the current literature of social questions. His references to foreign literature in many languages are copious and valuable. It does not seem very convincing to us to say that the Hegelian Rationalism is impossible, on the questionable ground that Henri Amiel's 'was the most complete attempt to live out Hegel.' It is much more to the point to add, as Mr. Harley does, that 'the new Social Democracy' gives Will its due place beside reason, and that it is experimental and practical. But no theoretic Socialist, however Hegelian, ever believed that the details of the 'more perfect society of the future' could ever be 'thought out in solitude.' Rodbertus, Lassalle, Karl Marx, all held that only gradually, by experiment and through many failures, could we arrive at an ideal constitution of society—that it was only possible to conceive in advance the main outline or primary principles and processes of a just future social system. It is but simple justice to them to remember that. Mr. Harley concludes his stimulating study by affirming that 'the new Social Democracy' is becoming scientifically convinced of the place and value of religion in society—that it is holding out its hand to it. He thinks that 'a renovated Christianity,' from the standpoint of modern sociology, will bring the greatest amount of immediate gain to every side of the work of the 'new Social Democracy,' and he

urges the new Social Democrat to put his strength into the religious movement. He speaks, of course, in the name of Christian Sociology. There is much modern sociology which has no place for religion—Positivistic and secularistic sociology for instance.

*La Connaissance de la Nature et du Monde au moyen age.*

Par Ch-V. Langlois. (Paris, Hachette. 3f. 50c.)

M. Langlois has already published two important studies of the Middle Ages, dealing respectively with the social and the moral aspects of life in France during the thirteenth century. He now completes the series by a volume which illustrates the ideas entertained of nature and the world at that period, giving us, in fact, specimens of the 'science' of a non-scientific age. The examples chosen are Phillippe de Thacon's *L'image du Monde*, Barthélemy L'Anglais' *De proprietatibus rerum*, the curious romance of *Sidrach*, the *Tresor* of Brunetto Latino, and one or two others. M. Langlois' plan is to give an account in each case of the author of the work described and then to print translations of extracts from the books themselves, so that the quaintness and simplicity of the original may be reproduced. He prefixes an introduction of his own which gives a clear and succinct account of the field to be surveyed. The book is naturally more interesting to French than to English readers. But as a matter of fact it appeals to neither directly, but rather to students of the Middle Ages, especially those who are not content with general synopses of literature and abstract accounts of 'literature,' but who desire as far as possible to see how the world actually appeared to men and women who seem almost as far removed from us as if they had lived in another planet. To such readers this book will readily commend itself. Learning and careful work have contributed to its production, and the result is presented in that neat, clear, flowing French style which is so well adapted for the exposition of remote and difficult subjects.

*The Alchemy of Thought.* L. P. Jacks, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

There is a story that Queen Victoria, after reading with delight *Alice in Wonderland*, asked that the next work of the talented author should be sent to her on publication. What she received was an abstruse treatise on the higher mathematics. Perhaps readers of *Mad Shepherds* will receive something of the same shock on turning from that fascinating work to the volume of philosophical essays to which the author has given the title of *The Alchemy of Thought*. Not that these are not each of them fascinating also; but let no one sit down to read them lightly, or think that no serious consequences will follow if he skips a paragraph here or there. This, by the way, no one who has read *Mad Shepherds* will be inclined to do for a moment. Least of all could such a light fashion of reading be applied to the one essay whose title seems to suggest its possibility, 'Devil's Island and the Isles of Omniscience; an Adventure among

Abstractions.' That elusive dialogue well illustrates a characteristic feature of the author's manner; when he seems most playful, he is really thinking his hardest. Perhaps it is this habit which has induced him to put into the mouth of a person whom he calls 'the Plain Man'—that triumphant creation of Oxford philosophy when she attempts to grow condescending—some of the shrewdest criticisms of our modern philosophical ways of thinking. The general contention of the essays, in the author's own words, is that to affirm the Universe to be a Rational Whole is the truth, but not the whole truth, or, in the concluding sentence of the title essay, 'the Nature that we love is the Nature that runs wild, and the life that we seek is one on which the shackles of no system have ever fallen.' To illustrate this, Mr. Jacks makes large but very discriminating use of Pragmatism; and it is safe to say that the stoutest supporters of that or any other creed will greatly enjoy wrestling with an opponent who holds that Truth is too large to be confined within the bounds of any one creed.

*The Nature of Personality.* By William Temple. (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Temple's earlier volume, *The Faith and Modern Thought*, showed great power of dealing with vital questions, and the close and lucid discussion of the problem of personality in his new book will repay careful study. The distinctions between person and thing and between brute and person are well brought out. 'A thing has no consciousness; a brute is conscious only of and in the present; a person's consciousness surveys past, present, and future.' This leads to a consideration of rights and duties; the will and its freedom; original sin and moral duty; duty and society. At the end of the scale most remote from Thing we have the conception of a spiritual Being who realizes Himself in spending Himself for others. This is the God of Christian theology, the true norm and type of personality. He is Personal in a sense fuller than any other being. The fact of Christ and the Church can only be explained by Christian Theism. Mr. Temple claims 'the philosophy of the Incarnation as the only tenable metaphysic.' A learned chapter on 'The Triune Personality of God' closes this original and vigorous little book. It is a distinct addition to present-day apologetics, and we hope that his new duties at Repton will not divert Mr. Temple from this promising line of service.

*Some Principles of Liturgical Reform.* By W. H. Frere, D.D. (Murray. 5s. net.)

Dr. Frere deals with broad liturgical principles and with the general procedure of Prayer-Book revision in a way that will greatly interest all who wish to study the subject. He works through the Prayer-Book, dealing with the Kalendar, the Lectionary, the rubrics, the Lord's Prayer and Collects, and the various services and occasional offices as only an expert could do. The Kalendar seems incomplete, he argues, till Aidan, Hilda, and St. Patrick have a place in it. He would also like to add

Nicholas Ferrar and some names that link the English Church to that of Gaul and commemorate the part that our country took in the evangelization of Europe. In the mediaeval system the whole Psalter was recited once a week, the Prayer-Book provides for a monthly recital. Psalms that are only appropriate at night are said in the morning and *vice versa*. Dr. Frere thinks the right course is to appoint proper Psalms for Morning and Evening Prayer of every Sunday and Holy Day in the year. As to the Lectionary, he pleads for a more intelligent use of the material, so that the books should be read in a logical or historical order and not in the chance order of the biblical arrangement. Some further regard should also be had to season. The present service for adult baptism is an adaptation of that for infant baptism, and Dr. Frere thinks it needs to be reconsidered and shaped on the primitive lines. The whole book is singularly fresh and suggestive.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate have done us all service by their Home University Library. (1s. net each.) The idea of the series is to give a popular compendium of modern knowledge by living authorities in History, Science, Literature, Art, Economics, Politics, and Philosophy. Three editors have been selected: Mr. Herbert Fisher, Prof. Gilbert Murray, and Prof. J. Arthur Thomson. Ten volumes were published on April 5, ten more in June, and some forty-five more are in preparation. A third set of ten will be issued in September and November, and similar issues will follow until at least one hundred volumes have been published. Each book has 256 pages, with a short bibliography. They are neatly bound in ribbed cloth, green, pale brown, &c., and the type is bold and clear. The first ten volumes make a strong appeal to all intelligent readers. Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, Clerk of the House of Commons, writes on *Parliament: Its History, Constitution, and Practice* with all the assured ease of a master. This is certainly a book every one needs. John Masefield writes on *Shakespeare*, a brief Life, a sketch of the Elizabethan theatres, notes on the separate plays and poems. This book appeals to all lovers of our literature. A good short book on *The French Revolution* is a necessity, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc has given it to us. *A Short History of War and Peace*, by G. H. Perris, is both timely and indispensable. *The Stock Exchange*, by F. W. Hirst, is a practical guide which will be valued by all investors. Mrs. Green writes on *Irish Nationality*, a really instructive and most timely book. *Modern Geography*, by Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc., is a valuable survey of the work of ice, of climate and weather, distribution of plants and animals. By its side is Dr. Bruce's *Polar Exploration*, a book of the greatest interest. *The Evolution of Plants*, by Dr. D. H. Scott, President of the Linnean Society, is one of the most charming books of the set. *The Socialist Movement*, by J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., brings us back to living questions, and it is a subject that claims and deserves attention. The ten volumes published on June 1 are not less timely and valuable than their predecessors. Dr. Mercier's *Crime and Insanity* is an expert handling of a subject of profound importance. It is painfully interesting.

*The Science of Wealth*, by J. A. Hobson, M.A., is a study of the structure and working of the modern business world. The treatment is necessarily brief, but that only makes the book more useful for busy men and women who want to understand questions of wages, profits, the labour movement, &c. Prof. Hobhouse's *Liberalism* is fresh and illuminating. Prof. Gamble's *Animal World* is well illustrated, and full of information as to the way animals breathe, their quest for food, and similar topics. A good handbook on *Evolution* has been greatly needed, and Prof. J. A. Thomson and Prof. Geddes have given us a little volume of special importance. Dr. Whitehead has given us an *Introduction to Mathematics*. Sir H. H. Johnson deals with *The Opening-up of Africa*. *Mediaeval Europe*, by H. W. C. Davis, is both compact and readable. *Mohammedanism*, by Prof. Margoliouth, is a book that every one will be anxious to read. We have studied these books with a growing sense of the possibilities of the Home University Library; publishers, writers and editors all invite confidence and are doing their utmost to make it a real means of national education. The reception which the books have already received shows that they meet a felt need, and meet it in the most satisfactory way.

*Recreations of a Book-Lover*, by Frederic W. Macdonald (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net), contains fourteen papers, mostly on literary subjects, all characterized by the grace and charm of style that are as natural to the author as they are delightful to his readers. Those who are familiar with Mr. Macdonald will feel that to read these pages is like spending an hour with him in his library, among his treasures—a choice experience. Mr. Macdonald is not only a lover of the best in literature, and a generous admirer of the best in men, he is also a discerning critic, and some of his opinions as expressed in these pages are well worth noting. There is also the play of fancy and of humour, with the feeling of a firm intellectual fibre throughout. The book will be a welcome companion, and the first reading of it will not, we think, be the only one.

*The Clipper-Ship Era, 1843-1869.* By Arthur H. Clark.  
Fully illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a chapter in the story of shipping of which England and America may justly be proud. The author has himself been a commander both of sailing-ships and steamers, and his enthusiasm for his subject is infectious. In a preliminary survey we learn that the first vessel built within the present limits of the United States was the *Virginia*, which the Popham colonists constructed in 1607 to bring them back across the Atlantic. By 1668 shipbuilding in New England had become sufficiently important to arrest the attention of Sir Josiah Child, who warned Charles the Second of the dangerous rivalry that was springing up to our own shipping. Another entertaining chapter on British Shipping gives the best account we have seen of the East Indiamen and their captains, who earned from £5,000 to £10,000 per annum. The famous Atlantic packet ships which began to sail from Liverpool in 1816 have a chapter to themselves. It gives an interesting account of Donald McKay, the famous American



shipbuilder. This brings us to the era of the clipper-ship. Many details are given of the voyages to China made by their daring commanders. After the repeal of the Navigation Laws the first American vessel to bring a cargo of tea from China to England was the *Oriental*, which reached London on December 8, 1850. Crowds came to see her in the West India Docks. She was shown in the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Times* had a leading article calling on Englishmen not to be beaten by their American rivals. Captain Clark thinks that the *Lightning* must be regarded as the swiftest ship that ever sailed the sea. In 1854 she covered 436 miles in 24 hours, an average of  $18\frac{1}{4}$  knots. No Atlantic steamship of that day could get within a hundred miles of this record, and it was twenty-five years longer before the greyhound *Arizona* steamed eighteen knots on her trial trip. The great race between the five China tea clippers in 1865 makes a stirring story which old Mincing Lane men still like to discuss. The chapters on the crews and the commanders of these clippers show what pluck and determination was called forth in their voyages. The book is full of spirit, and the fine illustrations of ships and their masters add much to the pleasure with which one follows a memorable story.

***The Common Growth.* By M. Loane. (Arnold. 6s. net.)**

Miss Loane is the sanest writer on the life and character of the poor that we know. She is by no means blind to their faults and has probably given them more good advice than any woman living, but every page has some incident which throws light on the struggles of humble folk and helps us to understand their quiet heroism. Poverty is no hindrance to hospitality and charity. Some delightful pictures are given of the little teas to which she has been invited by widows living in one room. The girl who joined a circus and married the man who had charge of the elephants supplies material for a wonderful chapter, and 'Mother and Me—and Father' is quite a revelation of what love and good-will can do in a very humble home. Miss Loane's sound sense comes out in such chapters as those on 'The Meaning of Thrift,' 'The Cost of Idleness,' 'The Choice of Occupation,' 'Cottage Cooking,' &c. Here one gets real light on what may be done to improve the condition of the poor, and everything is so brightly put that we are bound to read. We wish that counsellors and friends like Miss Loane could be multiplied in all parts of England. It would be a great investment for promoting the health and morals of the nation.

***The Reigate Sheet of the One-inch Ordnance Survey.* By Ellen Smith. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)**

This is a study in the geography of the Surrey hills, and is issued on behalf of the School of Economics as an effort to understand and correlate the surface features and underlying structure of a stretch of country easily accessible from London. The structure of the region presents an unusually large variety of types. The area forms a portion of the great Wealden uplift. Miss Smith takes her readers to the chief points for studying the

geology, and gives details which will greatly assist the teacher in guiding a class of outdoor students. The second chapter deals with Topographical Features. The most conspicuous is the chalk escarpment, but the Mole Valley and other river valleys give material for some useful notes. Vegetation is very varied, owing largely to the great variety of subsoils and the great extent of non-waterbearing strata. Another chapter gives much information as to 'Economic Resources and Industries.' In 1259 stone was quarried at Merstham and Reigate for the palace at Westminster, and between 1851 and 1856 for works at Windsor Castle. Fuller's earth, sand, lime, &c., are still obtained from this region. 'Communications,' 'Place-Names,' 'Positions of Farms, Villages, and Towns,' furnish material for three other good chapters. A set of maps adds much to the serviceableness of this attractive book. We hope it will find its way into the hands of every teacher in the district. Nothing could be more likely to increase the interest of young people in their own county.

*Justice and Happiness.* By W. Benett. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

The author of these essays inquires into the nature of Justice and Happiness, as the names of two qualities which every one is supposed to understand, but which very few could successfully define. He comes to the conclusion that in retributive justice rewards and punishments are governed entirely by desert, the position of the parties before the law being one of personal equality. Distributive justice, however, is a compromise between equality of persons and equality of deserts. Happiness, Mr. Benett considers, is 'a state of peace or harmony from which the feeling of conation is as completely as possible excluded,' and its value 'depends entirely on the value of the conduct which it accompanies, and is proportionate to its ethical merit.' The volume would appear to be a fragment of a larger whole, and could be better appreciated as a section of an ethical system. It is interesting, though written in what may be called 'dry light' and an unadorned style. It deserves to be studied side by side with Mill's *Utilitarianism* and Herbert Spencer's tractate on 'Justice,' which forms part of his *Principles of Ethics*, and has been separately published.

*The City of Man.* By A. Scott Matheson. (T. F. Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education.* By Thistleton Mark, M.A. (T. F. Unwin. 2s. net.)

Mr. Matheson's desire is to see an application of the Christian ideal of a city to the city life of our own time. He deals first with Civic Religion, then with the Making of the Citizen, which includes the problem of the child, the boy, the lad. Next, Civic Art is considered as an expression of civic life; and the last section is on Citizenship and larger problems such as Freedom and Land Tenure, Brotherhood and Co-operation, &c. Mr. Matheson calls on Christian men to welcome opportunities of serving

in public life. He shows how the old watchwords have lost their spell and a larger faith has come. Men no longer believe in *laissez-faire*, but in a judicious use of the power of the State for the attainment of equal conditions and equal opportunities to each and all. The whole book is a plea for united service for the common good, and it is so reasonable that it cannot fail to win general sympathy.

Mr. Mark studies the characteristic endowments of human nature and presents a view of education which aims to unfold personality. He shows that the tendency in education is more and more to use the spontaneous readiness and activity of the learner. The curriculum must be within the powers of the scholar and yet call for effort. The child's active use of what he knows must be called out, and opportunities for the development of character given. Educational psychology is being closely studied, and Mr. Mark has given much thought to the subject and had exceptional opportunity of practical work as a teacher. It is a really illuminating study.

*More Pages from a Journal, with other Papers.* By Mark Rutherford. (H. Frowde. 4s. 6d. net.)

The little sketches with which this volume opens have a pensive vein, but they are full of thought and discernment and awake much quiet interest. The brief pen sketches of Romney Marsh, Axmouth, and the Seasons and other subjects, are happy, though occasionally they seem too fragmentary. The Quantocks Diary, the Notes, and the discussions of passages in Shakespeare appeal strongly to lovers of our literature. The book is a very pleasant pocket companion, and has the virtue of setting a reader's mind at work on many subjects.

*The Plays of Thomas Love Peacock.* Edited by A. B. Young, M.A., Ph.D. (Nutt. 2s. net.)

In 1908 the Trustees of the British Museum purchased some of Thomas Love Peacock's MSS. containing much unpublished matter. This is mainly made up of fragments that possess little literary value, but there are three plays which have considerable interest, and these are now printed in a neat little volume fifty years after the writer's death. There is nothing that stirs us like 'Hail to the Headlong,' but the personages are sketched with skill, and there is much pleasant fun and some good snatches of song in the plays. Lovers of Peacock's stories will feel a mild interest in these three plays, but they scarcely appeal to a wider circle.

*The Poetical Works of George Macdonald.* 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus. 2s. per vol. net.)

This is a very welcome addition to the St. Martin's Library. George Macdonald had a true message, and these poems show him as we love to think of him, reverent, broad-minded, strong in faith and charity. Some of the little poems, such as 'Christmas Day and Every Day,' are works of art. Strong feeling and simple faith blend in them. The studies of

Scripture characters have many an illuminating touch, and some of the little sets of verses act like a moral tonic. There is much variety of subject and of metre, but everything reveals the Christian thinker and teacher to whom we owe a lasting debt.

*Ode to Niagara, and other Poems.* By William Charles Wilbor, Ph.D. (New York : Eaton & Mains. 50c.)

There is much to enjoy in this little book of poems. It begins with Niagara :

Fit temple art  
Thou for the living God. Nature perpetual  
Sabbath keeps within thy precincts, and man's  
Soul, awed by the thunder of thy deep tones,  
Hushes the discord of a world of strife,  
And, low before the universe's King,  
In spirit worships and with Him communes.

Then we get a 'Commemoration Ode,' read at the 75th Anniversary of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, which pleasantly mingles grave with gay. 'Aunt Jane' is a happy tribute to the household queen who filled vacation days with sunshine. 'The River of Sleep' pleases us, and the religious poems are full of feeling. It is a little book to treasure, and its simplicity adds to its charm.

*Nina.* By Rosaline Masson. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

This is a beautiful story. Nina is a bewitching creature from her very cradle, and though a cloud rests on her birth it is happily lifted off before her marriage to Jack Thirlmere. Miss Masson makes us feel the grace and charm of the girl, and the way in which Dean Wyatt wins her trust and love forms one of the most attractive parts of the story. Elspeth, the crusty Highland servant, has a heart of gold, and Jack Thirlmere is a fine fellow who will in due course make a worthy Earl of Ormeston. The interest of the story is well sustained, and its heroine proves herself in every scene a really brave and good woman. This is certainly a book to read and enjoy.

*The Unknown God.* By B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

Mr. Weale knows China so intimately that his book has unusual interest. It is not merely a story, but a careful study of missionary types and methods. In some respects we can only regard it as a caricature. Mr. Grey is an outrage, but Paul Hancock is a hero, and the description of his river tour gives a wonderful description of boat life and river scenery in China. Still more impressive is the attack of the Chinese on the American mission station, in which Paul Hancock shows his pluck and resource whilst some of the older men lose their heads. Mr. Denning, the Commissioner, who is so strongly attracted by Mohammedanism, is a strange study, but the book is eminently readable and full of matter for debate. Little Wave, Paul's Chinese servant, is a very delightful figure in the story.

*The Past at our Doors.* By Walter W. Skeat, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

The interest of this little book is very great. It takes our food, our dress, our homes, and shows 'the old in the new around us.' Mr. Skeat says he owes much to his father's linguistic work, but he has a happy way of setting forth his stories which is all his own, and there is not a page in this book which does not tell us something we want to know. Thomas Coryat, who introduced the dinner fork into England in 1608, was much laughed at. One critic described the novelty as 'an insult to Providence, who had given us fingers!'

Mr. Murray has included Borrow's *Lavengro* in his Shilling (net) Library. It is a marvel how 600 pages can be given for such a price with illustrations and notes. Every one who knows the charm of this masterpiece will be eager to have it on his shelves. Isopel Berners is Borrow's most arresting female portrait. Darwin's *Origin of Species* also appears in the Shilling Library. The imperfect edition is now out of copyright, but this is a reprint of the corrected edition which will not lose copyright for some years. It is published with the approval of Darwin's executors. Two other volumes in the same library are *Character*, by Samuel Smiles, and H. W. Hoare's *Our English Bible*, one of the best handbooks on the subject.

*The London Diocese Book for 1911.* (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)

Prebendary Nash has edited this handbook with his usual care, and has included important notes for the clergy in relation to income tax, dilapidations and grants for restoration and repairs of churches. The latest portrait of the Bishop is included. The population of the diocese exceeds four millions, and increases by about 50,000 every year. Churchmen will find here all they want to know about the greatest of dioceses in the most convenient form.

*The Official Year-Book of the Church of England.* 1911. (S.P.C.K. 3s.)

The number of clergy ordained during the last three years shows a marked improvement compared with the totals for the preceding seven years, and increased support has been given to funds for training men. The whole activity of the Church of England lies before us in these pages, not only at home, but in the colonies and in the mission field. The chapter on 'Clerical Libraries and Recent Church Literature' is of special interest. The Year-Book is indispensable for Churchmen, and Nonconformists will find it worthy of close study.

*The New Zealand Official Year-Book, 1910* (Wellington: John Mackay), has grown into a volume of 950 pages packed with information as to every side of life in the Dominion. It is a wonderful compilation, and shows healthy growth and prosperity in every department.



*The Methodist Who's Who* for 1911 (Kelly. 8s. 6d.) is one-third larger than the first volume, which appeared in 1910. The English list both of ministers and laymen has been considerably extended, foreign missionaries are included, and a modest beginning has been made in the inclusion of American names. The volume furnishes material assistance to those who wish to know something about those who are doing the work of Methodism. It throws light on many subjects such as the public service of Methodists, their literary activities, and their recreations. We are glad to see the place that walking and gardening hold, and the cycle and the motor and many a healthy game find places of honour in these brief biographies. It is a book which has great capacity for development, and it promises to be a very happy bond between the various branches of Methodism.

*The Great Illusion.* By Norman Angell. Third Edition. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.) Mr. Angell's book has had a very wide circulation, and his argument will commend itself to all lovers of peace. He maintains that military and political power do not give a nation commercial and social advantages. The credit of the small and virtually unprotected States stands higher than that of the Great Powers. It is a vigorous and timely book.

Mrs. Reaney's *Temperance Sketches from Life* (Allenson. 2s. 6d. net) are Life Stories which show what personal example and earnest prayer can do to save those who are tempted by strong drink. It is a thrilling book, and we are thankful that its victories outnumber its defeats.

*Chrysanthemums*, by Richard Dean, is another penny booklet issued by the Agricultural Association (92 Long Acre). The fascinating history of the flower is told, and full instructions are given as to the best means of propagating and housing it.

*Testimony : its Uses and Limitations.* By Edward A. Rennie. (Sydney : 'Christian World' Publishing House.) A thoughtful and evangelical study of a great subject.

*The Choir Series of Tonic Sol-fa Anthems* (25 City Road, London) is enriched by Sir George J. Elvey's Easter anthem 'Christ being raised from the Dead'; Oliver Knappton's 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'; and Edmund Rogers's 'Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.' These and a Christmas anthem by the Rev. T. W. Stephenson, formerly Precentor of Carlisle Cathedral, are published in very neat and handy form at one penny each. A series of leaflets (1s. 6d. per 100) in old notation and tonic sol-fa will be greatly appreciated. *The Two Rivers* (1s. 6d. net) is a thrilling little song by Dr. Henry Burton, suggested by a notice on the Mersey ferry boats that passengers are requested not to speak to the captain or steersman while crossing the river. It is set to inspiring music by a gifted young musician, Mr. M. L. Wostenholm.

## Periodical Literature

### BRITISH

MANY practical as well as political matters are treated in *The Quarterly Review* (April-June), the two most important of which are *Coal Dust and Colliery Explosions*, by Messrs. Allan Greenwell and J. V. Elsdon, and *Co-operative Credit Societies and the Law*, by an anonymous writer. The literary articles are on *Catherine de Medicis*, by Edward Armstrong; *The Letters of Erasmus*, by Dr. William Hunt; and *A Great French Scholar: Leopold Delisle*. Catherine is regarded as 'a chief attraction in the Chamber of Horrors of History,' but, singularly enough, no attempt is made at 'whitewashing' her. She will always, the writer thinks, be an object of study, more particularly with Protestant writers, who 'naturally, if wrongly, hold her responsible for the failure of the Reform in France.' This is a careful and discriminating estimate of a complex character. The paper on *Erasmus's Letters* is based on recent literature issued from the Universities of Oxford and Ghent, but it also contains an excellent *précis* of a recent French book by André Meyer on the relations between Erasmus and Luther. M. Meyer points out that Erasmus tried to stand neutral in the conflict provoked by Luther, but that he was eventually driven by extremists on both sides to adopt the Roman cause. He defended Luther from persecution, but entered into controversy with him on the question of Free Will. He prepared the way for the Reformation, though taking no part in it; especially by his attacks on the abuses of the Church, and by insisting on the words of Christ and His Apostles as the basis of our religion.

*The Edinburgh Review* (April-June) opens with a biographical paper on Lord Rosebery's *Chatham*, that 'most interesting torso,' and closes with another on Mr. Arthur Elliot's *Life of Lord Goschen*, who as a politician is regarded as 'at once a moderate man and a fighting man,' and as 'one who aspired not unsuccessfully to make moderation a force.' The human and domestic sides of the great Victorian statesman are sympathetically treated. The article on *The Pursuit of Reason*, based on Mr. C. F. Keary's volume with that title, and two others of less note, appeals to students of philosophy in general and of Pragmatism in particular. The ninth and tenth sections of Spencer's *Descriptive Sociology*, dealing the one with *Chinese*, the other with *Greeks*, are summarized and described in a paper of exceptional value. The section on the Chinese is a monument of industry and ingenious classification and arrangement. It is the work of Mr. E. T. C. Warner, British Consul at Foochow, who made his 10,000 extracts at a cost of nearly £1,400. It is a perfect cyclopaedia of facts relating to the people and the country, and is indispensable

to all students of China, as well as of the deepest interest to the sociologist. The section on the Greeks is limited to the Hellenic period.

In *The Dublin Review* (April-June) Mr. W. S. Lilly offers a critical estimate of Lord Acton's *Lectures on the French Revolution*, describing them as 'rich in saving common sense,' but pointing out several 'untenable opinions and various errors of fact.' There are interesting papers on *Fairies from Shakespeare to Mr. Yeats*, by H. Grierson, who thinks he can trace an evolution and improvement in the conceptions of British writers with respect to the nature and character of these delightful creatures; and on *The Bi-Centenary of the Piano*, by Clement Antrobus Harris. This is quite an interesting history of the 'most popular of instruments,' ending with the calculation that 'if the keys of Messrs. Broadwood's pianos alone were placed end to end, they would extend more than 3,987 miles, or farther than from London to Chicago, and the wire in them would go upwards of thirteen times around the world!' But the most attractive paper of all is that on *Charlotte and Emily Brontë*, by Mrs. Meynell, based on the Abbé Dimnet's book, *Les Sœurs Brontë*. Of Charlotte's last work the writer says, 'In alternate pages, *Villette* is a book of spirit and fire, and a novel of illiberal rancour, of ungenerous, uneducated anger, ungente, ignoble. In order to forgive its offences, we have to remember in its author's favour not her pure style set free, nor her splendour in literature, but rather the immeasurable sorrow of her life.' Emily is described as a 'wild fugitive.' 'She vanished, she broke away, she escaped, exiled by the neglect of her contemporaries, banished by their disrespect, outlawed by their contempt, dismissed by their indifference. And such an one was she as might rather have taken for her own the sentence pronounced by Coriolanus under sentence of expulsion; she might have driven the world from before her face and cast it out from her presence as he condemned his Romans: "*I banish you.*"'

In *The Nineteenth Century* for May, Professor Tyrrell continues his brilliant and amusing articles on *Our Debt to Latin Poetry*, dealing this month with what he calls *The Silver Age*. His comparisons between the ancients and the moderns are most instructive, and he does not spare the greatest names. Speaking of Browning, e.g. whilst admitting and admiring his splendid qualities, he does not scruple for the thousandth time to castigate his contorted diction and his grotesque rhymes. 'Browning,' he says, 'is the favourite poet of those who never by any chance read poetry by him or any one else. I was amused not long ago to read in one of those confessions of faith which are believed to alleviate the dullness of dull coteries: "Favourite prose writers—Guy Boothby and Fergus Hume; favourite poetical ditto—Browning." I observe also that the heroes of novels by ladies (with whom Eton and Christ Church are absolutely congested) when starving in the Bush and the Jungle never have any assets save a briar-root pipe and a Browning.'

In an article by Mr. C. Robinson in *The English Review* for May, it is stated that papers have been recently published which throw new and

interesting light upon the famous trial of Galileo, and the discovery of the papers is one of the curiosities of literature. In a postscript the writer says: 'Readers of the foregoing may have noticed the discrepancy between what is there said about the trial of Galileo and the usual history of it with which most of us have been familiar, including the dungeon and the torture-chamber. A hundred years after Galileo's death a number of his unique MSS. were being sold to a pork-butcher as wastepaper. . . . An intelligent customer fortunately discerned that the wrapping of his sausage was an authentic letter written by Galileo himself, and he rescued most of the precious treasures. . . . Their recent publication has, among other things, considerably modified our ideas about the famous trial. It is now certain that Galileo was subjected to no bodily sufferings. It is also clear that the Roman Church was quite reluctant to condemn him, but was goaded on to it by the angry 'schoolmen,' who foresaw the loss of their own prestige in Galileo's undermining of the authority of Aristotle.'

Vernon Lee's fine paper in the May Fortnightly on *The Religious and Moral Status of Wagner*, is not easy to read, and is still less easy to summarize, but here and there we get profound psychological and aesthetic glimpses which repay study, and the drift of her meaning may perhaps be gathered from the passage in which, in substance, she more than once repeats her general conclusions. 'Our future historian,' she says, 'will cull from still unpublished letters and memoirs, even more than from novels and aesthetic disquisitions, the idea that the performances of Bayreuth had really much of the status of religious rites, and that their effects were not unlike what is technically called a *revival*. And this notion may be fairly correct. Only, the word *religious* must not be taken in the sense of an ethical religion preoccupied (like Christianity) with social solidarity and individual virtue, but rather some sort of nature-worship, *beyond*, or more properly, *before*, all distinctions of good and evil. Bayreuth (and every theatre where Wagner is given is but a mission chapel from Bayreuth) constitutes a sanctuary where our contemporaries seek vital renewal in the common yet secret worship of one of the great powers of the universe; not indeed (as some have pretended) of a gross Astarte or ambiguous Dionysos, but of an unnamed, unrecognized principle of human emotion *as such*, whose rites revive the jaded sensibilities, or bring unruly feelings to a pacifying crisis. . . . In so far, therefore, neither good nor evil in itself, it becomes either according as it tends, in the single instance, or on the average, to the renovation or to the destruction of the soul's tissues and the soul's organization.'

The Quiver for May is devoted almost exclusively to the Sunday School, and should be of special and permanent interest to our readers. First there are answers to the question 'Has the Sunday School failed?' from authorities so competent and varied as the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Dean of Carlisle, Lord Kinnaid, Mr. George Cadbury, and others. Then Mr. Herbert D. Williams discusses the Sunday School of the Future, and Mr. Oswald Wildridge tells a topical story on *The Joy of Harvest*.

And these are followed by papers on cognate subjects such as *A Simple Tale of a Great Idea*, by Anne Warner; *The Child as Teacher*, by Daisy F. Sloan; and *The Art of Story-telling*, by Monica Whitley.

**Hibbert Journal** (April).—Three articles in this number deal with the question of the sub-conscious. The most important is by Prof. Percy Gardner, who wisely argues that the attempt to find the seat of the divine nature in the 'sub-consciousness' of the Lord Jesus Christ is unfortunate, whilst he admits that in the Founder of Christianity we find 'a great inrush of the super-conscious into the world of humanity.' Another is by Dr. Caldecott, who criticizes acutely, but appreciatively, Canon Sandidge's position in this matter. *Philosophy and Religion* is the title of a posthumous paper by Count Tolstoi, to show that the problems of philosophy have been solved by religion. One of the most interesting articles in the number is by Rev. Johnston Ross, who under the heading *The Cross: a Report of a Misgiving*, draws attention to the modern failure to apprehend much of the value and significance of the Cross. The writer holds that the religion of the Cross in its full sense is the only satisfying religion and the religion of the future. Other articles are *Judas Iscariot*, by Prof. W. B. Smith, who holds that Judas typifies the Jewish people; *Essentials of Education*, by Philip Oyler, and an interesting study of *Personality*, by Miss E. M. Rowell.

**Journal of Theological Studies** (April).—The main article is in French, by Rev. G. Morin, a continuation of a previous article on *L'Origine du symbole d'Athanase*. Dom Morin, who has given much attention to this vexed question, has come to the conclusion that the *Quicumque* dates from the later part of the sixth century, and he inclines to a Spanish, rather than to a Gallic origin for this famous formula. Amongst the Notes and Studies in this number are an instalment of Dr. M. R. James' *New Text of the Apocalypse of Peter*, a note on *Transformatio* as a Eucharistic phrase by Martin Rule, and an interesting answer to the inquiry *How did Jesus Baptize?* by Rev. G. Margoliouth. Rev. W. Warren, commenting on Phil. ii. 7, asks why the 'emptied Himself' of that well-known verse should not be understood as meaning, 'not that He emptied Himself of anything, but that what He poured out was Himself, emptying His fullness into us.' This description of our Lord's self-denying love is unquestionably true, but almost as unquestionably it cannot be St. Paul's meaning in that passage.

**The Holborn Review** (April).—Professor Peake furnishes this quarter a fuller study than usual of current New Testament literature, and his article deservedly occupies the chief place. We cannot always follow Dr. Peake in his judgement on questions of criticism, but his opinions are always well worth reading and weighing. An appreciation of Lord Morley of Blackburn by W. Barker is timely and cordial. The vexed question of *Paulinism in relation to the Teaching of Jesus* is summed up by T. Pearson Ellis in the sentence, 'Our conclusion therefore is not "Away from Paul and back to Jesus," but in the words of Arnold Meyer, "Back



through Paul to Jesus and to God." In *The Modern Poet and his Ministry* a number of contemporary poets of high, though not the first, rank are quoted and expounded. Dr. James Lindsay contributes *A Paean of Providence*, Mr. Day Thompson eulogizes (not too highly) Professor Peake's *Jeremiah*, and the perpetually recurring subject of *Modern Physical Therapeutics* receives its meed of attention.

**The Expositor** (April and May).—Professor Buchanan Gray, in expounding Isa. vii. 14, disagrees with Harnack's statement that the verse explains the belief in the virgin birth of our Lord. He holds that the passage in its original meaning refers neither to Messiah nor to a virgin birth, and that beliefs of this kind were not current in Judah at the time. He concludes, therefore, that 'the Christian belief that Jesus was born of a virgin rests either on fact or on the influence in early Christian circles of Gentile thought.' The latter supposition, we may add, is very improbable. Professor Bacon (in April) adds another study to the many that have appeared of the newly discovered *Odes of Solomon*, and Principal J. T. Marshall (in May) writes on *The Odes and Philo*. The subject is fascinating; every fresh article upon it seems to show more fully what possibilities lie in the correct dating and interpretation of these most suggestive but enigmatical poems. Amongst other important articles we may name Rev. G. Margoliouth on *Christ and Eschatology*, together with Dr. Newton Marshall on *Other-worldliness and Apocalypticism*; Professor Mackintosh on *History and the Gospel*, and Principal Garvie on *Did Paul borrow his Gospel?* We are specially glad to note a thoughtful discussion of *The Markan Narrative in the Synoptic Gospels*, by Professor Holdsworth of Handsworth College.

**The Expository Times** (April and May).—The chief subjects discussed by Dr. Hastings in his Notes in these numbers are the Oxford volume of *Studies in the Synoptic Problem*, Professor E. F. Scott's new book on the Messiah, and the Eschatological Question in the Gospels as at present the most living issue in New Testament criticism. The views of Loisy, Tyrrell, and Schweitzer are examined, along with certain utterances of Professor J. H. Moulton. Dr. Hastings does not fail to point out the extent of the concessions—surely excessive—made by the last-named writer to the views of the Apocalyptists. Canon Driver contributes an interesting paper, delivered as a sermon, on the *Authorized Version of the Bible*. Other important articles are *The Development of Doctrine*, by Rev. W. Muir, *The Symbolism of the Letters to the Seven Churches*, by Rev. A. Crosthwaite, Dr. Arthur Wright's criticism of Dr. Sanday and his coadjutors in their treatment of the Synoptic Problem, and a critique by Archdeacon Allen of Harnack's and Moffatt's views of the date of the First Gospel. This brief *résumé* gives little idea of the varied interest of the several numbers of this ably edited monthly.

**Church Quarterly** (April).—*Some Prison Literature*, by Canon John Vaughan, gives a pleasant account of Bunyan's work in Bedford jail and other famous books written in prison. Canon Beeching tells *The Story*

of the *English Bible* in a way that will deepen the interest of all readers in the gradual growth of our Authorized Version. He thinks its peculiar merit lies in the 'fine taste in choosing the best expressions in preceding versions and harmonizing them with consummate skill in a rhythm that never suggests patchwork.' The article on *The Mond Collection* will be greatly appreciated by those who want to know more about these new national treasures.

**The Moslem World** (April).—This is a very full and interesting number. The articles on *The Mohammedans as Rulers of India* gives a brief sketch of Babar, the founder of the Moghul Empire, and his successors, from which there is much to be learnt. *The Moslem Population of Bombay* is another valuable paper, and *Islam in Africa* shows how Mohammedanism has spread, and the means by which it has been propagated by the Orders which are its great missionary agencies.

### AMERICAN

**Harvard Theological Review**.—The April number opens with an interesting article on *Italian Modernism, Social and Religious*, by Professor W. F. Badé, who, during a prolonged stay in Italy, has had special opportunities of studying the movements of thought which are now agitating Italian public life. What he regards as most significant is 'the widening breach between the Roman hierarchy and the proletariat.' He differs from those 'superficial students of Modernism' who have seen in it a feeder of Protestantism. 'It should be clearly recognized that modernism is neither a movement towards Protestantism, nor Protestantism in disguise.' More than half the leading daily papers of Italy are said to be anti-clerical. 'Ominous clouds are gathering above the Vatican.' Mr. Percy Ashley, of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, describes *University Settlements in Great Britain*, quoting from Dr. J. Scott Lidgett's report to show that in some settlements the work has a 'definitely religious basis.' In the future Mr. Ashley thinks that the settlement worker will need to be more definitely trained. In the immediate future, organization is said to be the pressing problem. The settlements must aim at becoming 'systematic without sacrificing their individuality, without checking spontaneity, and without losing enthusiasm for the social and moral progress of humanity.' Other articles in an excellent number are *Jesus as Lord*, by Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, of Yale University, who argues that 'the doctrine of Jesus as "Son of Man," and the doctrine of Jesus as "Lord" are parallel developments of a common experience'; an exposition and estimate of *The Types of Authority in Christian Belief*, by Professor C. A. Beckwith; and a timely plea for *Reverence as the Heart of Christianity*, by the Rev. C. A. Allen, A.B. The need for distinguishing between words often vaguely used, as e.g. awe, wonder, admiration and reverence, is admirably shown.

**The American Journal of Theology** (April).—Professor F. C. Burkitt of Cambridge (England) justifies at length his view of the Gospel of Mark

lately published in this country. He holds the traditional authorship of the Gospel, and traces as a chief source of information what John Mark had heard from the Apostle Peter. On the great question of our Lord's view of His own mission and destiny Professor Burkitt says, 'It seems to me that the view set forth in Mark is the historical view.' Professor Case of Chicago continues his examination into the question, *Is Jesus a Historical character?* and two critical notes are appended on the same subject. Surely too much attention is being paid to the extremist views of critics who make themselves notorious by denying that Jesus ever existed. In another article, however, a writer comes to the conclusion that 'the Jesus of history is not the Christ who has been made the founder of ecclesiastical Christianity,' so the apparently endless controversy must in one fashion or another be continued. Other articles are *Thoughts on the Idea of a First Cause* and *The Logical Aspect of Religious Unity*. The reviews of books are, as usual, copious and instructive.

**The Princeton Theological Review** (April).—The first article on *The Church, Her Colleges, and the Carnegie Foundation* is interesting chiefly to American readers. The writer points out the need that exists for the churches to meet Mr. Carnegie's generous efforts to advance and sustain the colleges for the training of the ministry. Dr. B. Warfield's article on *The Biblical Notion of Renewal* is solid and very helpful to Bible students. We cannot profess to be greatly stimulated by the appearance of another instalment of the article—this time of nearly thirty pages—on *The Origin of the Fish Symbol*. At the end of it we read, 'To be continued.' Christian archaeology is an interesting study, but 'there are limits.' The reviews of Recent Literature are ably written.

**The Review and Expositor** (April) contains *The Sufficiency of the Gospel Ethic*, by Rev. R. J. Drummond, Edinburgh; *Christian Science*, by O. P. Gifford; *Christianity in Awakened China*, by Rev. R. E. Chambers, Canton; *The Apocrypha: a source of Roman Catholic Error*, by Rev. W. Evarts; and *The Preacher and Biology*, by Professor J. L. Kessler.

**The Methodist Review** (Nashville), April.—We congratulate the Editor on another interesting number. That the subjects handled are timely will be seen when we mention the titles of certain articles, *The Influence of the Authorized Version on the Anglo-Saxon Race*, by Dr. J. A. Kern; *The Modern Issue as to the Person of Jesus Christ*, by President E. Y. Mullins; *Tendencies in Modern Thought regarding the Atonement*, by J. W. Shackford; and *The Training of the Ministry for the Times*, by J. Ritchie Smith. Dr. Parkes Cadman's many admirers will welcome his eloquent treatment of Stonewall Jackson's life and character, whilst President Scott's handling of an old subject—W. James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*—does it scant justice. The writer is surely somewhat hard upon a volume which is confessedly the work of a psychologist, not a theologian, when he takes the trouble to say twice over, 'This is a dangerous book.' Its readers on both sides of the Atlantic are surely discriminating enough to allow for the standpoint of the author.

## FOREIGN

In the *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques* (April-June) there are the first parts of two long articles of much interest and promise—the one with the rather paradoxical title, *Certitude Probable*, and the other on *La Religion et les Maîtres de l'Averroïsme*. But the articles that would be still more likely to attract our readers are a lucid and powerful defence of the Catholic doctrine of the Atonement by Father Hugeny against the attacks upon it of Sabatier, Harnack, and other 'Liberal Theologians,' and an extremely timely and valuable extended note by Father Munnynck on *Judgements of Value*. Amongst the elaborate and careful reviews of books for which this Belgian Catholic Quarterly is noted is one on M. Ménard's Analysis and Criticism of W. James' *Principles of Psychology*, containing many comparisons and distinctions between the teaching of Bergson and James. Another notable brief furnishes a summary of the French translation of the newly-discovered and important work by Nestorius entitled *Livre d'Héraclide de Damas*. From this it is clear that Nestorius taught that there are two persons, and not merely two natures, in our Lord, but only one will, the union between the two persons being voluntary, that is to say, the union is formed by the will, by 'the loving compenetration of the two persons in such wise that there is but one moral will.' It is evident that this new treatise is of more than ordinary interest to the student of Christology.

**Religion und Geisteskultur.**—In the April number, Dr. Wilhelm Loewenthal translates an essay by Count Leo Tolstoi, written in 1905, but published after his death. Its title—*The Green Staff*—is explained by an incident in Tolstoi's boyhood. Leo was told by his elder brother Nicholas, that he had buried near their home 'a green staff' on which he had inscribed a secret. The secret was nothing less than instruction in regard to the abolishing of all human suffering and the banishing of anger and strife from the world. This is the theme of Tolstoi's short treatise. In submission to the will of God and the service of humanity he finds the key which will unlock the mysteries of life, and the mystic secret which will transmute the sorrow of life into joy. Dr. O. Ewald of Vienna writes ably on *Transcendence and Immanence*. He is especially helpful in distinguishing Theistic Immanence from Pantheism. Representatives of both theories of the universe may speak of God as the soul of the world, but this is a vain attempt to hide the chasm which separates them by the use of common phraseology. To counteract the mischief due to such ambiguous language, Dr. Ewald shows that the Theistic conception 'soul' implies what is irreconcilable with Pantheism. Dr. Alfred Vierkandt contributes an outspoken article on *The Struggle against Objectivism and Industrialism*. He complains that, to secure the maximum of production and the maximum of profit, too frequently higher human interests are sacrificed. The maxim 'Business is business' is shown to be a mischievous fallacy used to shield the merchant who is content

so long as his methods of money-making do not expose him to the condemnation of the criminal law. It is necessary to ascertain whether Industrialism is promoting or retarding the general welfare. From the industrial point of view, men are means, sometimes means of production, and sometimes means necessary for the consumption of what has been produced. From the moral point of view men are ends in themselves, and the test of an industrial system must be its tendency to develop and perfect humanity's higher, that is to say its intellectual, ethical and spiritual welfare. Professor A. W. Hunzinger's *Historical Study of Apologetics* is a suggestive attempt to discover 'the apologetic motive.' He finds it in the attitude of Christianity to the world. On the one hand, history reveals a tendency in Christianity to withdraw from the world, and on the other hand a tendency to be attracted by the world. This results in an antithesis, and the motive of apologetics is to attain to a synthesis. The difficulty involved in the task which apologetics undertakes is to reach a synthesis blending theoretic and religious knowledge in their right proportions. 'The Apologetics of proportional synthesis is the present-day task. It is science.'

**Theologische Rundschau.**—Under the general heading, *Present-Day Questions*, Dr. Paul Jaeger is contributing a series of articles to this magazine. In the April number he heads his review with the titles of more than twenty 'popular' works which deal, from various points of view, with the subject, *Christianity regarded as a Problem*. Approval is expressed of Hunzinger's insistence on the distinction between Christianity as a religion and as a view of the world. In the controversies of our time it certainly does make for mutual understanding to recognize that in re-stating the Christian attitude towards world-problems it may be needful to discard, in the light of fuller knowledge, non-essential and perishable elements. Commenting on the fact that a book of 528 pages, by Nystrom, a free-thinker, is in its third edition, Jaeger says that the author is unaware of the true nature of Christianity and that his confusions of thought prove the necessity of clear teaching. As suitable for the present distress a pamphlet by an orthodox writer (Hesse) is welcomed, because the answer to the question, *Are we still Christians?* is found to consist ultimately in St. Paul's assertion that the possession of the spirit of Christ is the best proof of a right to the name of Christian. Hesse himself holds that no Christian can regard Jesus as a mere man, on a level with himself. 'He who recognizes in Jesus of Nazareth Him who was to come and is sure that we have not to wait for another is a Christian.' Two criticisms of Mrs. Eddy's *Christian Science* are noticed: Pfarrer Schlatter holds that her teaching cannot rightly be called Christian; Dr. Barth, a physician, maintains that it is neither Christian, nor Science. Noteworthy is the title of Bousset's pamphlet: *What is Liberal?* Exponents of liberal Christianity are realizing the necessity of defining 'liberal' as well as Christianity. Bousset gives utterance to his protest against centrifugal tendencies in liberalism which manifest themselves in withdrawals from the Church. The solution of the problem of



Christianity offered by Pflüger, a social democrat, is that faith in the heavenly Father is being superseded by the recognition of the identity of Nature and God. Jaeger shows that critical philosophy has exposed the many fallacies underlying Naturalism, which can never be regarded as a religion. He also points out that Pflüger is utterly illogical. Having said of Jesus 'we stand upon His shoulders, but do not sit at His feet,' he declares that it is an unsettled question whether the portrait in the Gospels is legendary or historical. 'That is to say, we stand upon the shoulders of Jesus, although we do not know that He ever lived.' F. Lipsius, writing on *The Future of Modern Protestantism*, asserts confidently that no renewal will come either from Eucken's dualistic or from James's relativist philosophy. But when Lipsius builds his hopes on Wundt and von Hartmann because they transcended the 'one-sidedness' of Hegel, he lays himself open to Jaeger's rejoinder that, notwithstanding his disclaimers, he is one-sided enough to make evangelical Christianity dependent upon a philosophy, which is pure intellectualism.

**Theologische Literaturzeitung.** — In the modern developments of Mohammedanism there is widespread interest. During recent years no less than four magazines have been established for the discussion of questions bearing upon Islam, namely, *Revue du monde musulman*, *Orientalisches Archiv*, *Der Islam*, and *The Moslem World*. In No. 9 of this German review C. A. Becker praises the writings of two Frenchmen, Hippolyte Dreyfus and Baron Carra de Vaux. In the High School for Social Science in Paris each delivered a lecture, afterwards published and now translated into German. Dreyfus deals with the influence upon Mohammedanism of *Babism and Behaism*. The former name is more familiar than the latter. The Bab, who suffered martyrdom in 1850, endeavoured to spiritualize the teaching of Mohammed, expounding many of his doctrines allegorically. Behā-Allāh, who succeeded the Bab, out-distanced his master. He stripped Babism of all that is distinctively Islamic and preached a universal religion of brotherliness, free from dogmas and ceremonies, including the adherents of all religions, and claiming to reconcile their differences. Behā-Allāh died in 1892. Dreyfus shows how much Babism and Behaism have done for modern Persia, and that Behaism is spreading there and in America. Baron de Vaux has made a special study of Islamic philosophy. The subject of his lecture is *Islam in Relation to Modern Civilization*. Becker assigns to it aesthetic rather than scientific value. De Vaux condemns the attitude of Islam towards women; he writes sympathetically about the young Turks, and gives a favourable account of the condition of Moslems in Bosnia and Russia. The first volume of *Der Islam* (1910), which is edited by Becker, is reviewed in No. 10 by Martin Hartmann. Students should note the publication of Dr. Max Grünert's third volume of *Readings in Arabic*. It contains selections from Arabic poetry before and after Mohammed. The reviewer (Fr. Schwally) highly commends the work to all who desire to acquire a knowledge of Arabic poetry without the help of a teacher.